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275 Gems of Song.

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HOYLE'S

HYMNS AND SONGS

For Temperance Societies & Bands of Hope.

Music and Words, 1/8; Cloth, 2/6.

—o—

275 GEMS OF SONG

Composed or compiled by William Hoyle,
one of the Hon. Secs. Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union,
and for Twenty years the Conductor of the Manchester
Free Trade Hall Festivals.

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PREFACE.

THE world-wide popularity of Hoyle's Hymns and Songs renders any elaborate introduction to his book unnecessary. Wherever the Band of Hope movement has been promoted, the name of William Hoyle has grown "familiar in our mouths as household words," and his vigorous, soul-stirring songs are eagerly sought for and sung with marvellous success at large gatherings throughout the kingdom. The Rev. Charles Garrett justly observes that "Mr. Hoyle understands the evil with which we war and sees clearly the only remedy." His Hymns and Songs are full of earnest, direct temperance teaching, and the truth is irresistibly carried to our minds through the medium of sweet flowing melodies, that linger in our memories through after years when every vestige of lecture or sermon has passed away.

In the present edition a large number of popular pieces have been inserted, also many new Songs and Choruses never before published. Pieces of superior merit have taken the place of some few that were worn out, but it is believed that every popular favourite and useful piece is retained.

Mr. Hoyle tenders his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and temperance workers throughout the kingdom for their kind appreciation of his labours during the past twenty years; also to the authors of Select Pieces and proprietors of the copyright, for permission to use them, and if he has unwittingly made any mistake in this matter, he trusts that he may be informed of it that it may be apologised for and rectified.

REVIEWS AND TESTIMONIALS.

From the Rev. E. HEWLETT, M.A., St. Paul's, Manchester.

"I have gone through Mr. Hoyle's book of Hymns and Songs with much attention, having carefully perused every piece in it, and have much pleasure in bearing testimony to its excellence. It is respectable, to say the least, in point of literary merit, sound in Temperance sentiment, and religious in tone. The plan upon which it is arranged will, I think, prove a great recommendation, containing pieces suitable both for children and adults, and so classified that there will be no difficulty in at once turning to Hymns suited to the various occasions when such may be required. The type is good, the printing clear, and the price a marvel of cheapness."

From JOSEPH MALINS, Esq., Grand Worthy Chief Templar of England.

"Now that I have looked through your 'Hymns and Songs,' permit me to express my conviction that it is a good and cheap work, and one that is well suited for the use of Lodges and Members of the Order."

From the Rev. W. CAINE, M.A., late Chaplain of the County Gaol, Manchester.

"I have read your Hymns and Songs with very great pleasure; they are free, I am happy to say, from the objections which are often deservedly brought against hymns sung at Temperance and Band of Hope Meetings, whilst they are full of soul-stirring vigour. Let me thank you for the spirit of holiness and purity which pervades all your book. I would earnestly recommend all Temperance Societies to procure your Hymns and Songs; most of them are as suitable for adults as for children."

"Scottish Temperance League Journal" says, "The numerous original compositions of Mr. Hoyle himself give great value to the book. We can cordially recommend it as one of the most excellent, useful, and interesting books of Temperance Song we have seen."

From Professor KIRK, Edinburgh, Grand Worthy Chaplain of Scotland.

"I wish to send you my unqualified approval of your excellent book of Hymns and Songs. It seems to me that no one can have even the slightest ground of complaint as to their fitness for Good Templar meetings."

From the Rev. T. B. STEPHENSON, London, Editor of the "Wesleyan Temperance Magazine."

"Every body must desire to see a Temperance Hymn Book in common use, which will not be ridiculous for its feebleness, or offensive by its bad taste. I am glad to see yours, for I think it is a great advance on all its predecessors."

"Weekly Record," London, says, "Mr. Hoyle's book should be found in the possession of every Temperance Society and family."

From Dr. F. R. LEES, Leeds. Author of "Alliance Prize Essay," &c., &c.

"Your book contains some stirring rhymes, and seems excellently adapted to its object."

"Alliance News" says, "Mr. Hoyle's Hymns and Songs are respectable in point of merit, sound in sentiment, characterised by a vein of piety, and abundantly varied to suit almost all manner of tunes."

For want of space we are obliged to omit similar Reviews from "Temperance Advocate," "Devon and Cornwall Temperance Journal," "Bury Guardian," "City News," "Star of Mona," &c.

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Reprinted from "The Band of Hope Chronicle," January, 1887.

"Prominent in the list of Band of Hope workers known throughout the country stands the name of William Hoyle, the Author of numerous Temperance Hymns and Songs, and one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union. For the past quarter of a century Mr. Hoyle has been conspicuous for his unremitting labours, and *his musical and literary abilities have been of immense value in the spread of the movement.*

"The Lancashire and Cheshire Union has held thirty-two great Festivals in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, and on each occasion Mr. Hoyle has not only trained the choir, but has also *written the words and composed the music of many of the brightest and best of the pieces.* In like manner, especially in past years, we have ourselves been greatly indebted to Mr. Hoyle, in making up the programmes for *the great Temperance Concerts at the Crystal Palace,* for some of the most popular and taking pieces have come from his pen.

"The 'Onward' Magazine has been largely enriched by *Mr. Hoyle's prolific pen,* and owes no small part of its usefulness and popularity to his zeal and industry in *his editorial capacity.* Indeed, it is almost impossible to speak in terms of too high praise of the vigour, energy, and business ability which have characterised this Lancashire and Cheshire County Organization—*the offspring of Mr. Hoyle.*

"The Temperance movement is founded on hard and dry facts; but, at the same time, it appeals to those sentiments of love and pity which create a longing for poetic utterance. For these two phases of the work *came to the front two men*—William Hoyle, the statistician, now gone to his reward, and William Hoyle, the poet, who will, we trust, long be spared to put yet more of Temperance truth into living verse."

HOYLE'S HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES AND BANDS OF HOPE.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE PIECES.

Hymns for Opening and Closing :—		**Hymns Sacred and Moral** . .	**52 to 69**
1 to 19—36 to 43—265 to 275		**Temperance Hymns**	**20 to 35**
Hymns for Anniversaries . .	**44 to 51**	**Solos, Part-Songs, Glees, &c.** .	**70 to 264**

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1. I LOVE THE CAUSE!

Words by W. HOYLE. Music by BRADBURY.

I love the Cause of Tem - p'rance, 'Tis good and true, I know;
It makes the home of sad - ness A glad and bright a - bode;

It gives a joy and bless - ing To many a heart of woe.
And the drunk - ard, once so fall - en, Is near - er brought to God.

Chorus.

Lead us on - ward, O Lord! Lead us on - ward, O Lord!

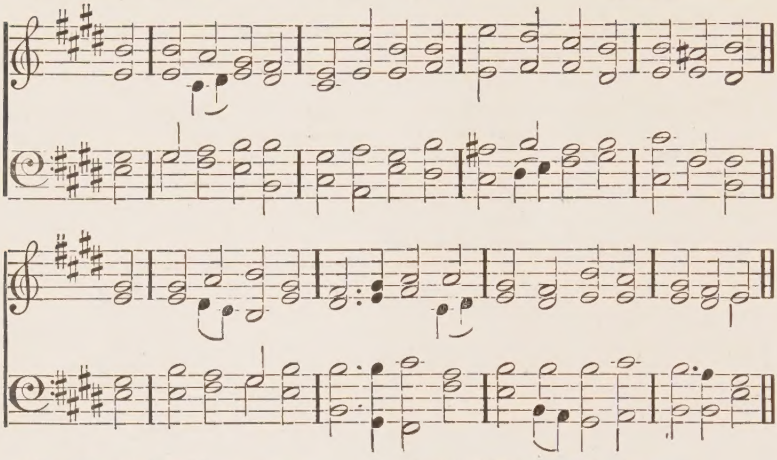
Lead us on - ward, lead us on - ward, Lead us on - ward, O Lord!

Strong drink, impetuous ever,
Sweeps like a rising flood,
And downward beareth many
That once were wise and good;
The poor man from his cottage,
The monarch from his throne,
And the young in life's fair morning,
Are carried swiftly down.

I would not be a drunkard,
For all this world can give,
In sorrow and in sadness
A sinful life to live;
But still in words of kindness
I'll ask him to abstain.
And God may yet restore him
To happiness again.

2. ALL GRACIOUS GOD. L.M.

Music by Webbe.



All gracious God, to Thee we raise
Our voice, in solemn prayer and praise;
We praise Thee for Thy mercy shown;
Lord, let that mercy now be known!

Intemperance on every hand
Abounds in this our guilty land:
While drunkards glory in their shame,
And pour contempt on Jesu's name.

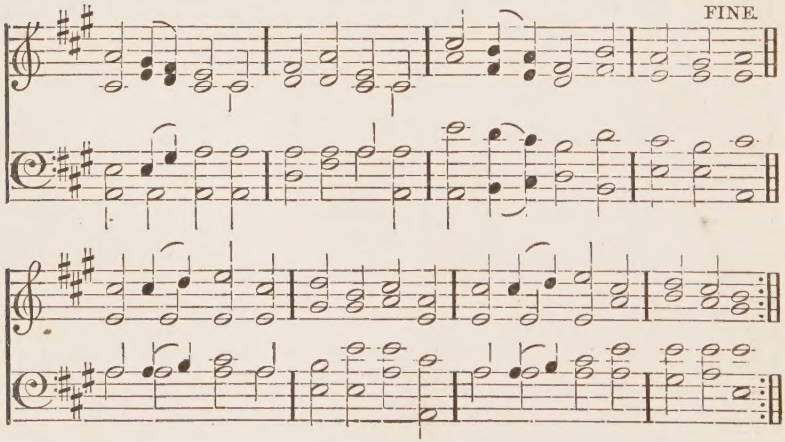
Lord! let Thy banner be displayed,
And check the ruin sin hath made;
The foe with power divine assail,
Nor let the hosts of hell prevail.

By gospel principles reclaim
The drunkard from his course of shame;
O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit give,
And bid the dying sinner live!

3. FOR THE THOUSANDS. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Words by W. Hoyle.

FINE.



For the thousands, Lord, that suffer,
We would labour every day;
Be Thou still our sure Defender,
And direct us in the way;
Of Thy goodness
Help us now we humbly pray.

On the dark abode of sorrow,
Bid the light of temperance shine;
Lead, O, lead the fallen drunkard
In the way of truth divine;
And his children,
Make them now and ever Thine.

From the homes of rich and mighty,
And the dwellings of the poor,
Friends of truth and temperance gather,
'Till strong drink shall be no more;
Far removing
Galling bondage from our shore.

4. HOW LONG, O LORD.

Music by H. G. NAGELI.
Words by W. HOYLE.

How long, O Lord our God Shall sin and sor - row reign,

And drunkard's tread the downward road To e - ver - last - ing pain.

O Lord with pity move
All those that fear Thy name,
So shall they spread the cause of love—
The drunkard to reclaim.

Thy goodness and Thy power,
And mercy never cease,
Thou canst the drunkard yet restore
To happiness and peace.

Come and strong drink remove,
And bring the better day,
When all men shall Thy precepts love,
And Thy commands obey.

5. SOON THE SONS.

Music by GOSS.
Words by W. HOYLE.

Soon the sons of Eng-land, on her sea-girt shore,
Shall re-joice in Temp'rance, and shall drink no more. Lord, with ev'-ry blessing,

bless our Temp'rance Band, Of Thy goodness keep them with Thy mighty hand.

Though in homes of England sadness yet is found,
And a cry of sorrow rises all around;
Boundless joy and pleasure through her land shall reign,
When her sons and daughters shall from drink abstain.

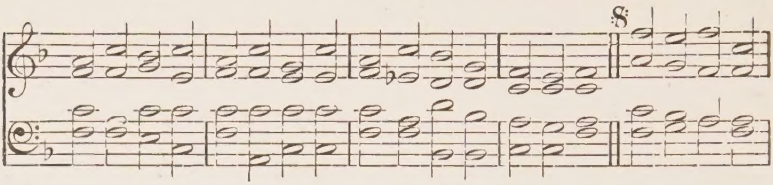
Like the good in story, let us labour on,
Still our course pursuing till the victory's won;

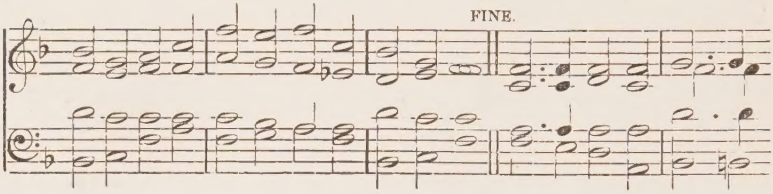
Evermore confiding in our heavenly king,
He to rescue drunkards will deliverance bring.

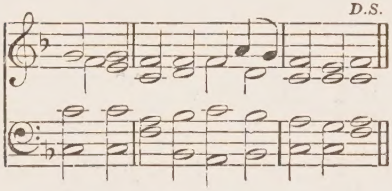
Soon the sons of England on her sea-girt shore,
Shall rejoice in temperance, and shall drink drink no more;
Then from folly rising, may they look on high,
Reach at last their peaceful home beyond the sky.

6. LORD, WHILE SAINTS. 8.7s.

Words by W. Hovle





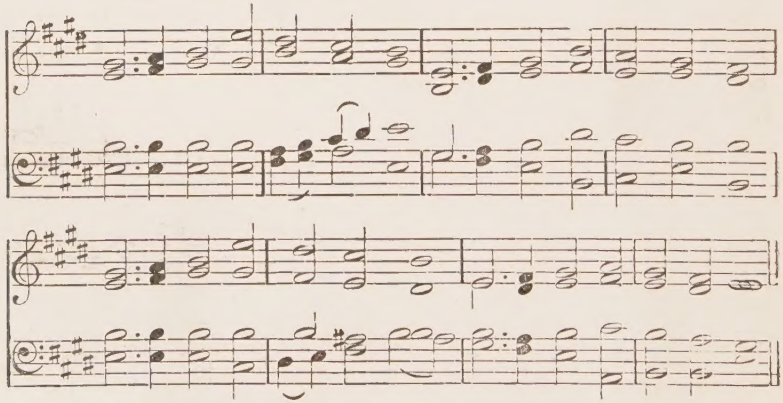


Lord, while saints and angels fear Thee,
Wilt Thou hear our humble prayer?
Frail and helpless we draw near Thee,
Let us now Thy mercy share.
Each a pilgrim and a stranger,
Keep us, Lord, from evil ways,
Lead us through this world of danger,
Lead Thou on through all our days.

Fallen is our favoured nation,
Sunk in sorrow and in shame;
Speed the Temperance reformation,
Every drunkard now reclaim.—Each, &c.

May we keep our vow recorded,
Looking daily unto Thee;
By Thy loving smile rewarded,
Striving drunkards to set free.—Each, &c.

7. LET US WITH. 7s.



Let us with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light:
For His mercies, &c.

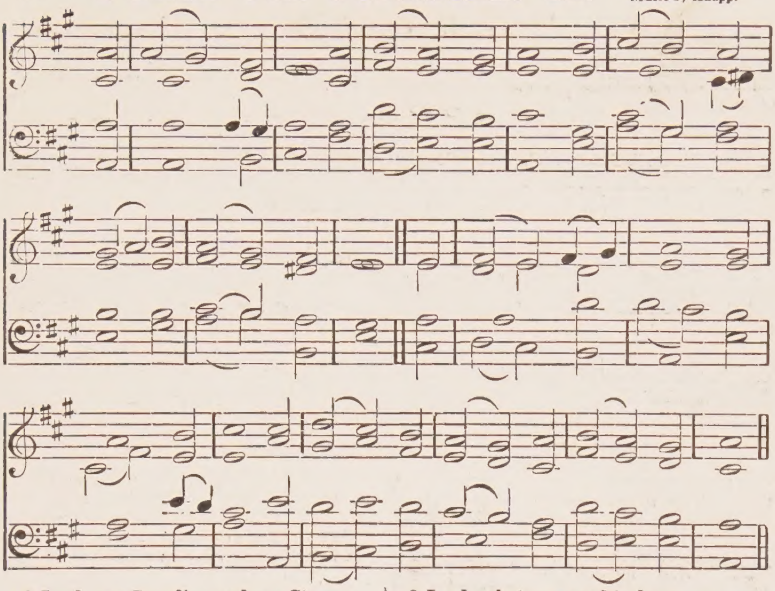
All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Look'd upon our misery:
For His mercies, &c.

Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind:
For His mercies, &c.

8. O LORD OUR GUARDIAN. L.M.

Words by W Hoyle.
Music by Knapp.



O Lord, our Guardian and our Stay,
Do Thou our humble efforts bless,
And every evil take away,
And spread the cause of righteousness.

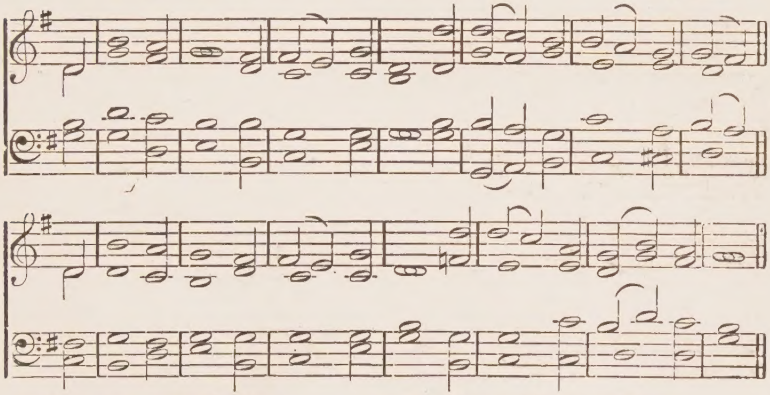
From day to day Thy power make known,
Thy wisdom and Thy truth divine;
And may we still Thy goodness own,
While round our path Thy mercies shine.

O Lord, whatever good is done,
Is through Thine arm Thy watchful care.
And brighter trophies shall be won
If Thou art only with us there.

The drunkard, Lord, in pity see,
A slave to Satan and to sin;
O teach him from his sin to flee,
Restore and make him clean within.

9. FATHER, IN EVERY. C.M.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Webbe.



Father, in every work of love,
No danger need I fear;
Thou wilt Thy gracious aid afford,
For Thou art ever near.

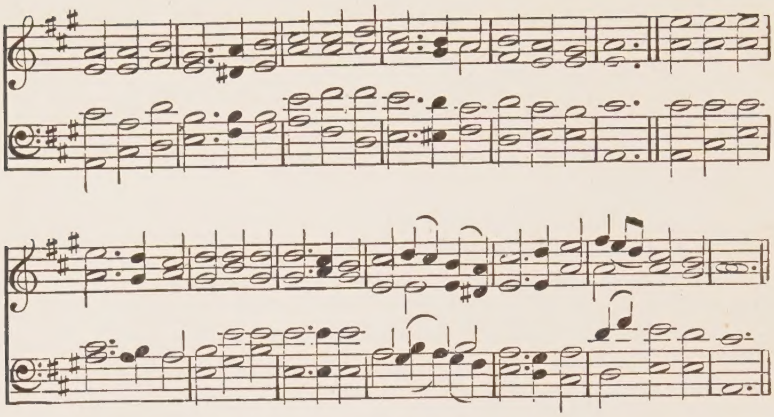
Then may I gladly labour still,
The temperance cause to spread,
Since Thou hast Thine approval shown,
In blessings freely shed.

Teach me to follow and desire
Whate'er Thou dost approve,
And help a weaker brother on,
In ways of truth and love.

O may Thy peaceful reign begin,
Thine utmost will be done,
Till all the nations of the earth
Thy majesty shall own.

10. GOD BLESS OUR YOUTHFUL.

Music by Dr. Bull.



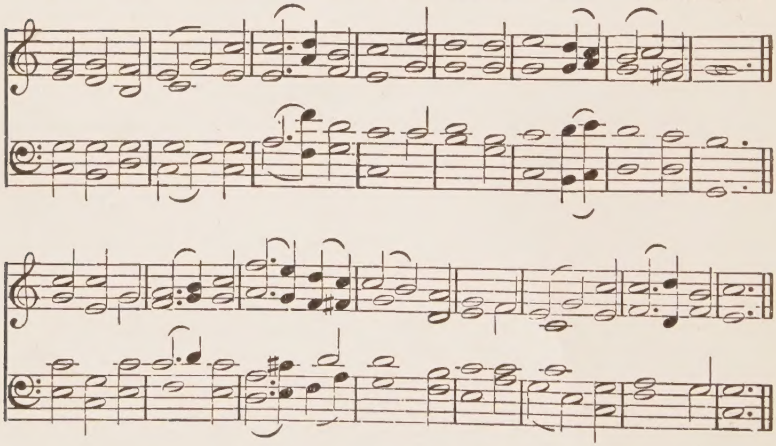
God bless our youthful band,
O may we firmly stand,
True to our pledge;
May we to liberty,
Truth, love, and charity,
Evermore faithful be,
From youth to age.

While for the drunkard's sake
All efforts, Lord we make,
Our labours bless;
And save us now, we pray,
From all that leads astray.
And take strong drink away,
And all distress.

May Britain's children stand
A noble temperance band,
And may we see
Our holy cause extend,
Until all nations blend,
And one great shout ascend,
"The world is free!"

11. LET TEMPERANCE AND. L.M.

Music by Harrison.



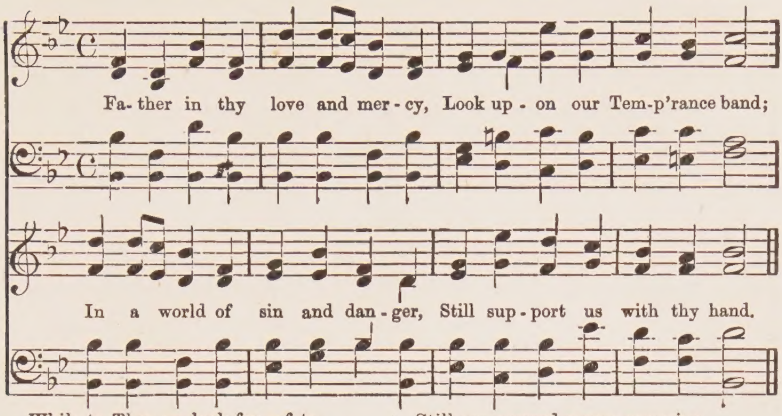
Let temperance and her sons rejoice,
And be their praises loud and long;
Let every heart and every voice
Conspire to raise a joyful song.

Loud let the anthem rise to God,
Whose favouring mercies so abound,
Swift let his praises fly abroad,
The circuit of the earth abound.

His children's prayer He deigns to grant,
He stays the progress of the foe;
And temperance, like a cherished plant,
Beneath His fostering care shall grow.

12. FATHER, IN THY LOVE.

Music and Words by
W. HOYLE.

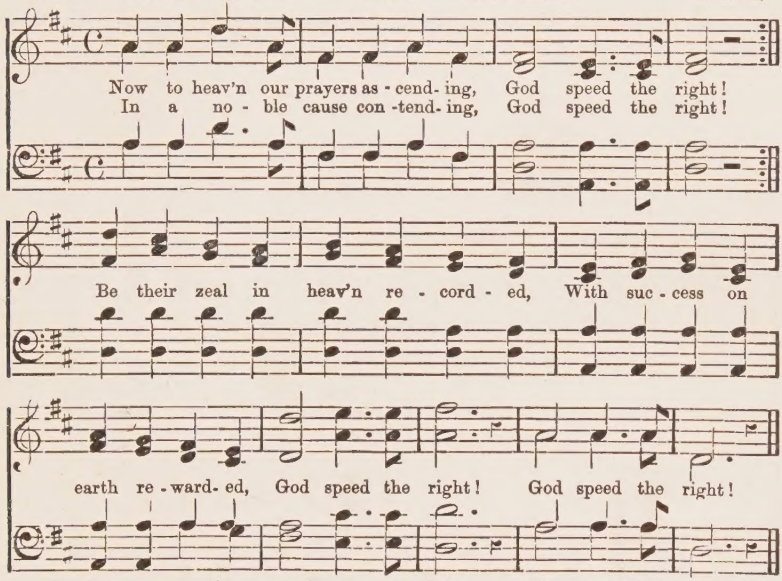


While to Thee we look for safety,
Thou wilt surely guide and bless,
And preserve us now and ever
In the paths of righteousness.
On Thine arm alone depending,
Faithful ever may we prove;

Still our onward course pursuing,
In the work of truth and love.
And let joyful songs and praises
Fill our hearts from day to day,
While Thy goodness and Thy mercy
Flow to cheer us on our way.

13. GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

GERMAN.



Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If they fall, they fall with glory,
God speed the right!
Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne'er the event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right!

Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
But in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right!

Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth Thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the right!

14. ONWARD, FRIENDS.

Music adapted from HAYDN.
Words by W. HOYLE.

On-ward, friends of Tem-p'rance, Arm'd with heav'nly might, Truth shall be vic-

Fine.

- to - rious, God de-fends the right. Lo, the truth is spread - ing,

D.C.

Ev'-ry day and hour, Platform, press, and pul - pit Aid its gracious power.

Glorious is the dawning of the brighter day,
When the tears of orphans shall be wiped away;
When the widow's wailing shall be hushed in peace,
And the sin-bound drunkard find a glad release, &c.

Not in vain we labour, not in vain we pray.
Jesus and His kingdom shall have larger sway;
All that now opposes in the dust shall lie,
And a shout of triumph shall ascend on high, &c.

15. SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE.

Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mour on,

Strong in the strength which God sup-plies, Thro' His e - ter - nal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul:
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle and fight and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

16. WHEN SHALL THE SAINTS.

(First Tune.) Words by W. HOYLE.

When shall the saints of God a - rise With Ho - ly zeal in - spired,

And ev' - ry self - ish aim de - spise, To bring the time de - sired.

When shall they dash the bowl a - way, A bro - ther's soul to gain,

With pure ex - am - ple when shall they Lead o - thers to ab - stain?

O blest Redeemer, Thou didst come
To raise the fallen up,
And in Thy shining courts there's room,
And for the vilest hope.
Then let us not pass idly by,
While drunkards near us grieve;
Thou didst for each poor sinner die,
Lord, teach us so to live.

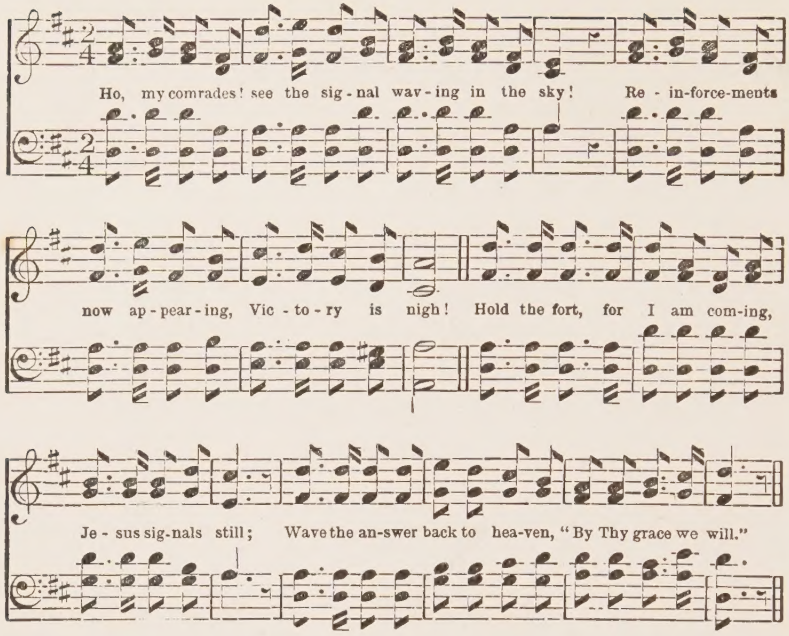
O send Thy gracious Spirit down,
And every soul renew;
And from the humblest to the crown,
May each his duty do.
No hearts that faint, no faltering hands,
But strong, O Lord, in Thee,
Till all men follow Thy commands,
And Britain's curse shall flee.

(Second Tune.) Music by A. H. D. TROYTE.

When shall the saints of God a - rise, With holy zeal inspired, And ev'ry selfish aim de-spise, To bring the time de-sired.

17. HOLD THE FORT.

P. P. BLISS.



See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on,
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone.

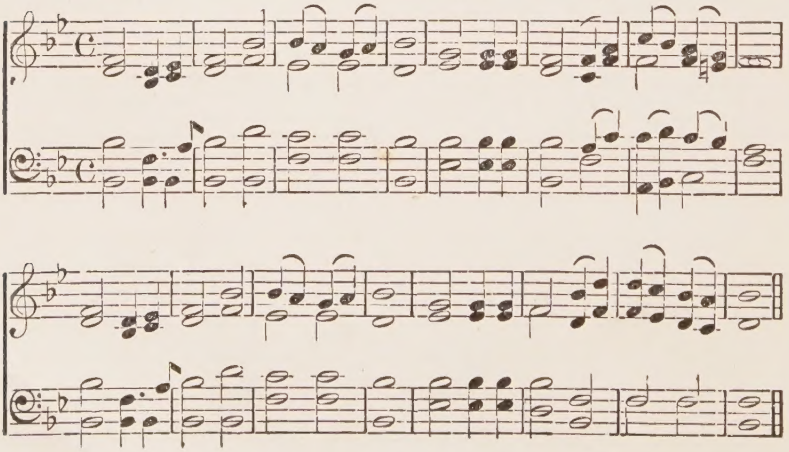
See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the trumpet blow;

In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our great Commander—
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

18. EACH EFFORT TO REDEEM.

Music by MASON.

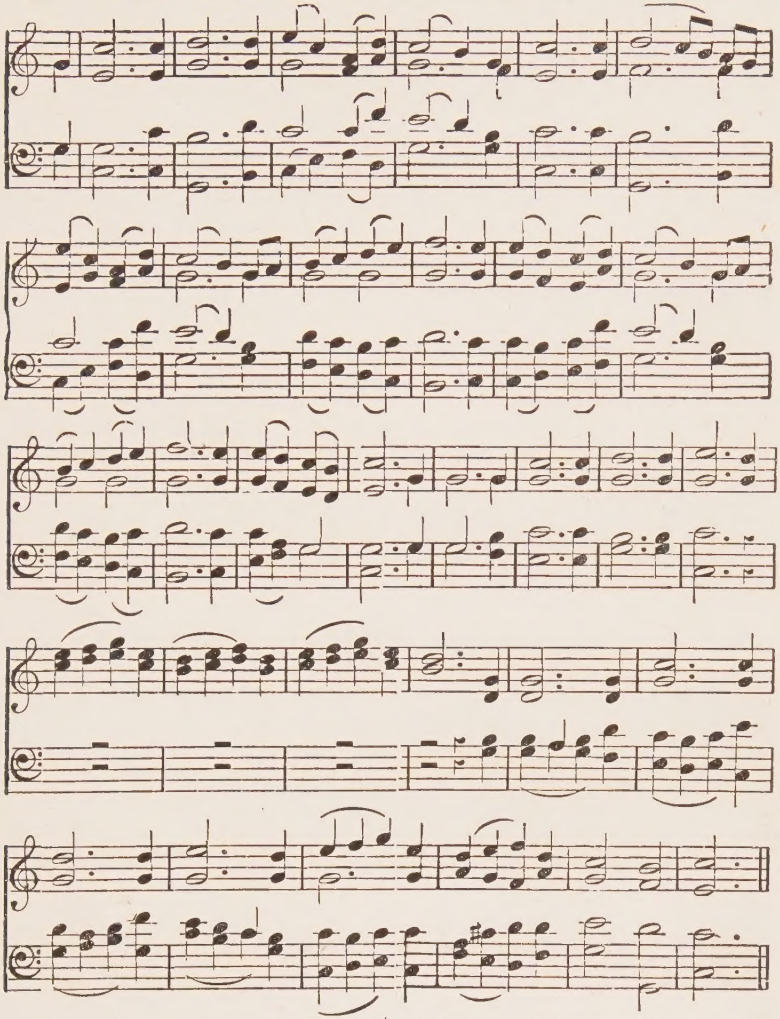


EACH effort to redeem our race,
Who by intemperance are made slaves,
And lead them back to paths of peace,
The blessing of our God receives.

Assured that He will still approve
And bless our labours to the end;
Let us in this employ of love
Look unto God our Guide and Friend.

19. O LORD, THE CAUSE. D.L.M.

Words by W. Hoyle.

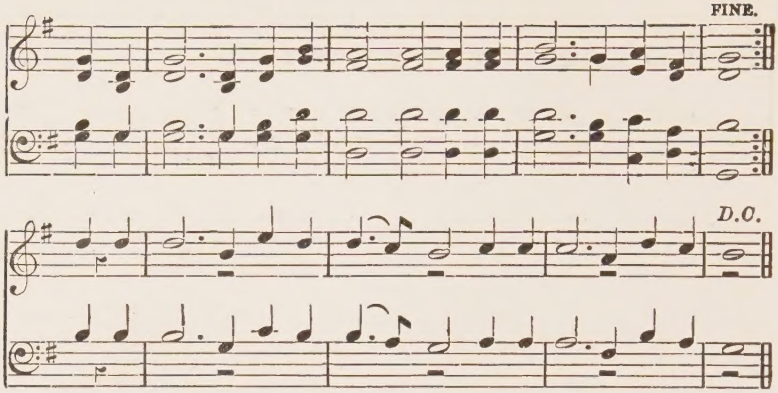


O LORD, the cause of temperance bless,
Crown every effort with success,
And let us never strive in vain;
Help, Thou, the drunkard to abstain.
In holy conflict lead us on,
Let Thine Almighty power be shown;
E'en though a host of foes unite,
Thine arm can spread the cause of right.

O Lord, our temperance speakers bless,
Fill them with zeal and holiness,
Thy wisdom, power, and grace bestow,
Nor let them faint or weary grow;
And may we all in love combine,
And walk in all Thy laws divine,
That all the world may know and see
True friends of temperance follow Thee.

Our bands of young abstainers bless,
O give to each Thy saving grace;
And make us all one army brave,
Forth led by Thee our land to save.
Come, and strong drink from earth remove,
And bring the time of joy and love;
Hear, Lord, the prayer Thy servants raise,
Thine be the glory, Thine the praise.

20. LEAGUED WITH ALL. 8.7.



LEAGUED with all the powers of darkness,
Foe to every friend of truth;
In our midst, behold the tempter
Dealing poison to our youth.
See him press, with gentle whisper,
To their lips the fatal bowl;
While its maddening drops bewilder
Every feeling of the soul.

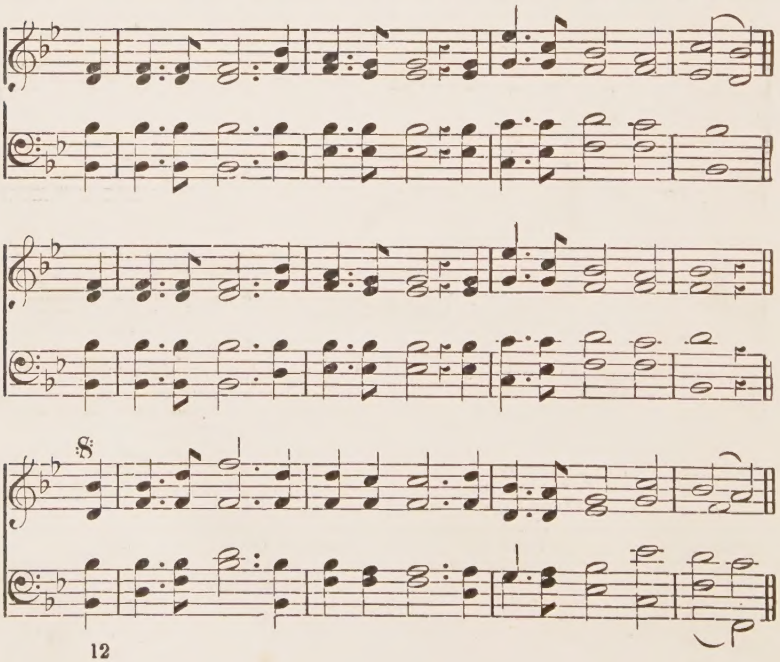
Step by step he leads the victim
To the verge of dread despair;
Hurls him o'er the brink of ruin,
Laughs and leaves him hopeless there.

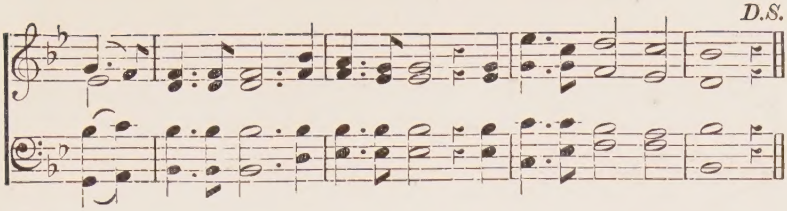
Widowed hearts and homes deserted,
Helpless children orphans made;
What a picture! God of mercy!
Let this cruel tide be stayed.

Friends of temperance, Christian workers,
Let your glorious standard wave;
Up and arm yourselves for conflict,
Fired with zeal and courage brave.
Touch not, taste not, be your motto,
And your watchword in the fight;
God will give you strength to conquer,
He'll protect you in the right.

21. OUR FATHERS WERE. D.C.M.

Words by Rev. H. M. Gunn





Our fathers were high-minded men
  Who firmly kept the faith ;
To freedom and to conscience true,
  In danger and in death.
Nor should their deeds be e'er forgot,
  For noble men were they,
Who struggled hard for sacred rights,
  And bravely won the day.

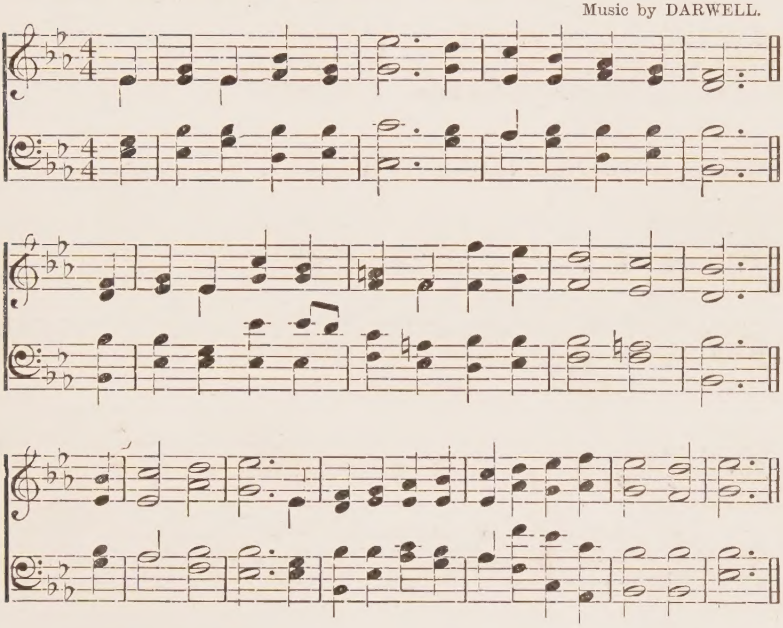
For all they suffered, little cared
  Those earnest men and wise ;
Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth,
  Made them the shame despise.

Great names had they, but greater souls,
  True heroes of their age,
That, like a rock in stormy seas,
  Defied opposing rage.

And such as our forefathers were
  May we, their children, be ;
And in our hearts their spirit live,
  That baffled tyranny.
Oh, we will hear and we will do
  Whatever must be done,
Till for this good old cause of truth
  The victory shall be won.

22. PLEDGED IN A NOBLE. P.M.

Music by DARWELL.

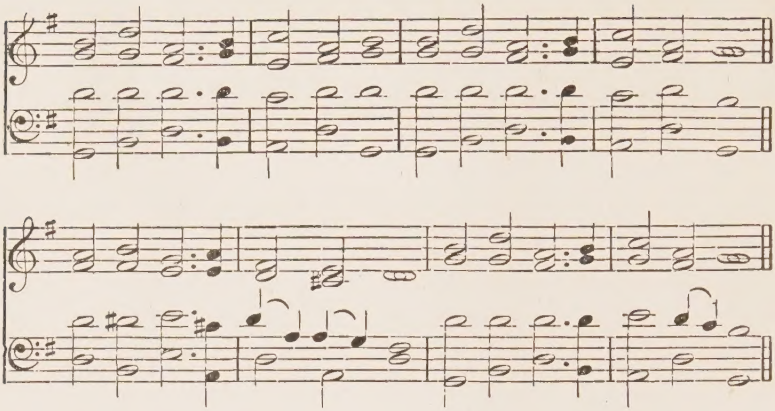


Pledged in a noble Cause,
  We here each other greet,
And, bound by Temperance laws,
  As friends and brethren meet,
To make a full determined stand
Against the foe that rules our land.

Our Leader is the Lord,
  Who reigns from pole to pole,
And swiftly at His word
  The mighty thunders roll ;
Forth led by Him our faithful band
Shall chase intemperance from the land.

Then let us onward press,
  Our Cause is good and great ;
Cheered by our past success,
  We'll make the foe retreat ;
Nor for a moment quarter give,
Resolved for truth to work and live.

23 WHO HATH SORROW. 7s.



Who hath sorrow? who hath woe?
Who hath babbling? who hath strife?
Who to swift destruction go,
Turning from the path of life?

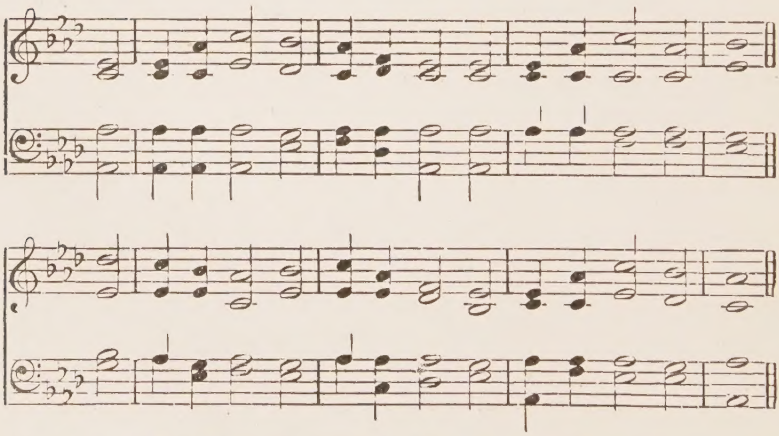
They that tarry at the wine,—
They that love the feast and song;—
They that fiery drinks combine,—
Early haste, and tarry long.

Look not on the wine when red,
When it foams and sparkles bright;
Lo, it hides an adder's head;
Like a serpent it will bite.

Drinker, turn and leave the bowl,
Drunkards cannot enter heaven;
Christ hath died to save thy soul,
Flee to Him and be forgiven.

24. THOUSANDS THAT FILL. C.M.

Music by L. Mason.
Words by W. Hoyle.



Thousands that fill a drunkard's grave
To us a warning tell,
For years they lived a sinful life,
Nor thought of death or hell.

Once they were children young and free,
And read God's holy Word,
And sung in many a Sabbath school
The praises of the Lord.

But ere their youthful days were past
They learned the drunkard's way,
For they were never taught to shun
The drink that leads astray.

We thank Thee, Lord, that Bands of Hope
Are rising all around,
That children now may tread the road
Where purest joys abound.

O may we love the Band of Hope,
And may it ever be
The hope of England and the world,
Leading the soul to Thee.

25. FOR THE CAUSE.

Words by W. HOYLE.
Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

For the cause of Temp'rance plead-ing, Fa-ther, our de-liv'-rer be;
Ev'-ry grace and com-fort need-ing, Look we ev-er un-to Thee.

Un-to Thee, Un-to Thee, Look we ev-er un-to Thee.

Mighty foes around us gather,
Feeblest warriors, Lord, are we;
Leave us not, O gracious Father—
We would follow only Thee,
Only Thee.

Pray we for our favoured nation,
Sunk in sin and misery;
Far remove strong drink's tem[illegible]tion,
Let the drunkard live to The[illegible]
Live to Thee.

Through the land Thy gospel spre[illegible]ng,
Hearts and homes will happier be
Young and old to Zion leading,
Grateful songs shall rise to Thee, &c.

26. WEEP FOR THE FALLEN.

Melody by JOHN READING (1680).
Harmony by VINCENT NOVELLO.

Words by J. HILTON.

O weep for the fall-en, hang your heads, in sor-row And mourn-ful-ly sing the requiem

sad and slow; Thousands have perished by the fell de-stroy-er. O weep for youth and

beau-ty, O weep for youth and beau-ty, O weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low.

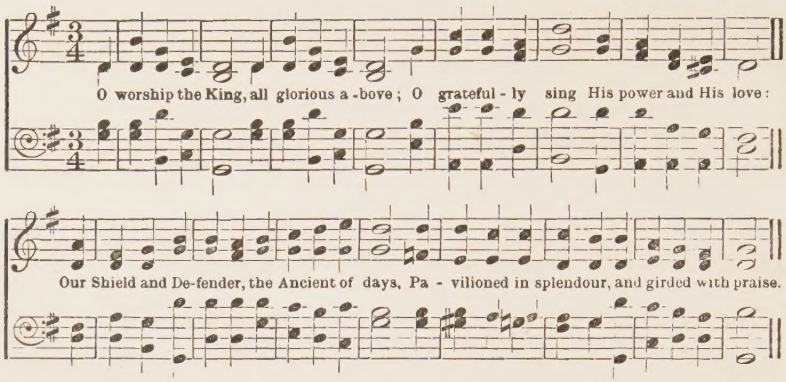
Sad voices of wailing tell of hopeless anguish,
While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go:
Hark to their accents, theirs the broken-hearted,
Who weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low.

O hear how they bid us sound the timely warning,
While yet there is hope to shun the cup of woe,
For is it nothing, ye who see no danger [low?
To weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid

O pray for the fallen, heaven will yet be gracious;
The pledge God will bless their freedom to bestow.
Rescue the nation from the fell destroyer;
O why should youth and beauty in the grave lie low?

27. O WORSHIP THE KING.

Music by Dr. GAUNTLETT.
Words by Sir R. GRANT.



The earth with its store Of wonders untold,
Almighty! Thy power Hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablished it fast By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, Like a mantle, the sea.

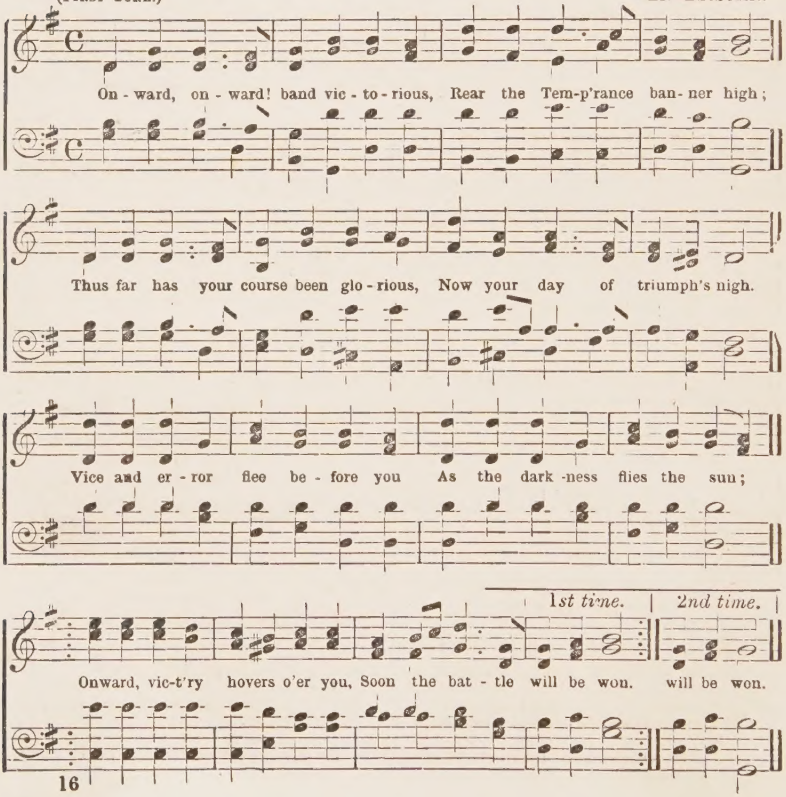
Thy bountiful care What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

28. ONWARD, ONWARD!

(FIRST TUNE.)

MENDELSSOHN.



28 ONWARD! ONWARD!*

J. B. Woodbury

Onward! onward! band, victo-rious, Rear the temperance banner high, Thus far

has your course been glorious, Now your day of triumph's nigh, Vice and

er - ror flee be-fore you,
As the dark - ness flies the sun. Onward!

vict' - ry hovers o'er you, Soon the battle will be won, Yes!

Yes! Onward! Vict' - ry hovers o'er you, Soon the battle will be won!

Onward, onward! songs and praises
Ring to heaven's topmost arch;
Wheresoe'er your standard rises,
And your conquering legions march;
Gird the temperance armour on you,
Look for guidance from above;
God and angels smile upon you—
Hasten, then, your work of love,
Yes, onward, &c.

To the vendor and distiller
Thunder truth with startling tone,
Swell the accents louder, shriller,—
Make their sin and folly known.
Every evil custom alter,
Ye shall more than conqu'rors be.
Onward, onward! never falter,
Cease not till the earth is free.
Yes, onward, &c.

* *The above piece is a second Tune for number* 28.

29. SOLDIERS OF TEMPERANCE.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Boldly.

Soldiers of Temp'rance, gird on your armour, March to the bat-tle, face ye the foe,

On-ward to con-quer, God is our Lead-er, Why should we fear as forth we go?

Chorus.

Sounds of glad-ness rise o'er hill and val-ley Where the Temp'rance flag is seen,

All u-nit-ed, free-men let us ral-ly, For our coun-try and our queen.

March to the fight! Ar-my of light; On-ward in the ranks of truth and Temp'rance.

march! march!

March to the fight! Ar-my of light! Vic-to-ry shall crown the cause of right!

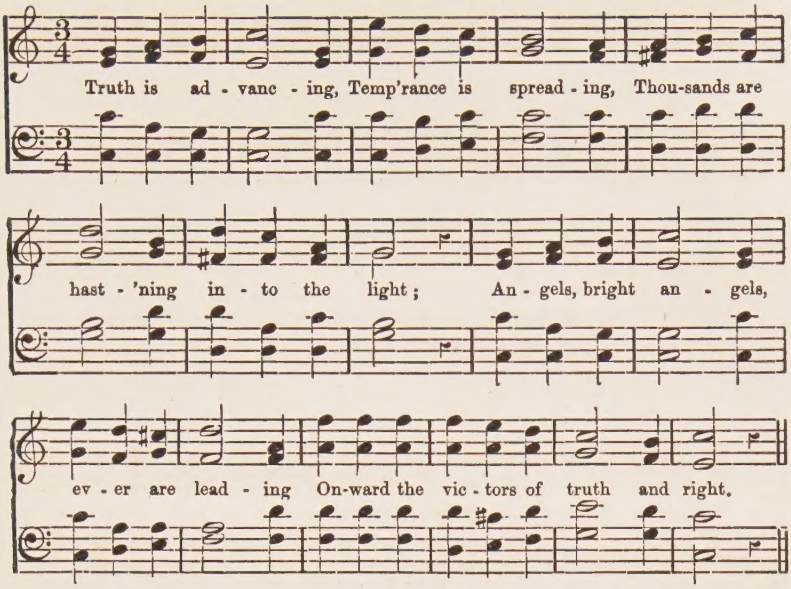
march! march!

Who'll be the foremost, who'll be the bravest?
Who for his country dares to be true?
Haste to the conflict, smite the oppressor,
Blessings from heav'n shall rest on you.

Soldiers of Temp'rance, gird on your armour,
Ours is the victory, strong is our band;
Onward to conquer! God is our Leader,
Onward to save our native land!

30. TRUTH IS ADVANCING.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.



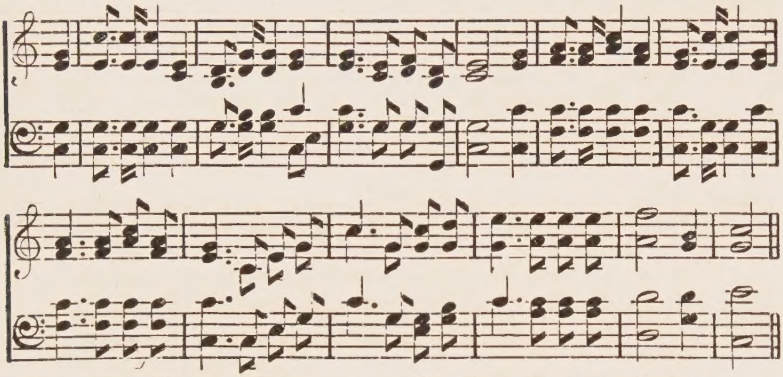
Swift through the nation
Wakes deep emotion,
Beams brightly shining
Into each heart;
Fresh impulse gather
Over life's ocean,
Helping each other
To act his part.

Hushed be your wailing,
Daughters of beauty;
Long have ye lingered
Sadly in woe;
Brothers and fathers
Fly to their duty,
Foremost to conquer
Our nation's foe.

Homes bright and peaceful,
Scenes all transcending,
Fair bowers of Eden
Brought back to earth;
Shield of Religion
Temperance attending,
Giving to beauty
And gladness birth.

31. PRESS ON WE WILL.

Music by L. MASON.



Press on we will, and nobly bear
Whatever must be borne;
Forth led by Heaven's Almighty King,
We fear no idle scorn.

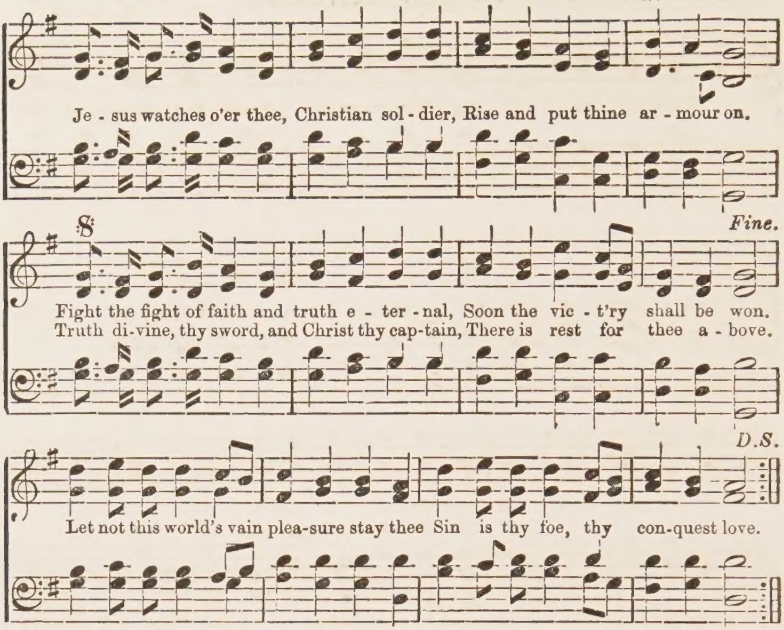
No danger shall our cause delay,
No foemen make us yield.
Soon shall we wave exultingly
Our banners o'er the field.

No dying groans, no mother's tears,
Shall mar our triumph hymn;
No blood shall stain our battle flag.
No cloud our glories dim.

Lo! now there follows in our train
A holy, happy throng;
They come, the wise and good abstain,
And swell our festal song.

32. JESUS WATCHES.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.



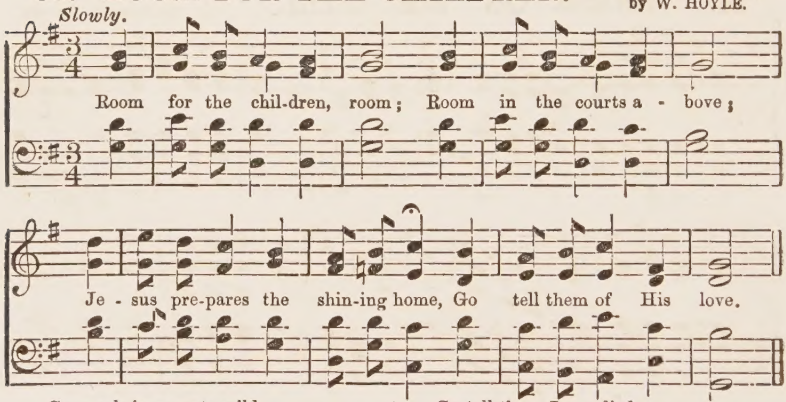
Jesus watches o'er thee, Christian Soldier,
Now He bids thee onward go; [thee
Bravely fought He faith's good fight before
He has vanquished every foe.

Jesus watches o'er thee, Christian soldier,
Labour still a world to save,
Deeds of love and mercy, when thou fallest,
Shall not perish in the grave.

Jesus watches o'er thee, Christian soldier,
Martyrs, prophets, saints look down:
Hear their song of joy and shout of triumph,
Haste to win thy glorious crown.

33. ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.



Go speak in accents mild,
Make known His watchful care;
Go gather in each little child,
Let all His mercy share.

From paths of sin and shame,
Call every wanderer home;
Go forth in thy dear Saviour's name,
Tell weary ones there's room.

Go tell them Jesus died,
Go help them in the strife;
Thyself deny their feet to guide
In ways of endless life.

While thou hast life and breath,
These souls for Jesus win;
Go rescue them from sin and death,
Bring every wanderer in.

34. DEAR FATHERLAND.

Words by
REV. JAMES YEAMES.

What sounds are those which reach the ear? The song of hope, the ring-ing cheer; The

friends of Temp'rance now com-bine, To spread the cause of truth be-nign. Dear

Fa-ther-land, thou yet shall be From drink's des-pot-ic rule set free; And

on the Tem-p'rance cause shall shine The smile Di-vine, And

on the Tem-p'rance cause shall shine The smile Di-vine.

No more shall law its license lend,
No more the Church strong drink defend;
The cursed trade shall waste away
As truth and right their power display.

The homes of drunkenness debased,
The wives abused, oppressed, disgraced,
A new and brighter day shall see,
When England gains her victory.

No more shall children weep and die,
Or, sunk in sin and squalor, lie,
But, kindly nurtured, they shall rise,
Through paths of virtue, to the skies.

35. FIRM AND UNITED.

SCOTTISH AIR.
Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Boldly.

Firm and u - ni - ted, we gai - ly march a-long; On-ward, ev - er on-ward, to

bat - tle for the right. All set to work with a heart and courage strong,

Chorus

Sure that we shall con - quer, for right is might. Work and win, work and win,

shall our mot-to be. Firm and strong, march a-long, March to vic - to - ry.

Onward march

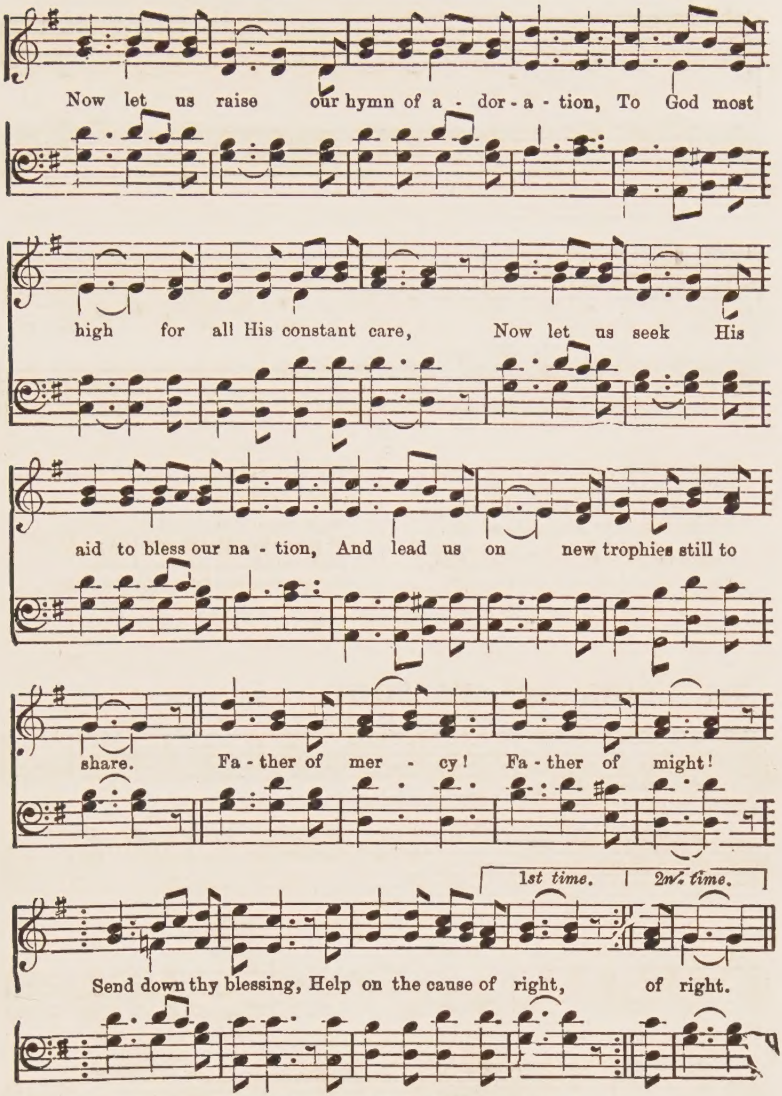
With a will, onward still, soon the foe shall flee, Onward, onward march to vic - to - ry.

Foes all around us may strive to bar the way,
Friends may say we're hasty, and bid us wait awhile;
Firm in our purpose we heed not what they say,
Till our cause has triumphed we still must toil.

Up with the standard and bear it far and wide,
Onward, ever onward, o'er all the battle field;
Heav'n is our helper, we care not what betide,
In the mighty conflict we'll never yield.

36. NOW LET US RAISE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

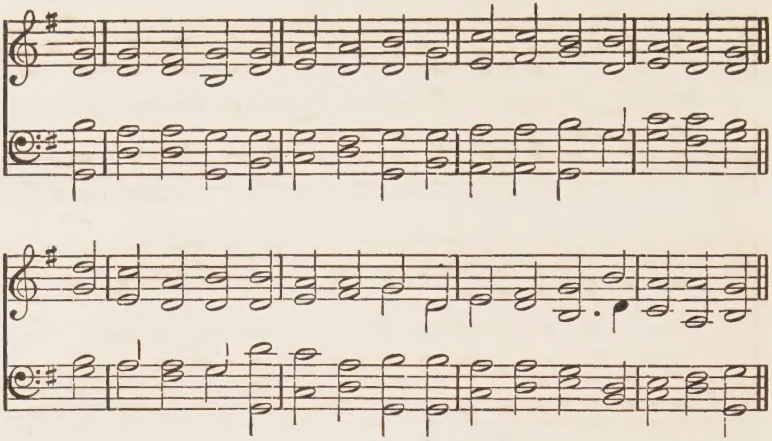


Many around our friendly aid are needing;
Gladly we go, as we have gone before,
Only, O Lord, send down Thy Spirit's pleading;
Feeble are we, Thy guidance we implore. Father, &c.

We thank Thee, Lord, for every joy and blessing
Thy love hath been thro' all the years now flown;
Follies and sins again we come confessing;
Pardon we crave, and strength to follow on, &c.

Lord, raise Thou up true men to bless our nation;
Till drunkards all shall walk in wisdom's ways;
Fierce is the strife, O bring the reformation;
Thine is the power, to Thee be all the praise, &c.

37. GLORY TO THEE. L.M.

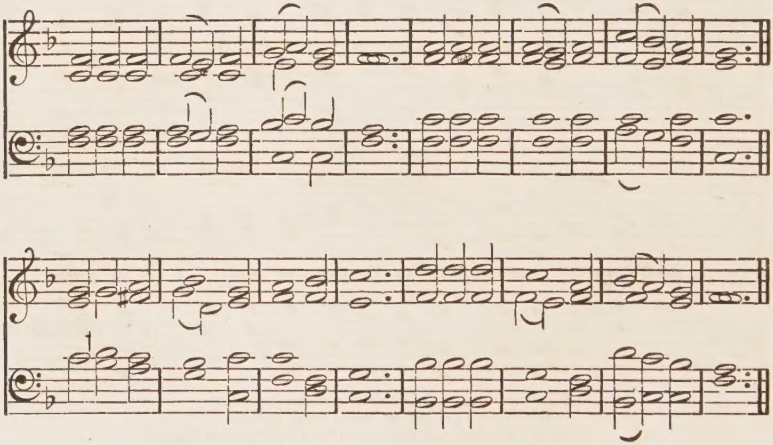


GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day

38. SUN OF MY SOUL. L.M.



SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

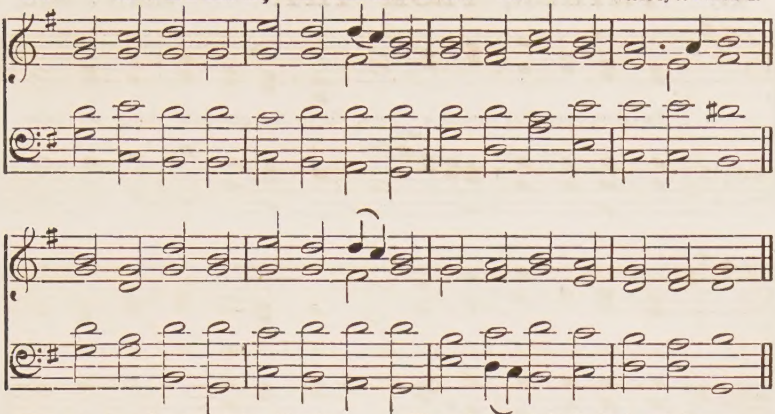
When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near, and bless us when we wake;
Ere through the world our way we take;
'Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

39. HOLIEST, BREATHE. 8.7.

Music by Winter.
Words by J. Edmeston.



HOLIEST, breathe an ev'ning blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

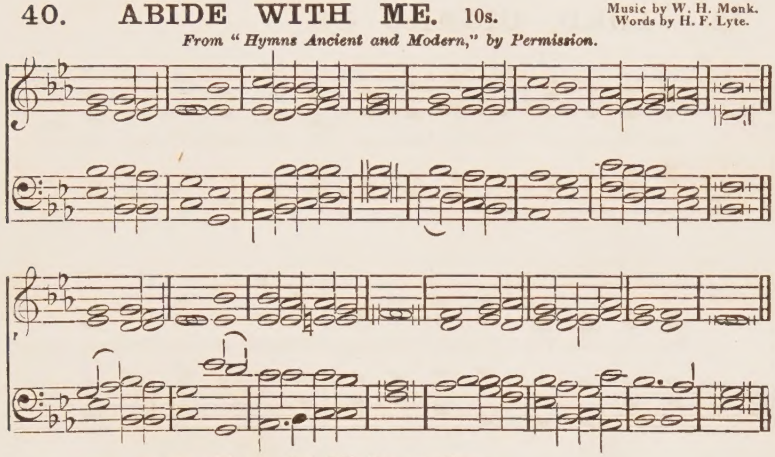
Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee.
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

40. ABIDE WITH ME. 10s.

Music by W. H. Monk.
Words by H. F. Lyte.

From "Hymns Ancient and Modern," by Permission.



ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

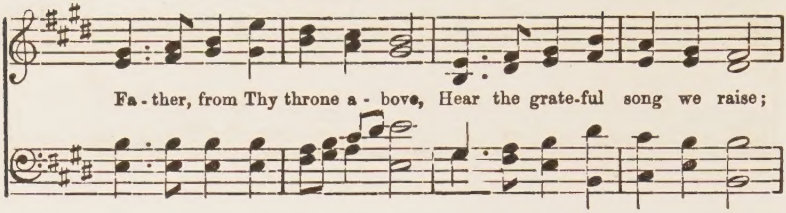
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

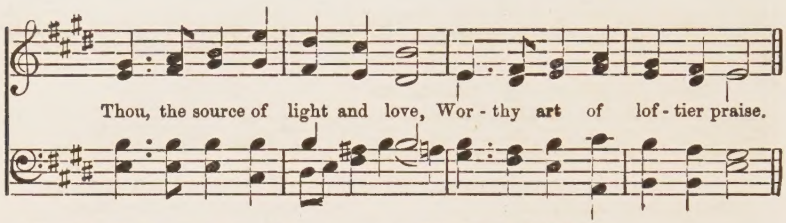
I need Thy presence every passing hour—
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r,
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

41. FATHER, FROM THY.

Words by W. HOYLE.

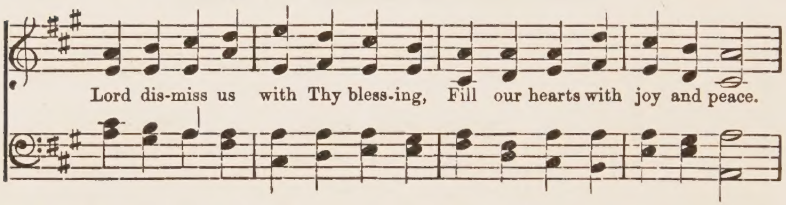


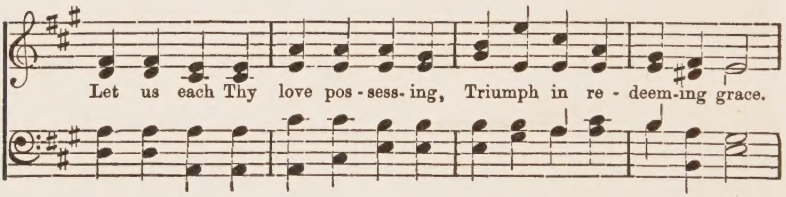


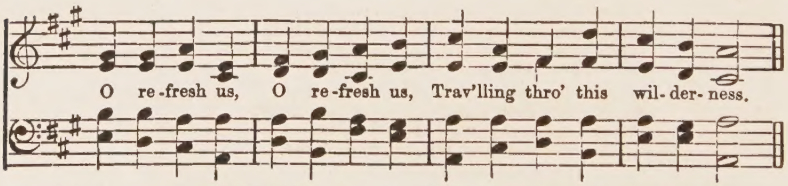
Humble efforts we have made,
Trusting in Thy power and might,
And Thy mercy brought us aid
For the cause of truth and right.
All the praise we give to Thee,
For the victory, Lord, is Thine;

Only let us faithful be,
Still receive Thy power divine.
Leader of each faithful band,
May we labour while we live,
Spread the good cause through our land,
Blessings to the drunkard give.

42. LORD, DISMISS US.





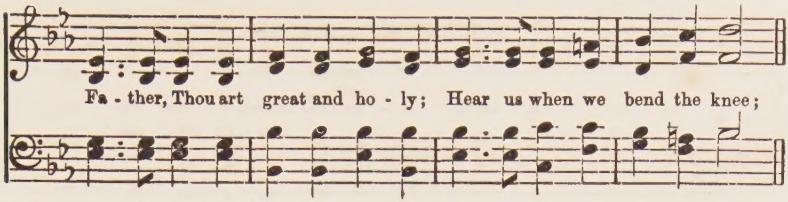


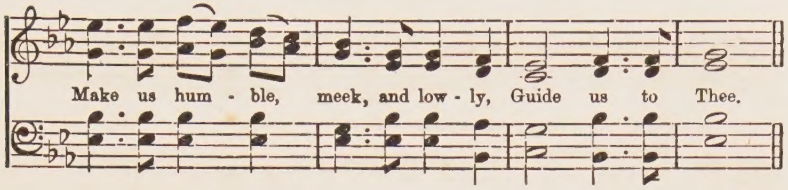
Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!

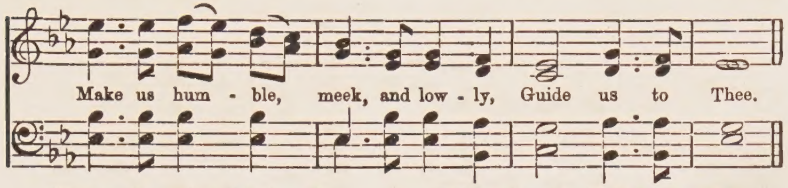
While for Thee we live and labour,
Spreading Temp'rance far and wide,
May we have Thy smile and favour,
Be Thou still our Shield and Guide.
Lead us onward,
Evermore with us abide.

43. FATHER, THOU ART.

Music by L. MASON.
Words by W. HOYLE.







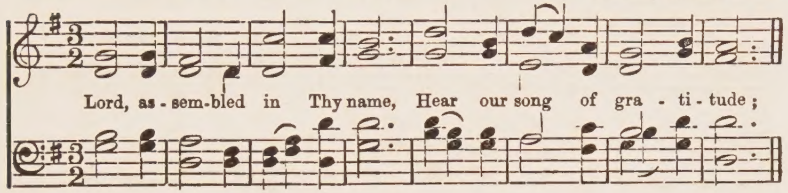
Saints and angels fall before Thee,
Where the soul is ever free,
Humbly still we would adore Thee,
Guide us to Thee.

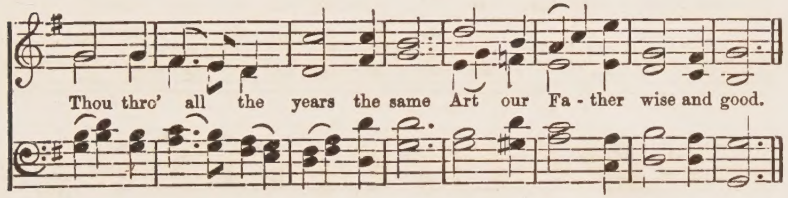
All Thy precepts may we treasure,
And from every evil flee,
Fill our hearts with holy pleasure,
Guide us to Thee.

By Thy love and power defended,
May we ever faithful be,
And when life's short day is ended,
Guide us to Thee.

44. LORD, ASSEMBLED.

Music from MOZART.
Words by W. HOYLE.





Many, rescued by Thy hand,
Thank Thee for Thy saving grace;
Some, forsaking Thy command,
Fill again the drunkard's place.

Lord, we feel our helplessness,
Left alone we nought can do;
Thou canst save and Thou canst bless;
Make us victors, brave and true.

Nought we fear while Thou dost lead:
Come, and evil far remove;
Make our people free indeed;—
Living for that life above.

45. TEMPERANCE BATTLE SONG.

Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

On - ward, on - ward, ev - 'ry true friend of cold wa - ter,

On - ward, on - ward, why should we faint or pause? "Up and

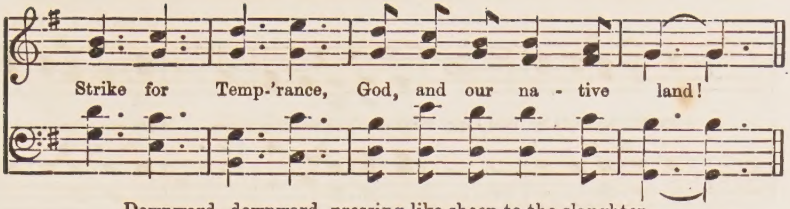
at them," ev - 'ry brave son and fair daugh - ter, Firm and faith - ful,

Chorus.

true to our no - ble cause. Ral - ly! ral - ly! un-der our glo - ri - ous

ban - ner, See the foe is press-ing on ev - 'ry hand.

Strike, boys, strike, girls, smit - ing the cru - el en - slav - er,

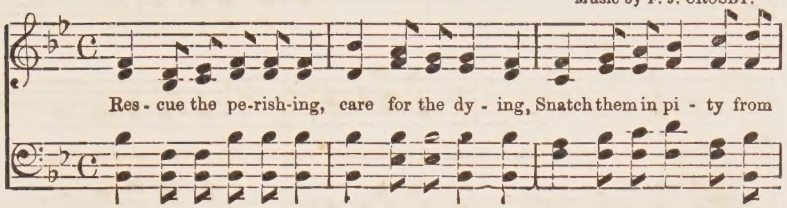


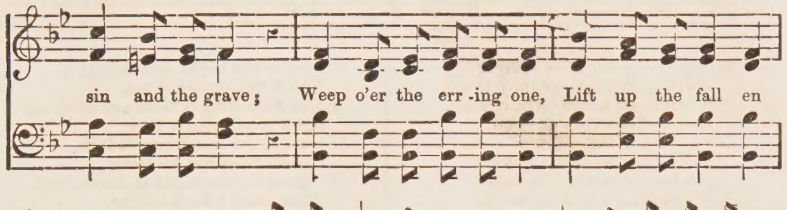
Downward, downward. pressing like sheep to the slaughter,
Downward, downward, reeling they swiftly go;
Save them, save them, bring them the pledge of cold water,
This, through grace, will save from the drunkard's woe.

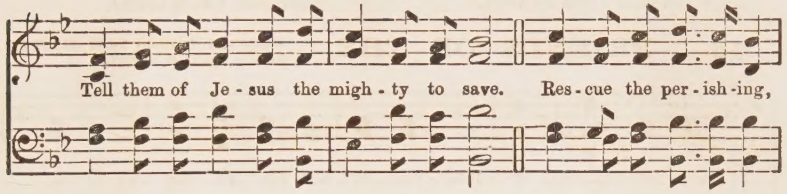
Upward, upward, point to the drunkard's Redeemer;
Upward, upward, turning each dying eye.
Through the pledge, that ever successful reclaimer,
We can save them, save ere they sink and die.

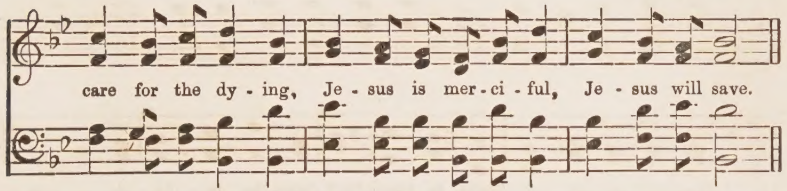
46. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

Words by W. H. DOANE.
Music by F. J. CROSBY.









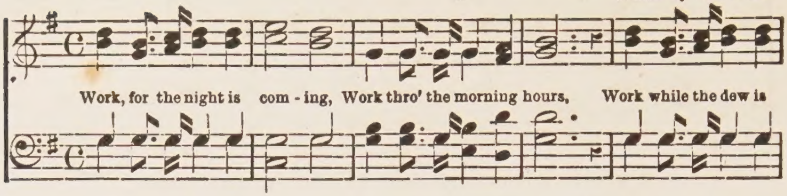
Tho' they are slighting Him, still He is wait-
Waiting the penitent child to receive; [ing,
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them
He will forgive if they only believe. [gently;

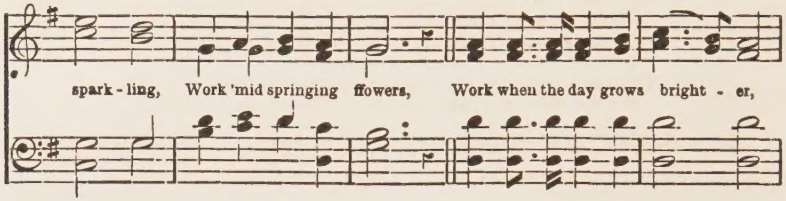
Down in the human heart, crushed by the Tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness, [more.
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

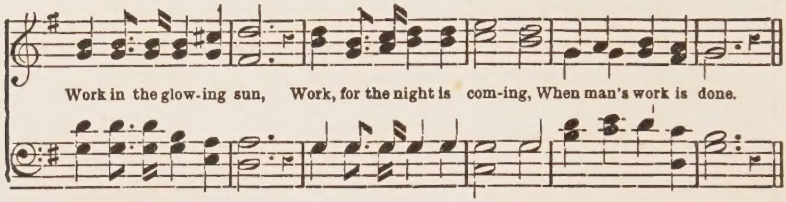
Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way patiently win them,
Tell the poor wand'rer a Saviour has died.

47. WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

Words by S. DYER.





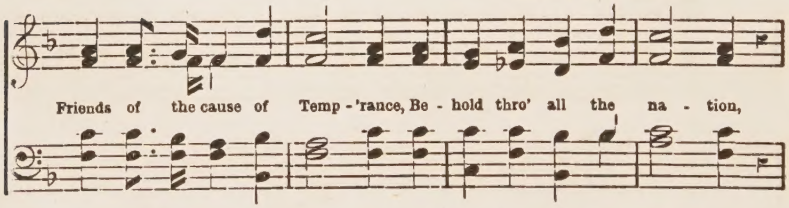


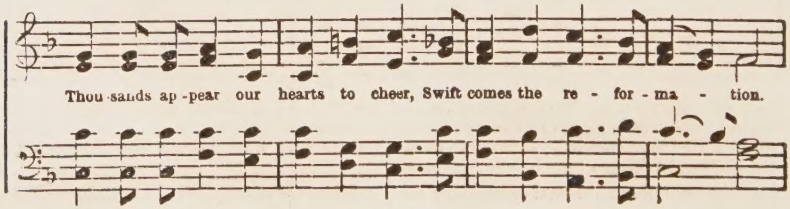
Work for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon,
Fill brightest hours with labour,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store.
Work for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

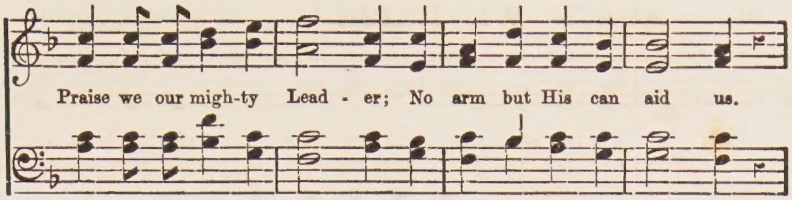
Work for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing
Work for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more.
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

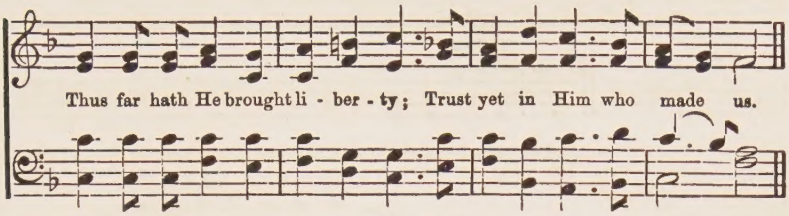
48. FRIENDS OF THE.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.
Melody by BIRTWISTLE.







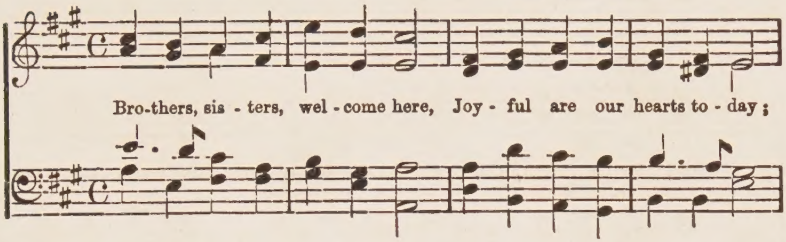


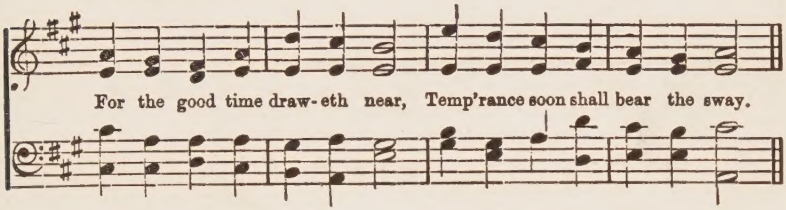
He rules the storm and tempest,
  He curbs the foaming ocean;
And every foe His power shall know,
  When He shall spread commotion.
As fell the foe Goliath,
  Before the sling of David,
Victors are we, strong drink shall flee,
  No power on earth can save it.

Forth still to fight and conquer!
  Each foe and danger scorning;
Truth shall prevail, we soon shall hail
  The bright, triumphant morning.
Now, while we wear our armour,
  For souls restored, forgiven,
Loud let us raise the song of praise
  To God, the King of Heaven.

49. BROTHERS, SISTERS.

Music (German) by J. H. KNECHT.
Words by W. HOYLE.





Ever faithful may we prove,
  And for truth still bravely stand;
We've a Friend in heaven above,
  He will bless our Temperance band.

Let the work of love begin,
  In our early youthful days,
Brighter trophies we shall win,
  Treading in God's holy ways;

Let us put our armour on,
  Trusting in our Friend above,
Making truth and Temperance known,
  Spreading holiness and love.

Brothers, sisters, firm and true,
  We are England's hope and pride,
And our God's our Leader too,
  Fear not while He is our Guide.

Soon the drunkard we will save,
  Make the foe of Britain flee,
With the noble and the brave
  Raise the shout, "Old England's free."

50. AGAIN WE RAISE.

Music and Words by
W. HOYLE.

A - gain we raise the fes - tive song, A - gain we view our
How glad are we to meet you here, U - nite with us and

ar-my strong, And welcome friends both old and young; Come join our Band of Hope
per- se -vere, The day of vic -tory shall appear; Come join our Band of Hope

U - nion. Arm for the fight! Friends of truth and right,

Arm for the fight! Our ar - my's marching on! March with the brave;

D.S.

March with the brave; March with the brave Till the vic - t'ry's won.

Now union will increase our might,
And gain us friends of truth and right,
And put King Alcohol to flight; &c.
For union gives an impulse great,
It nerves the soul for any fate,
And chases evil from the state; &c.

Union shall make homes smile again,
And far remove our country's bane,
And help the drunkard to abstain; &c.

O, then, his wife will happy be,
His children sing and dance with glee,
And better times we all shall see; &c.

Dear friends, then join our noble Band,
To bless the children of our land,
And make the drunkard's dwelling grand; &c.
God leadeth on, why should we fear?
He'll give us grace to persevere;
The day of victory shall appear; &c.

51. AGAIN REVOLVING.

Words by W. HOYLE.
Music by I. SMITH.

A - gain re - volv - ing sea - sons bring The time of fes - tive cheer; A - gain..... the song of praise we sing To God who rules the year.

Protected by His sovereign care,
In virtue's path still found,
How many are the joys we share!
What peace and hope abound!

Lord, be it our untiring aim
To spread the cause of truth;
The fallen drunkard to reclaim,
And guide our erring youth.

To Thee, O Lord, our prayers we raise;
O grant our cause success;
Be Thine the glory, Thine the praise,
For Thou alone canst bless.

52. MY GOD, MY FATHER.

Words by C. ELLIOTT.
Music arranged by W. HOYLE.

My God, my Fa-ther, while I stray, Far from my home on life's rough way, O teach me from my heart to say, Thy will be done, Thy will be done.

If Thou should'st call me to resign,
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is Thine.
Thy will be done.

Control my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say.
Thy will be done.

And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

53. SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Music by S. J. VAIL.
Words by W. HOYLE.

In the field of dai - ly du-ty There are vic - to - ries to win, Training

ev-'ry grace and vir-tue Conq'ring all the pow'rs of sin. With a pa-tient self de -

ni - al, Bearing each a brother's woe, We may make the world yet brighter, As in

Chorus.

Je-su's steps we go. Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of

ad lib.

kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reaping by and by.

Though we fill no lofty station,
We may wipe away the tear,
We may bring a ray of gladness
To the heart now sad and drear;
Should we rescue some poor wand'rer
From the darkness and despair,
There is joy among the angels,
And a welcome waiting there.

Let us then be up and doing—
Golden moments will not wait
Sin is filling earth with ruin,
Death is standing at the gate.
All our trials and temptations,
All our labours of the past
Will be registered in heaven
For the glory at the last.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Music by W. H. DOANE.
Words by Miss HANKEY.

Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of

Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto-ry

sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And

Chorus.

help - less and de - filed. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old

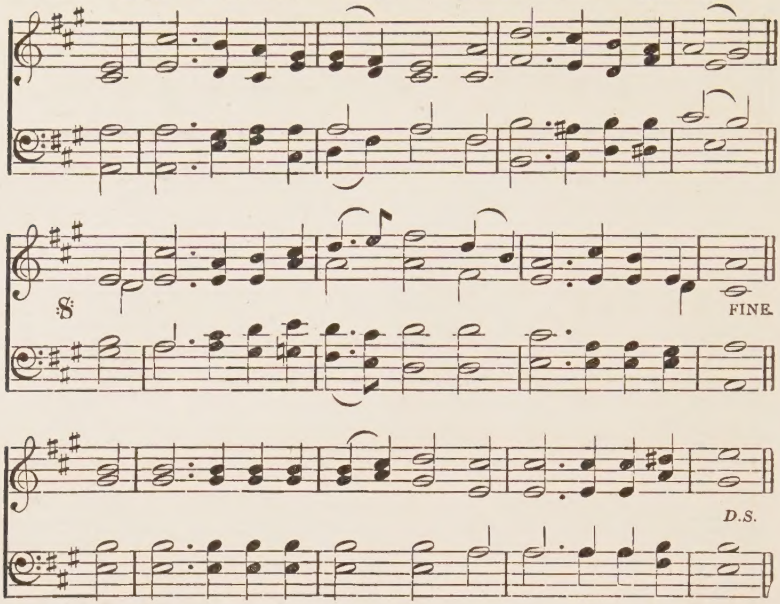
Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

55. GO WHEN THE MORNING.

Music from



Go when the morning shineth,
  Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
  Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
  Cast earthly fear away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
  Do thou in secret pray.

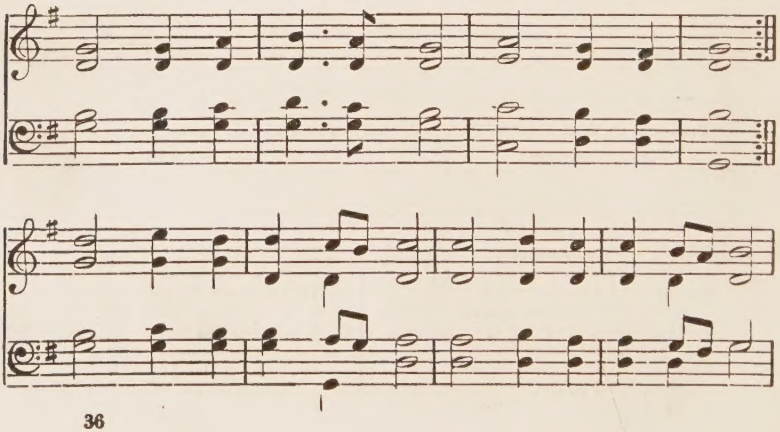
Remember those who love thee,
  All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those that hate thee,
  If any such there be:

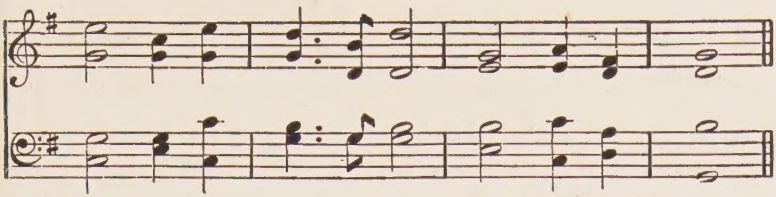
Then for thyself in meekness,
  A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
  Thy great Redeemer's name,

Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
  Before His footstool fall:
Remember in thy gladness
  His love who gave thee all.
Oh! not a joy or blessing
  With this we can compare,
The power that has been given
  To pour our souls in prayer.

56. I'M BUT A STRANGER.

Music by L. Mason.





I'M but a stranger here;
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear;
Heaven is my home.
Danger aud sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

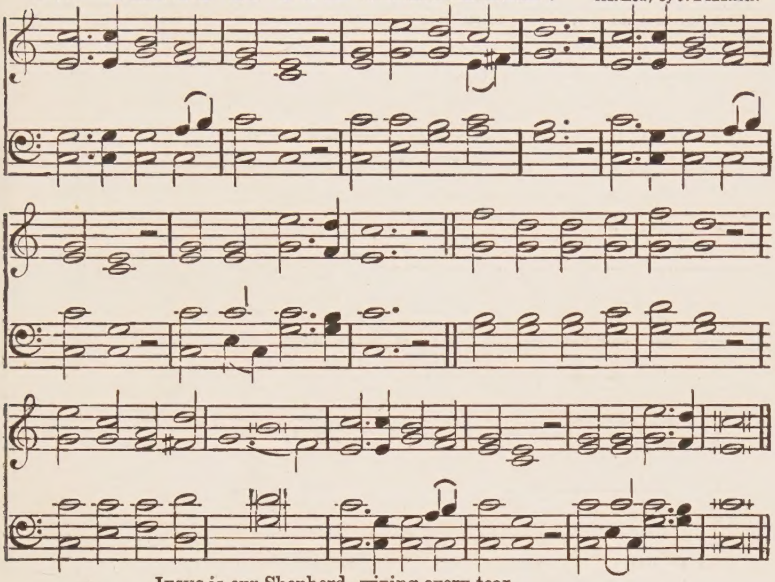
What though the tempest rage?
Heaven is my home:
Short is my pilgrimage;
Heaven is my home.

And time's wild wintry blast
Soon will be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not;
Heaven is my home:
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

57. JESUS IS OUR SHEPHERD.

Words by Rev. H. Stowell
Harmony by J. Bannister.



JESUS is our Shepherd, wiping every tear,
Folded in His bosom, what have we to fear?
Only let us follow whither He doth lead,
To the thirsty desert, or the dewy mead.

Jesus is our Shepherd, well we know His voice,
How its gentlest whisper makes our heart rejoice!
Even when He chideth, tender is its tones,
None but He shall guide us, we are His alone.

Jesus is our Shepherd, for the sheep He bled;
Every lamb is sprinkled with the blood He shed;
Then on each He setteth His own secret sign,
"They that have my Spirit, these," saith He, "are mine."

Jesus is our Shepherd, guarded by His arm,
Though the wolves may raven, none can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley, dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil, victors o'er the tomb.

58. WORK AWAY.

Music and Words by
W. HOYLE.

Cheerfully.

What's the use of sighing all the day? There is work for all to do, With a mer-ry heart let's work a-way, 'Twill life and health renew. Let the sur-ly souls who groan be-neath The chains by fol-ly wrought, Mark the stur-dier limb and pur-er breath Which Ab-sti-nence hath brought.

What's the use of sighing all the day? There is work to do With a mer-ry heart.....

Work a-way, work a-way, Through life's un-cer-tain day.

work a-way, work a-way, work a-way,

Work a-way, work a-way, With a mer-ry heart work a-way.

work a-way, work a-way.

What's the use of sighing all the day,
There is work for all to do;
Let us try some noble part to play,
And prove our lives are true.
Idle words can never mountains move,
Nor stay the sweeping flood;
But the hearts that rise to deeds of love
May lead the soul to God.

What's the use of sighing all the day,
There is work for all to do;
We may help to drive the drink away,
Though we have talents few.
What a world of bliss would earth become
Were all to aid the right!
What a paradise in every home—
Blest scenes of pure delight!

59 MY NATIVE LAND.

Music by W. H. Whitebeat.

Boldly.

Firmly stand, firmly stand, my na-tive land, Firmly stand, firmly stand, my na - tive land! True in heart and true in hand, All that's ho - ly cherish; Thus shall God re - main thy friend, Thus shall heav'n thy walls de-fend, Freedom! Freedom! Freedom shall not perish, Firm-ly stand, firm-ly stand, my na - tive land.

ff *cres.* *rall.*

Safely dwell, safely dwell, my native land,
Safely dwell, safely dwell, my native land.
May thy sons united stand firm and true
for ever.
God forbid the day should rise
When 'tis said our freedom dies.
Freedom! freedom! freedom die! O never!
Safely dwell, safely dwell, my native land!

Sing for joy, sing for joy, my native land!
Sing for joy, sing for joy, my native land!
In thee dwells a noble band, all thy weal
to cherish.
God with might will guard thee round,
While thy steps in truth are found.[perish!
Freedom! freedom! freedom shall not
Sing for joy, sing for joy, my native land!

60. MY MOTHER.

Arranged by
W. HOYLE.

Gently.

In dreams I see my mother now, Her locks are silver'd gray; I see up-on her

placid brow The cares of many a day; Her eyes grow dim, her step is slow, Her

strength is fail-ing fast, Her voice is trem-u-lous and low, For youth's bright day is

past. My mo-ther, dear-est mo-ther, mo-ther, Fond hearts cling to

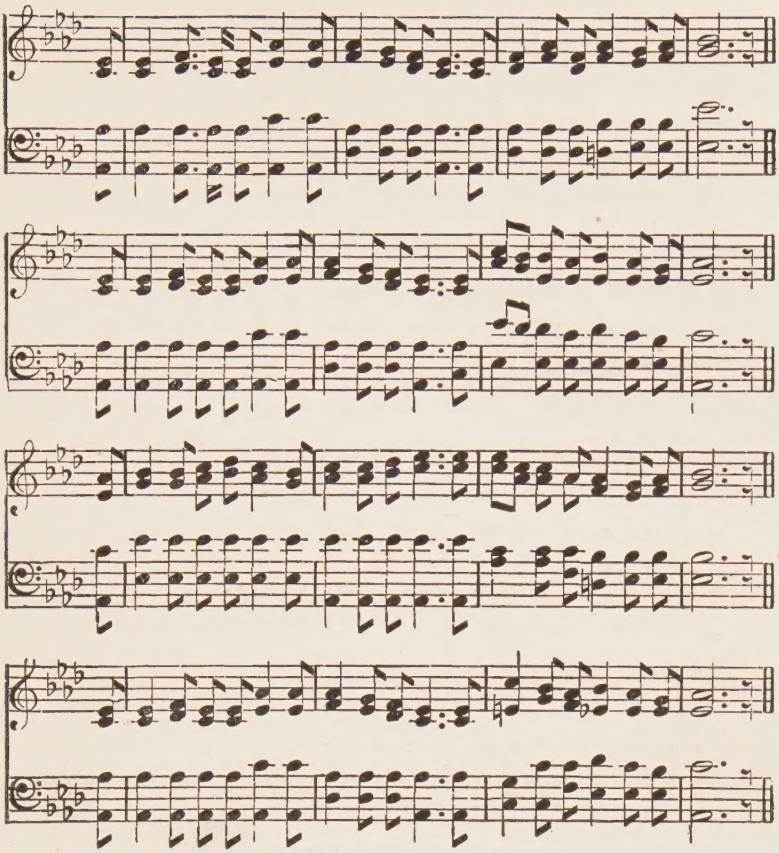
thee, For ev-er lov-ing, ev-er true, Where'er our lot may be.

We knelt in childhood by her side,
To say our evening prayer;
Her gentle voice was then our guide,
It soothed our little care:
But as at night the weary dove
Flies to her mountain rest,
She winged away to heaven above,
With angels there to rest.

If, then, you have a mother dear,
Oh! love her while you may,
She will not always linger here—
Too soon she'll pass away.
Her love we know not how to prize,
Till from us she is riven,
And, like an angel from the skies,
Points us the way to heaven.

61. BE KIND TO THY FATHER.

J. B. Woodbury



Be kind to thy father—for when thou wert young,
Who lov'd thee more fondly than he ?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee.
Be kind to thy father—for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray ;
His footsteps are feeble, once fearless and bold ;
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy mother—for lo ! on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen !
Oh ! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,
For loving and kind hath she been.
Remember thy mother,—for thee will she pray
As long as God giveth her breath !
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone way,
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy brother—wherever thou art,
The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer by far
Than pearls from the depths of the sea.
Be kind to thy sister—oh many sweet hours
And blessings thy pathway shall crown ;
Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers
More precious than wealth or renown.

62. SOWING THE SEED.

Words by E. A. OAKEY.
Music by P. P. BLISS.

Smoothly.

Sow-ing the seed by the day-light fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noon-day glare,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sowing the seed in the so-lemn night.

Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....

Chorus.

Sown..... in the dark - - - - ness or sown..... in the light.....

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,

Sown..... in our weak - - - ness or sown..... in our might.....

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

Ga - - - ther'd in time..... or e - ter - - - - - - ni - ty.....

Gather'd in time or e - ter - ni - ty, Gather'd in time or e - ter - ni - ty,

Sure..... ah sure..... will the har - - vest be!

Sure, ah! yes! sure will the har-vest be, will the har-vest the har-vest be!

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die;
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil:
O, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name.
Sowing the seed of eternal shame:
O, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
O, what shall the harvest be?

63. SHALL WE GATHER.

Rev. R. Lowry,
From the "Singing Pilgrim."

SHALL we gather at the river,
Where bright angels feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?
Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

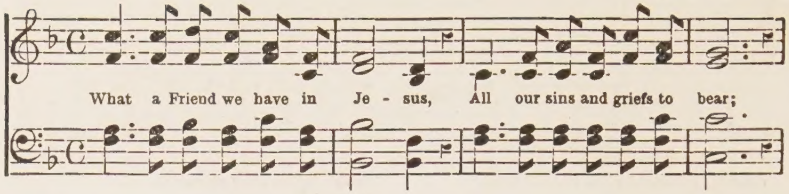
On the margin of the river
Washing up its silver spray.
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day. Yes, &c.

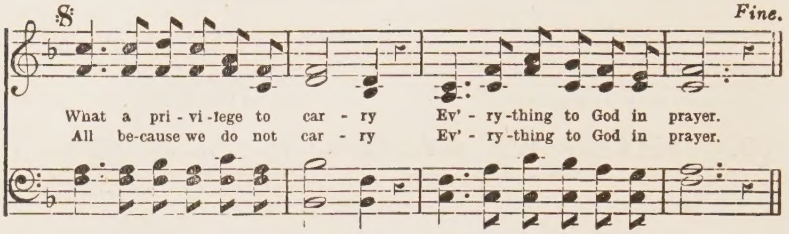
Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. Yes, &c

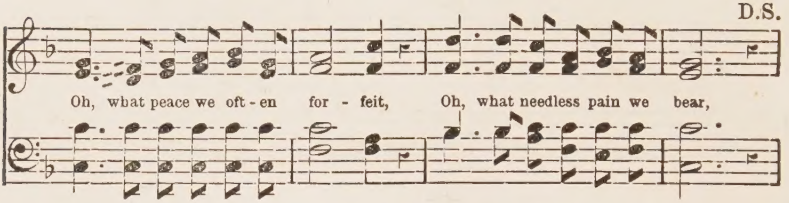
Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. Yes

64. WHAT A FRIEND.

Music by C. C. CONVERSE.
Words by H. BONAR.





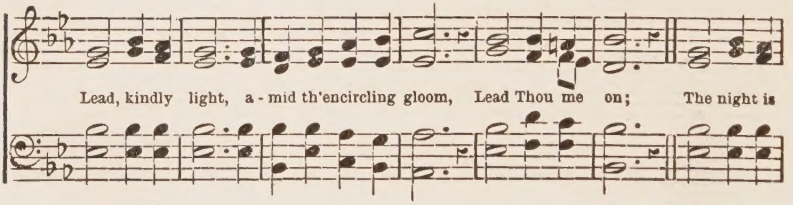


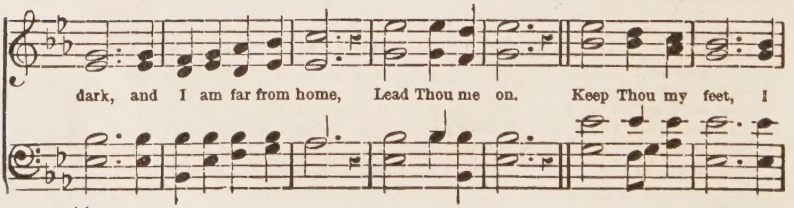
Have we trials and temptations ?
Is there trouble anywhere ?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share ?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

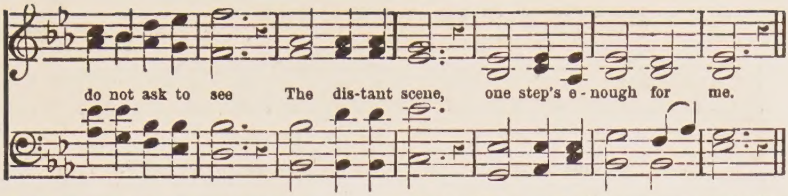
Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care ;
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

65. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Music by W. BIRTWISTLE.
Words by J. H. NEWMAN.





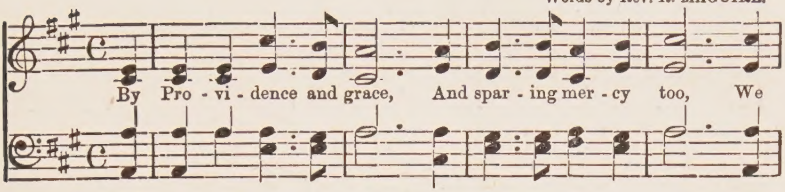


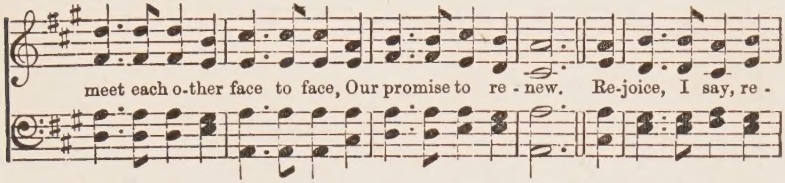
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose, and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will:—remember not past years!

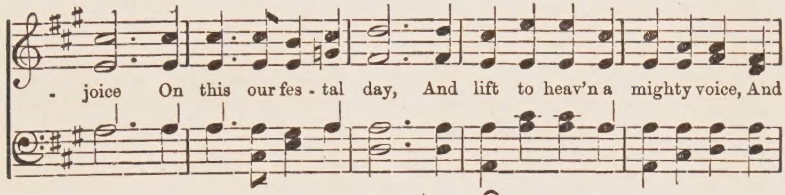
So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Whom I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

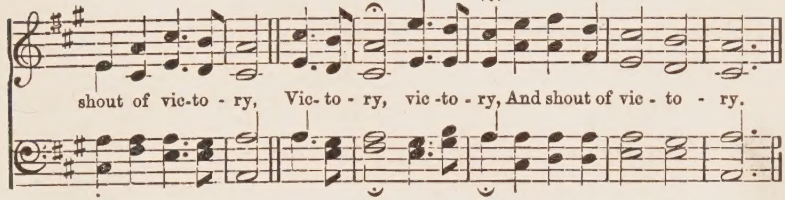
66. BY PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

Music by WOODBURY.
Words by Rev. R. MAGUIRE.









Another course is run,
Another year is past,
Another onward stage begun,
And this may be the last.

Lord, give us large increase,
Cast down the giant foe,
And let Thy servants never cease,
But ever onward go.

For these, O God, we fight;
May we be strong in Thee;
Receiving needful grace and might
For final victory.

TO THE SAME TUNE.

For ever with the Lord,
Amen, so let it be,
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times to faith's far-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear.
Here, &c.

My thirsty spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
Here, &c.

For ever with the Lord,
Father, be it Thy will.
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil. Here, &c.

67. BEFORE THE BREWERS.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

PART-SONG AND CHORUS.

1. Be - fore the brew - ers did be - gin To spoil the ris - ing grain,
2. There's beau - ty in the cool - ing spring, So boun-teous all the day,
3. While drunkards sow di - sease and strife We'll sing bright wa - ter's praise,

And fill the world with woe and sin, And my - riads of the slain,
It trips a - long with light-some fling Be - neath the sun's bright ray;
And find the no - bler aims of life Ad - vance with Tem-p'rance ways.

D. C.

1. There flowed from
2. All na - ture
3. No i - - dle

1. There flowed from Heav'n God's bev - 'rage un - to men,
2. All na - ture smiles, in woods and val - leys green;
3. No i - dle dreams shall turn our feet a - side;

In crys - tal
Oh, haste a -
Our glass we'll

In crys - tal streams, o'er for - est, hill, and plain.
Oh, haste a - way to view th' en-chant - ing scene!
Our glass we'll fill from flow - ing crys - tal tide.

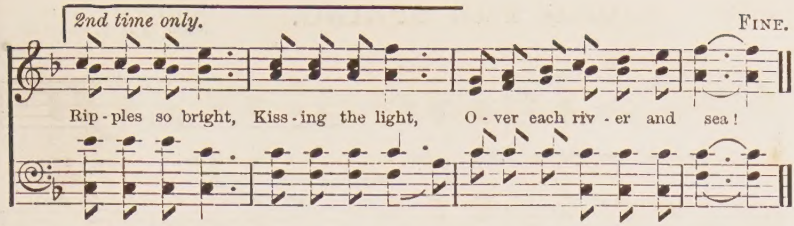
8. Chorus.

Bright flow - ing wa - ter! wa - ter, wa-ter! Mer - ri - ly danc - ing wa - ter! wa-ter, wa-ter!

1st time only.

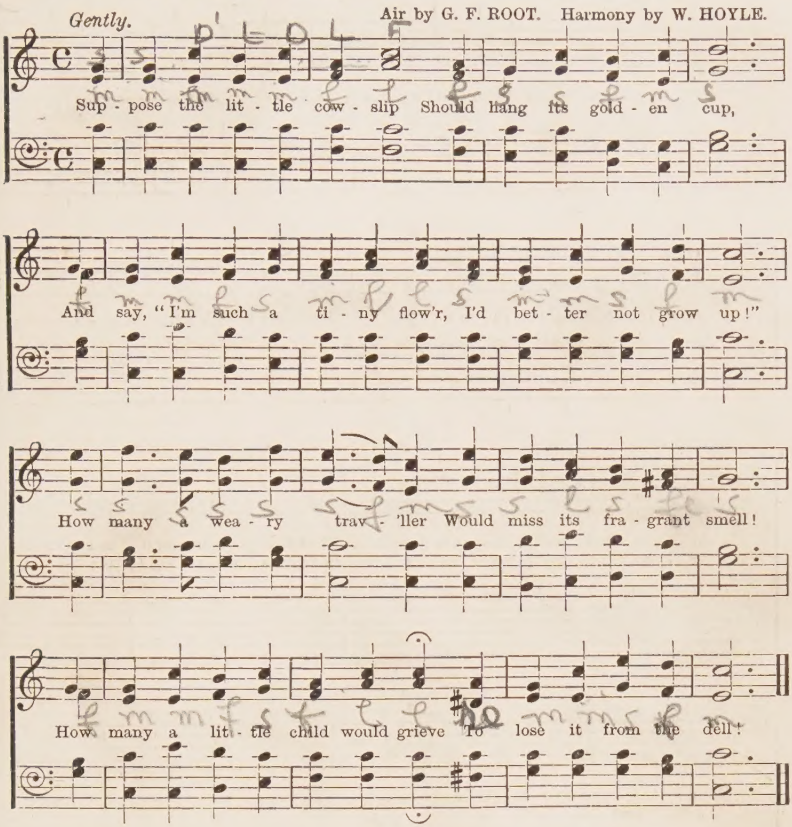
D. S.

Rip - ples so bright, Kiss-ing the light, Mer - ri - ly o - ver lake and riv - er;



68. SUPPOSE THE LITTLE COWSLIP.

Air by G. F. ROOT. Harmony by W. HOYLE.



Suppose the glistening dewdrop
  Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
  I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested
  Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
  Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
  Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
  The traveller on his way;

Who would not miss the smallest
  And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
  If they were talking so.

How many deeds of kindness
  A little child may do;
Although it has so little strength,
  And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit
  Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child may do
  For others by his love.

69. ROUND THE SPRING.

Words by H. P. MAIN.
Music by H. E. BROWN.

Cheerfully.

Round the spring laugh and sing, Wa-ter makes us mer - ry,

Wa - ter makes our lips and cheeks Red as rip - est cher - ry,

Wakes the sun-light in our eyes, Fills our mouth with glad - ness,—

Fine.

Al - co - hol we'll ne - ver touch, That brings pain and sad - ness,
Al - co - hol we'll ne'er ex tol, Give us clear cold wa - ter.

D.S.

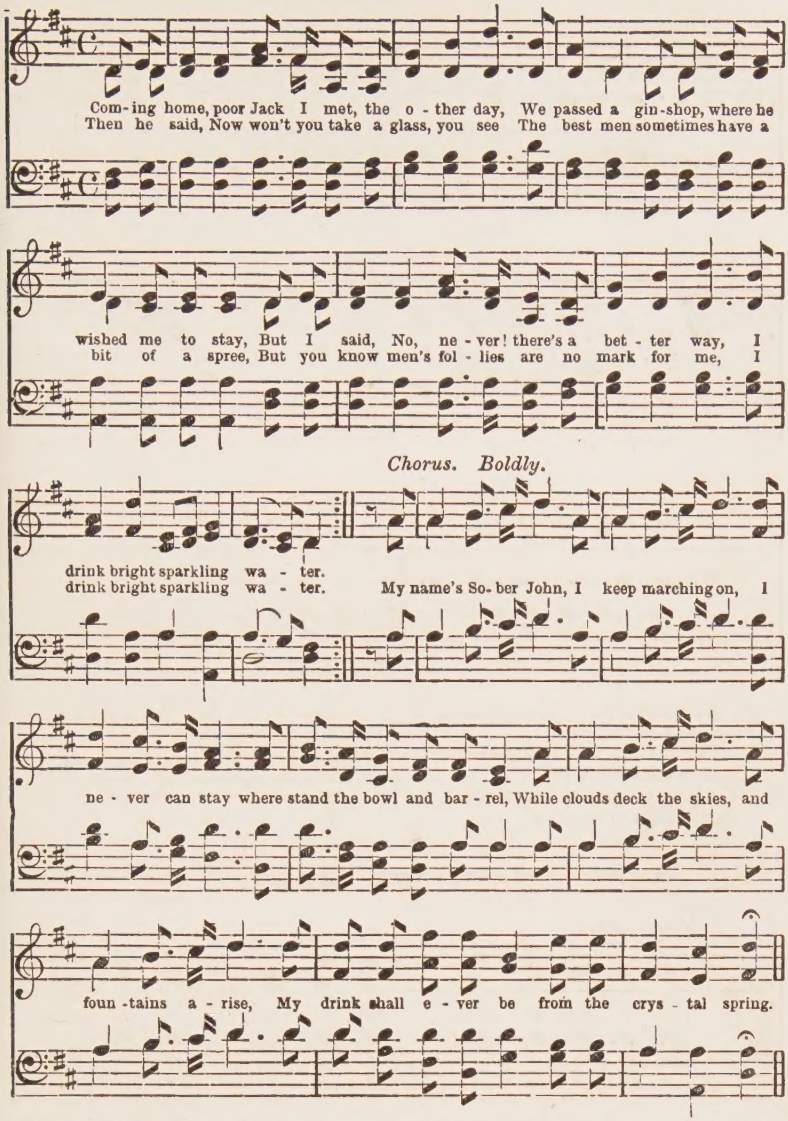
Round the spring laugh and sing, Ev' - ry son and daugh - ter;

Round the spring laugh and sing,
Water makes us daring,
Self-denying, strong, and brave,
For life's burden bearing:
Temp'rance boys and girls can work
For themselves and others,—
Alcohol we'll never touch,
That all courage smothers.

Round the spring laugh and sing,
Here our force we'll rally,
Raise the flag and battle-cry
Over hill and valley;
Pledge our hands and heart and strength,
Ev'ry son and daughter,
Ever more 'gainst alcohol,
Ever more for water.

70. SOBER JOHN.

Music and Words by
W. HOYLE.



Water is the friend of all who seek its aid,
The drink which God for every man hath made;
But the drink of drunkards many low hath laid,
I drink bright sparkling water.
Would you know the pleasures of a sober life,
Come see my loving children and my wife,
For they never share the drunkard's pain and strife,
I drink bright sparkling water.

Then I said, "Now, Jack, if you will come with me,
A better man you very soon will be."
To my home we went—I live across the lea,
I drink bright sparkling water.

When he saw the happiness which reign'd within,
He said, "O what a foolish man I've been,
From this day a sober life I do begin,
I drink bright sparkling water."

Jack was next day passing by the "Dog and Gun,"
Said landlord, "Jack, how are you getting on?"
"Drunken Jack I was, but now I'm Sober John,
I drink bright sparkling water."
"Nonsense man! you'll have a glass of beer to-day;
I don't like men to talk in that strange way."
"Very true," said Jack, "but don't you hear me say
I drink bright sparkling water."

71. GATHER LITTLE CHILDREN.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

Ga-ther in the lit-tle children To the Temp'rance band; Let them ne-ver be for-got-ten In our fa-ther-land. Ga-ther lit-tle children, Wel-come, friend and stranger, Ga-ther all in-to the Temp'rance band.

See the drunkard's helpless children,
Ignorant and wild;
Jesus views them with compassion,
Loves each little child.

Let us pray for drunkard's children,
Wandering in the street;
Wretched homes and ragged clothing,
Little food to eat.

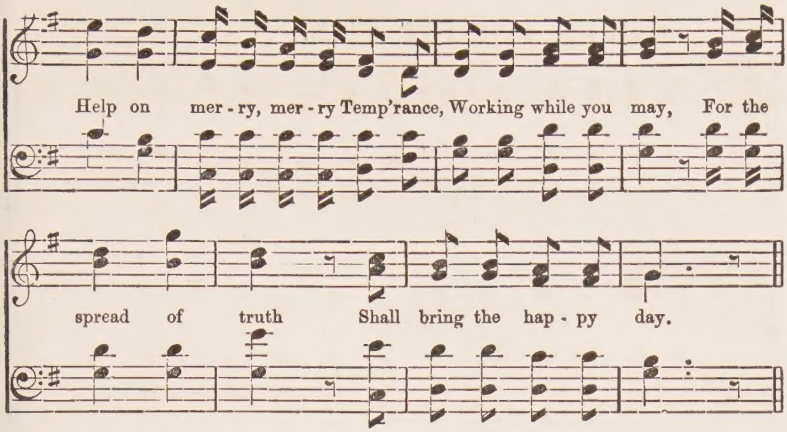
Work to bring the time of gladness,
When strong drink shall cease,
And the children of our nation
Dwell in homes of peace.

72. ONCE AGAIN WE MEET.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Cheerfully.

Once a-gain we meet, Old and young, old and young, Met in u-nion sweet, U-ni-ted we are strong.



Each a gentle word still can say,
Hearts with kindness stirr'd
May precepts wise obey.

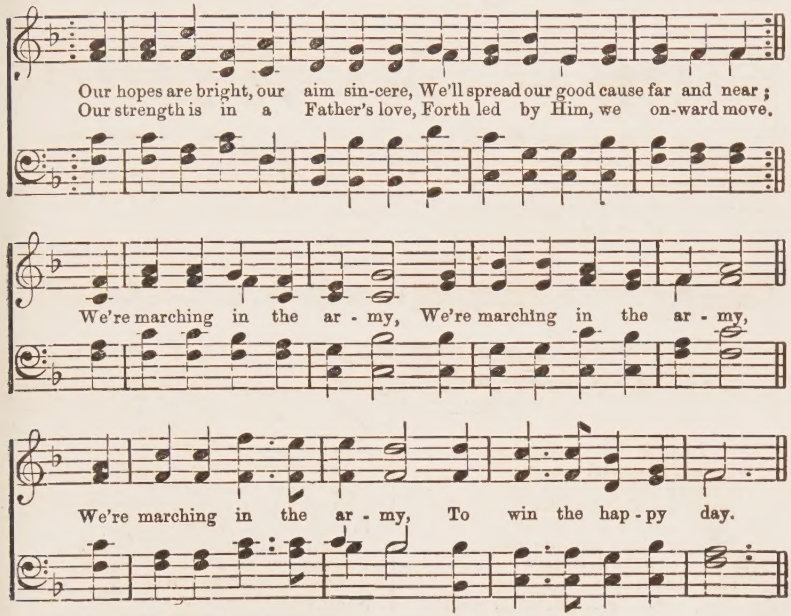
Willing hands and feet pleasures give,
Leave an impress sweet,
'Tis noble thus to live.

Let us then be found kind and true
Unto all around,
As we would others do.

Let no heart despair, fear no frown,
Here a cross we bear,
In heav'n we reach a crown.

73. OUR HOPES ARE BRIGHT.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.



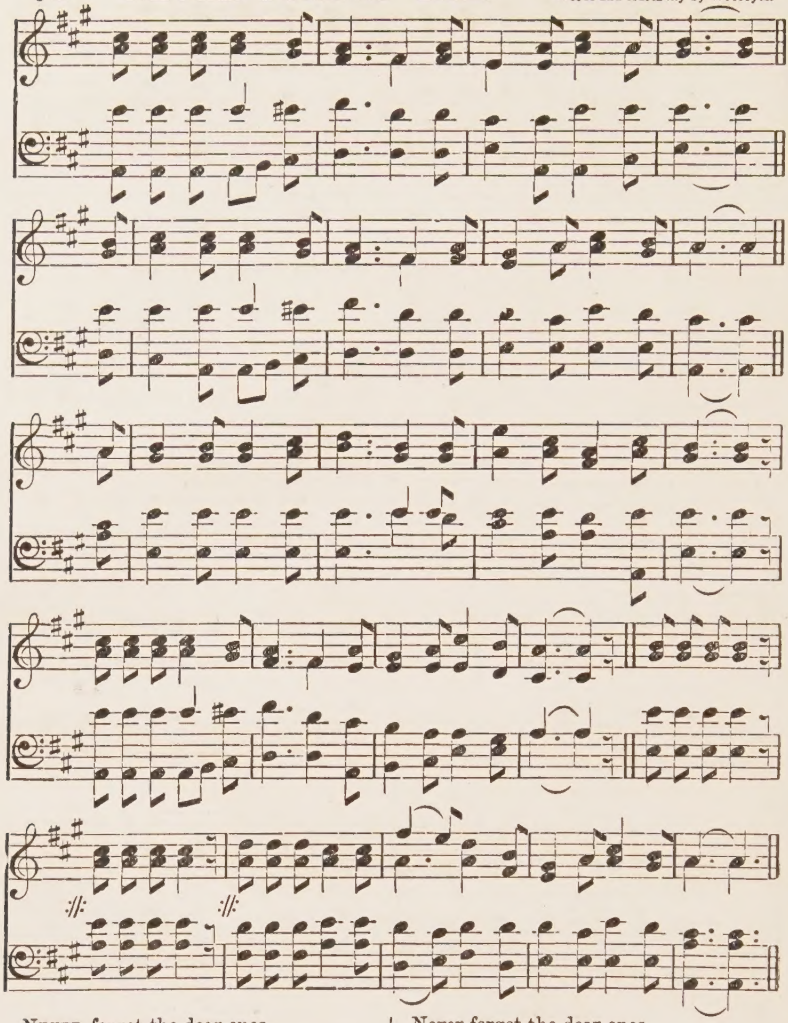
No gin shops shall our land disgrace,
No children fill the drunkard's place;
Each home shall bright and peaceful be,
Where shall abide the brave and free.

The rich man from his lordly seat,
Shall temperance friends and brothers meet,
The great and good of every name
Shall freedom's holy cause proclaim.

With joyful hearts we onward go
To battle with Old England's foe,
And though strong drink our land assail
The cause of temperance shall prevail.

74. NEVER FORGET THE.

Melody by G. F. Root.
Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



NEVER forget the dear ones,
Around the social hearth,
The sunny smiles of gladness,
The songs of artless mirth;
Be these thy joy and treasure,
Though others care to roam,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

Never forget, never forget,
Never forget the dear ones,
That cluster round thy home.

Never forget the dear ones,
Deep in their memories live,
Thy words and deeds, their spirits
To gladden or to grieve;
A kind and loving father
Be thou whate'er may come,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

Never forget the dear ones,
Though time may changes bring,
In sadness and in sorrow
Their hearts to thee will cling;
Thy memory they will cherish,
When thou art in the tomb,
Never forget the dear ones
That cluster round thy home.

Never forget the dear ones,
Their souls can never die,
With holy precept lead them
To dwell with God on high;
How glad will be the meeting
Where love shall ever bloom,
Never forget the dear ones,
That cluster round thy home.

75. SIGN TO-NIGHT.

Music by
W. F. SHERWIN.

Boldly.

Sign to- night, sign to - night, Why stand ye lon- ger wait - ing?

Sign to- night, oh, sign to - night, sign to-night.

The pledge is here with - in your reach, Why lin - ger hes - i - ta - ting?

Sign to - night, sign to - night, Your heart will be the light-er,

Sign to-night, Sign to-night.

'Twill cheer and com-fort o - thers too, And make your path the brighter.

Sign to - night, sign to - night, *cres.*

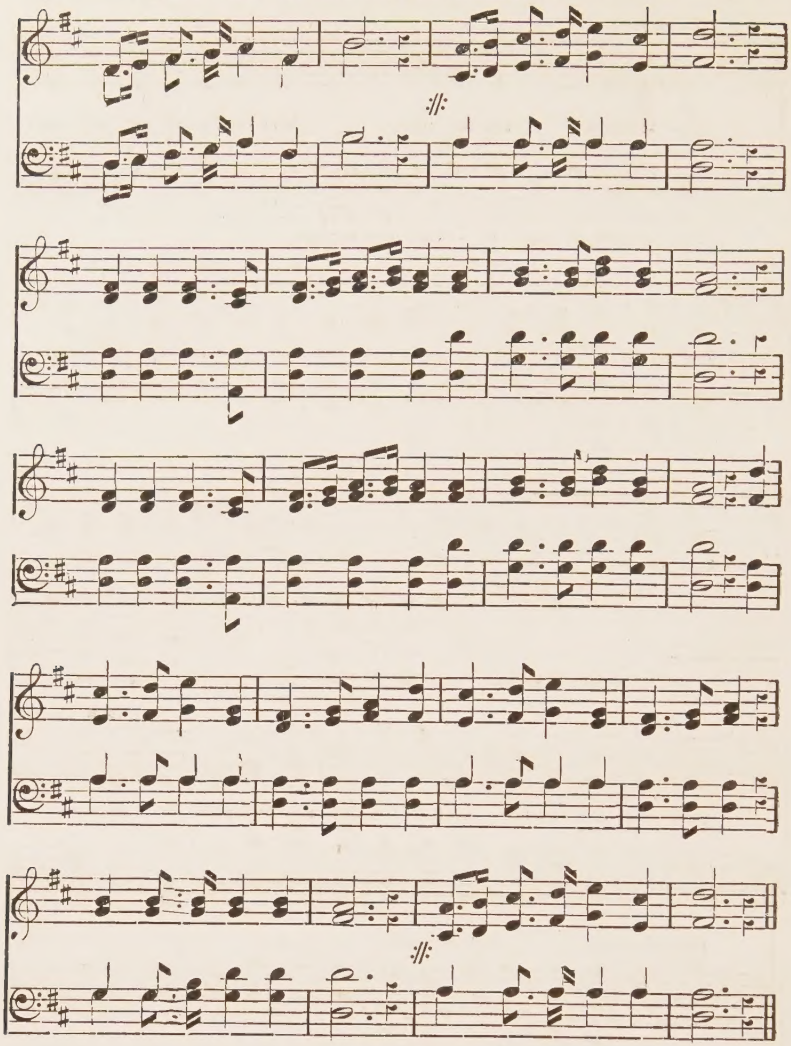
p *ff*

Sign to-night, Sign to-night, oh, sign, sign to - night!

Sign to-night, sign to-night,
Ere Satan's chains have bound you;
Come sign the pledge, with us unite,
And scatter joy around you.
Sign to-night, sign to-night;
Behold the work of sorrow!
A million hearts are desolate!
Oh! wait not for the morrow.

Sign to-night, sign to-night,
A million hearts are pleading;
And fathers, mothers, children too,
For you are interceding.
Sign to-night, sign to-night,
You shall regret it never,
Come join our band, and fight with us
To banish drink for ever!

76. WHO IS A BRAVE MAN?



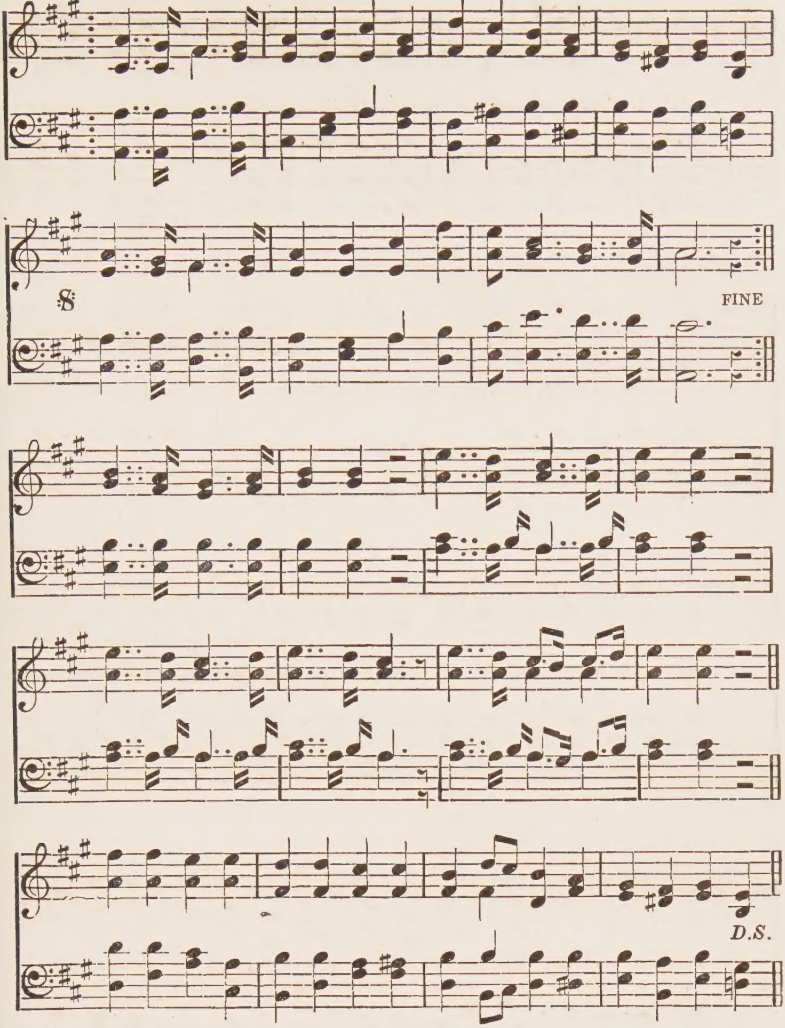
WHO is a brave man, who?
Who is a brave man, who?
He who dares defend the right
When right is mis-called wrong;
He who shrinks not from the fight
When weak contend with strong;
Who, fearing God, fears none beside,
And dares do right whate'er betide:
This man hath courage true!
This man hath courage true!

Who is a free man, who?
Who is a free man, who?
He who finds his chief delight
In keeping God's commands
He who loves whate'er is right,
And hath to sin no bonds,
From ev'ry law but one set free,—
The perfect law of liberty;
This man hath freedom true!
This man hath freedom true!

Who is a noble man?
Who is a noble man?
He who scorns, or words, or deeds,
That are not just and true;
He whose heart for suff'ring bleeds,
Is quick to feel and do,
Whose noble soul will ne'er descend,
To treach'rous act towards foe or friend:
This is a noble man!
This is a noble man!

77. MEN OF BRITAIN.

Words by J. E. Gray.

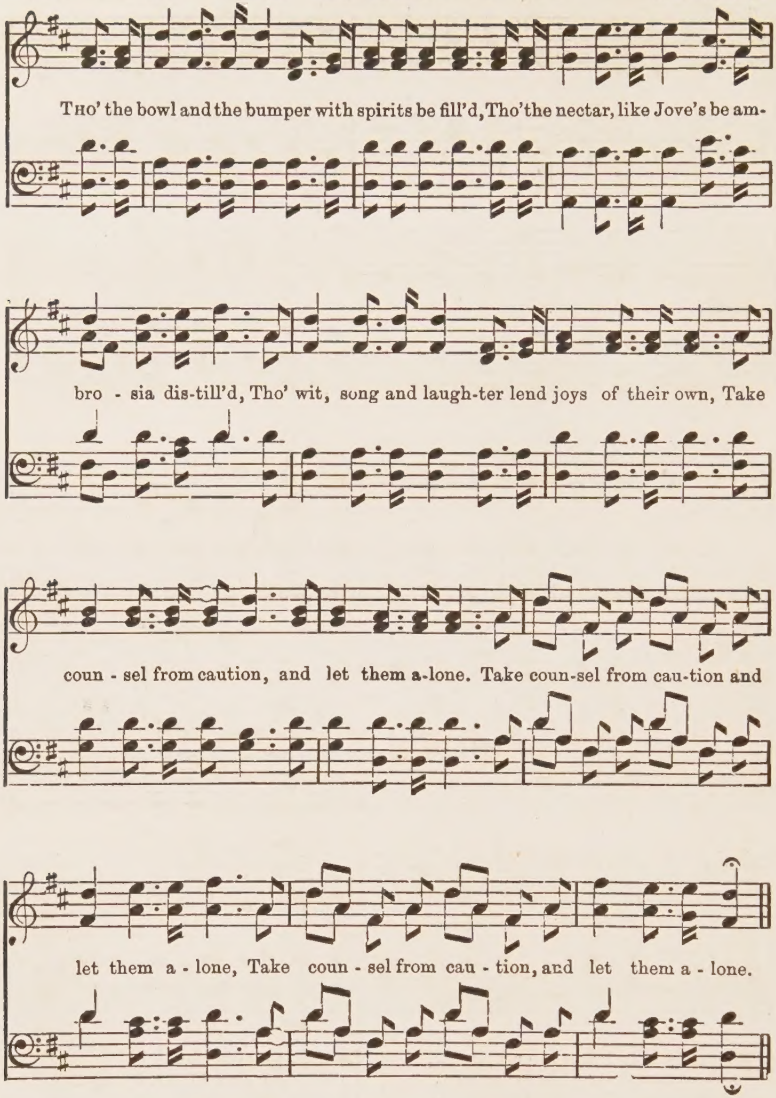


MEN of Britain! foes are round you,
In their iron grasp have bound you,
Sleeping heedlessly they found you,
Dreaming not of harm;
Men of Britain! heed the warning,
Rise in strength! all weakness scorning,
Let the night break into morning,
Sound the loud alarm!
Famed in fight and foray,
Live in Britain's story,
By each one may yet be done
Deeds of greater glory.
For the sake of widows weeping,
For the sake of others sleeping,
And for all that's worth the keeping,
Let your war cry sound.

By their prayers who would defend you,
By the help good men will lend you,
By the strength which God will send you,
Break the galling chain.
Help us lowland—help us highland,
Britain's sea, and Britain's dryland,
Banish Bacchus from our island,
And let reason reign.
Hear the orphan's wailing
Sound o'er all prevailing!
Deal the foe his mortal blow!
Heav'n prevents its failing.
Pleasures false and fatal flying,
Alcohol's proud force defying,
Hear the blood of thousands crying
Upwards from the ground.

78. THO' THE BOWL.

J. B. Woodbury.



If a friend have a scheme that he shows very clear
Will bring you two thousand or upwards a year,
Tho' it seem like a fortune to other hands thrown,
Take counsel from caution, and let it alone.

Take counsel, &c.

The fountain of fortune but slenderly flows,
Wealth got in a moment as suddenly goes,
And wine's giddy laughter, 'tis easily shown,
Brings sorrow hereafter, so let it alone.

Take counsel, &c.

79. WE SHALL DO IT.

Words by Rev. Charles Garrett.
Music by W. Hoyle.

There's a glorious work be - fore us, A work both great and grand, Ev-'ry man at once should join us, And help with heart and hand. There are homes now full of sadness, Whence peace & love are flown, We must fill those homes with gladness, And make the Saviour known. We shall do it by and bye! We shall do it by and bye! There's a glorious work be - fore us, We shall do it by and bye!

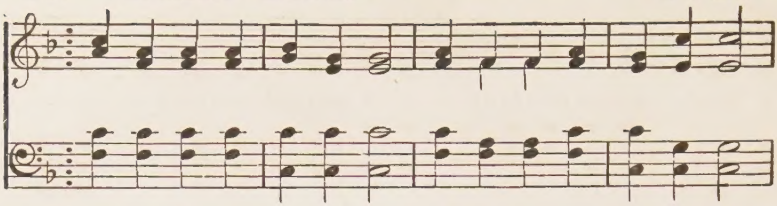
There are drink-bound slaves around us,
Who writhe in hopeless woe;
We must snap the bonds that bind them,
And lay the tyrant low;
There are wives and mothers weeping,
Whose hearts are cold and sad;
We must give them joyous greeting,
And bid them yet be glad. We, &c.

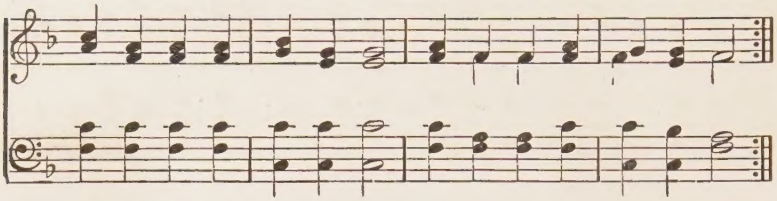
There are crowds of little children
Deep sunk in sin and night;
We must raise them from their darkness,
And lead them up to light;
There are good men filled with sorrow
O'er seed they've sown in vain;
We must show them the destroyer,
And urge them to abstain. We, &c.

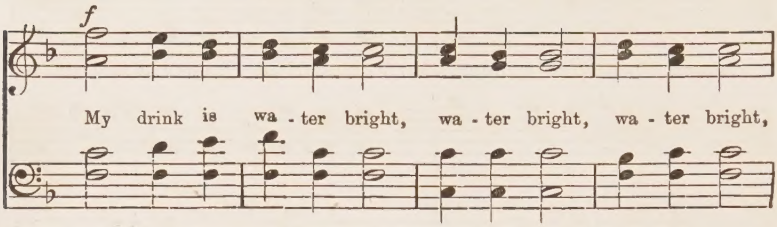
There's the huge and cursed system
Of drink, and sin, and fraud;
We must cast it forth with loathing,
Abhorred by man and God;
Let us, then, gird on our armour,
And God our strength will be;
He our hosts is onward leading
To certain victory. We, &c.

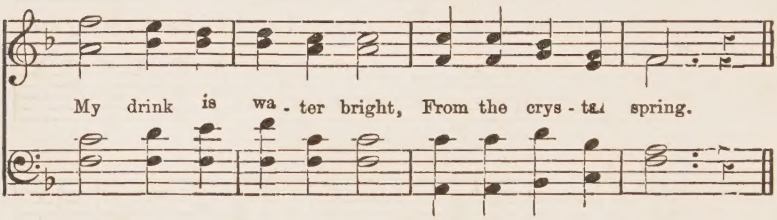
80. MERRY DICK.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.









MERRY Dick you soon would know,
If you lived in Jackson's Row;
Each day, with a smiling face,
He is ready at his place;
Should you ever with him meet,
In his shop, or in the street,
You will find him blithe and gay,
Singing out this merry lay,—

My drink is water bright,
Water bright, water bright,
My drink is water bright,
From the crystal spring.

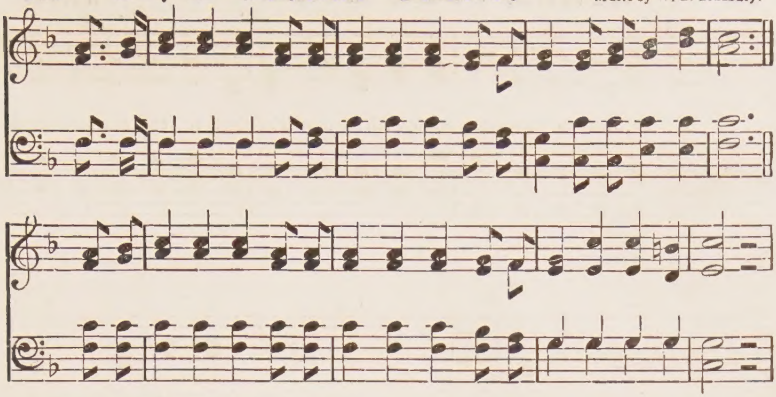
When he drives his horse to town,
Some will smile, and some will frown,
Some will say, "Come, Dick, let's take
Just a glass for friendship's sake;
We've been friends since we were boys,
Shared each other's hopes and joys,"
Dick will say, "That may be true,
Friend, but let me say to you, My, &c

Dick and Jane, his charming wife,
Lead a peaceful, happy life,
With three daughters and a son;
Dick, he loves them every one.
In all seasons, cold or hot,
Storm or sunshine matters not,
Winter's snow, or summer's rain,
Sing they all this merry strain, My, &c.

When Dick sees the downward fall
Of his neighbours, great or small,
Warnings they to him supply,
Make him like a hero try;
Thus through life he jogs along,
Happy, honest, sober, strong,
Let us all his wisdom seek;
Sing each day like merry Dick, My, &c.

81. OH, A GOODLY THING.

Music by W. B. Bradbury.



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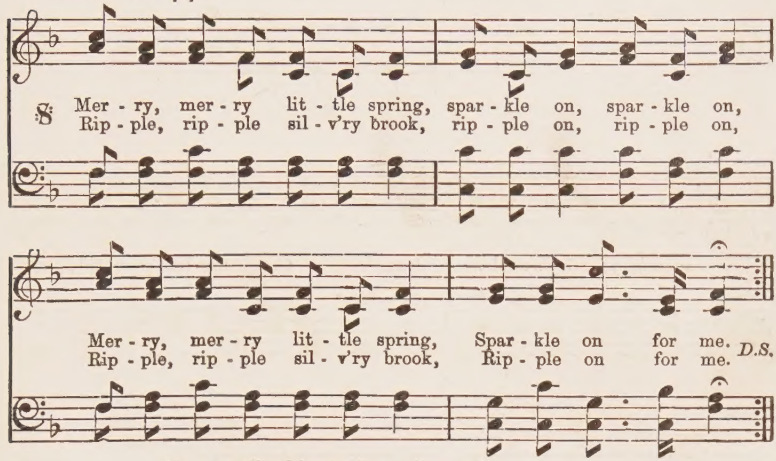


Oh, a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
By the rock where the moss doth grow;
There is health in the tide, and there's music beside,
In the brooklet's bounding flow.

Merry, merry little spring, sparkle on, sparkle on,
Merry, merry little spring, sparkle on for me;
Ripple, ripple silvery brook, ripple on, ripple on,
Ripple, ripple silvery brook, ripple on for me.

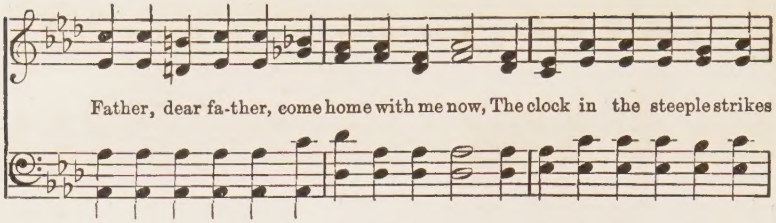
And as pure as heaven is the water given,
And its stream is for ever new;
'Tis distilled in the sky, and it drops from on high,
In the showers and gentle dew.
Merry, merry, &c.

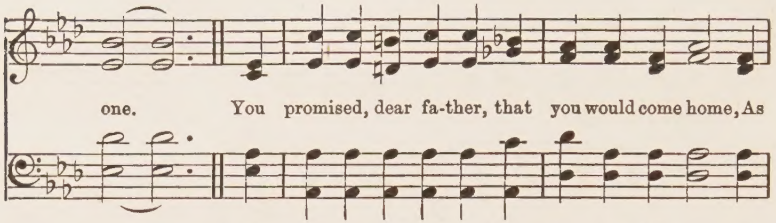
Let them say 'tis weak, but its strength I'll seek,
And rejoice while I own its sway;
For its murmur to me is the echo of glee,
And it laughs as it bounds away.
Merry, merry, &c.

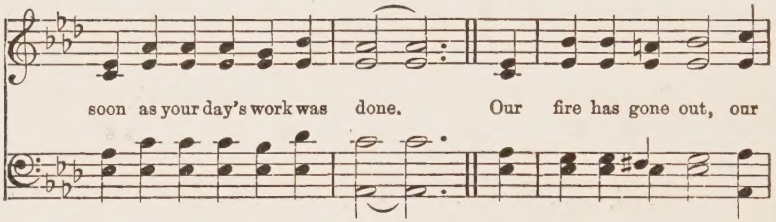
Oh, I love to drink from the foaming brink
Of the bubbling, the cooling spring;
For the drops that shine shall be ever mine,
And its praise, its praise, I'll sing.
Merry, merry, &c.

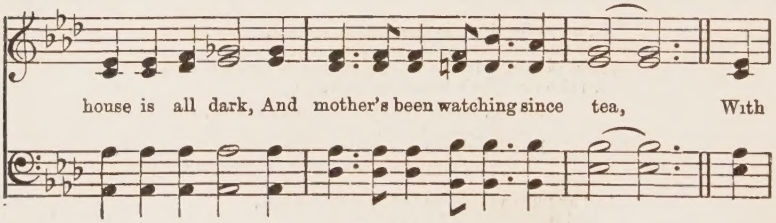
82. FATHER, COME HOME.

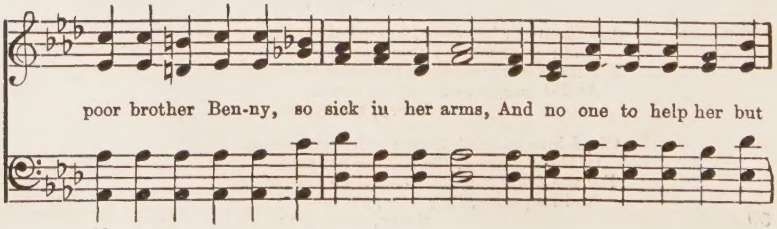
H. C. Work.











me. Come home, come home, come home, Please, father, dear father, come

home. Hear the sweet voice of the child, Which the

night winds repeat as they roam. Oh, who could re - sist the most

plaintive of pray'rs, Please, fa-ther, dear fa - ther, come home.

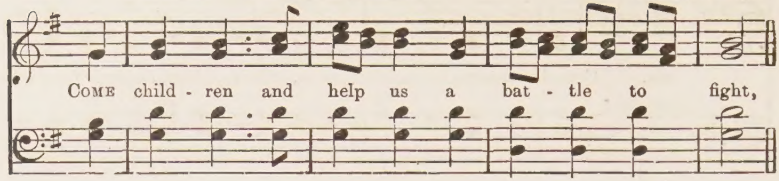
Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two ;
The night has grown colder, poor Benny is worse,
And he has been calling for you ;
Indeed he is worse, ma says he will die,
Perhaps, before morning shall dawn ;
And this is the message she sent me to bring,
Come quickly, or he will be gone.
Come home, &c.

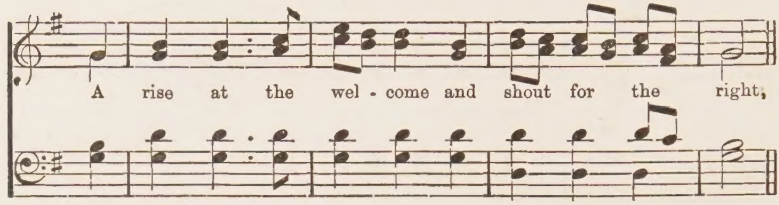
Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long,
For poor weeping mother and me ;
Yes, we are alone, poor Benny is dead,
And gone to the angels of light ;
And these were the very last words that he said,
I want to kiss father,—good night.
Come home, &c.

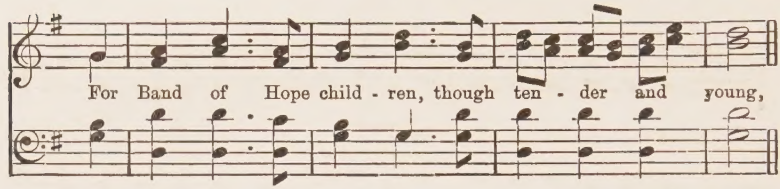
* This piece may b sung as a Solo and Chorus. The Chorus commencing at " Hear the sweet voice " &c

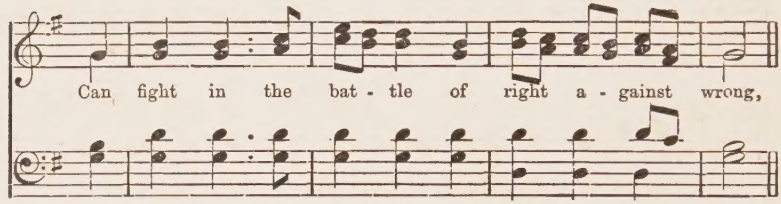
83. COME CHILDREN.

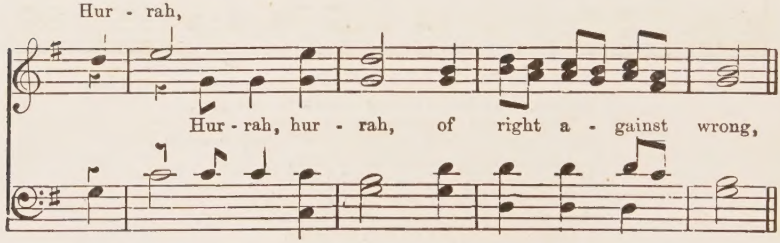
Words by W. Hoyle

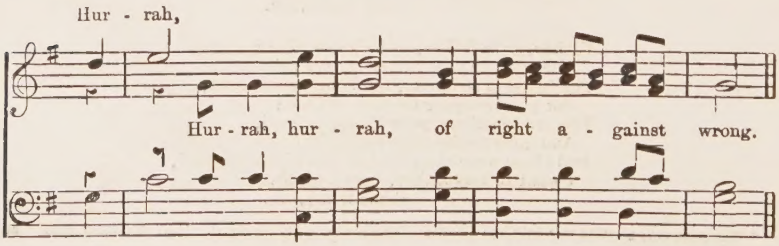












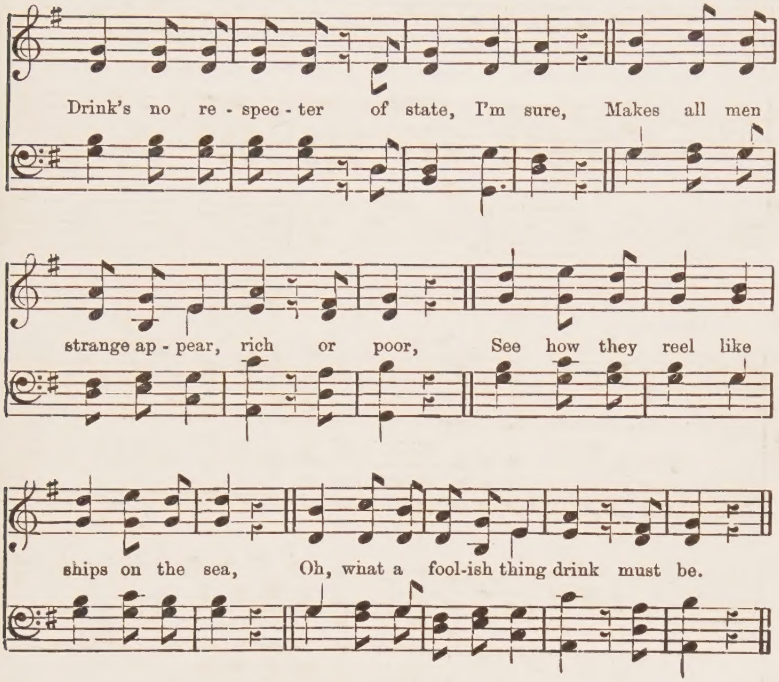
THE foe of our nation is mighty and high,
But truth shall prevail and the giant shall die;
Old England, for ever the pride of the sea,
Shall then be more glorious, more happy and free.
Hurrah!

The glad day of triumph is coming amain,
When virtue shall flourish and drunkards abstain;
O'er mountain and valley our banners shall wave,
And thanks shall ascend from the noble and brave
Hurrah!

Then brothers and sisters arise at the call,
And join in the army, we welcome you all;
For Band of Hope children, though tender and young!
Can fight in the battle of right against wrong.
Hurrah!

84. DRINK'S NO RESPECTER.

Music by L. Mason.
Words by W. Hoyle



MANY that labour and love to think,
Folly and madness show when they drink,
Prison, asylum, poor-house are three
Voices that tell how sad drink must be.

Many are drinking stronger to grow;
Samson, the strongest man, ne'er did so;
Wise men of every nation agree,
Poison to everyone drink must be.

Brothers and sisters true wisdom gain,
If you would happy be, now abstain;
Drunkards to endless sorrow shall flee,
Oh, what a sinful thing drink must be!

85 NO ONE CARES FOR ME.

Words and Melody by Thomas Jarratt. Arranged for this work by W. H. Whitehead

Slow.

Crouching 'neath an arch lay a lit - tle child, Seeking shelter from the wind and rain;

Borne up - on the blast, car-ried swift-ly past, Came a cry of bitter grief and pain!

Chorus.

No one cares for me, no one cares for me, Not a friend in all the world have I—

None to soothe my fears, None to dry my tears, All a-lone in sor-row I must die.

Father sends me forth on the streets to beg,
Blows and curses greet me every day,
Here alone I sigh, no friend e'er comes nigh,
Mother, broken hearted, passed away.
No one cares, &c.

Soon a teacher kind found that helpless child,
Told him of the happy home above,
Then his heart grew light at the vision bright,
Till he sang the song of Jesus' love.

Some one cares for me, some one cares for me,
Jesus sees me from the blissful shore,
He will heal my grief, send me soon relief,
I shall dwell with Jesus ever more.

Slowly, day by day, passed that gentle life,
Cold and hunger left their impress deep,
But his faith grew strong with his latest song,
Ere he passed away in peaceful sleep. Some, &c.

Adapted from Rev. T. Jarratt's words by W. Hoyle

86. THE GILDED PALACE.

Words by W. HOYLE.

Music by ROOT.
Arranged by W. HOYLE, for this work.

I have seen the gilded pa - lace, Where the winecup's ruddy glare,
Where the song and midnight re - vel Tell of madness and des - pair.

Fades the scene of dis - si - pa - tion, Leav - ing bit - ter woes be - hind.

Give O give me joys of Temp'rance, These bring so - lace to my mind.

Chorus.

Where the foun - tain free - ly flow - ing, foun - tain free - ly flow - ing,

Lead me to the lim - pid

Fills a crys - tal cup for me, a cup for me..... O lead me,

Lead me to the lim - pid

wa - - - - - ters,

lead me to the lim - pid wa - ters, Let me drink with all the free.

wa - - - - - ters

When the hours of toil are ended,
Homeward I with joy return,
Where a loving welcome waits me,
Where no evil passions burn.
Happy children round my fireside
Dance and climb upon my knee,
Sits my wife a queen in beauty—
Home is all the world to me.

Life flows on in blissful measures,
With religion for my guide,
And the radiant smile of Temp'rance
What can I possess beside?
What can give me purer pleasure?—
Not the sceptre of a king;
Give me these, and I'm contented,
Free as bird upon the wing.

87. TRUST IN THE LORD.

Music and Words by
W. HOYLE.

Boldly.

Stand, firm-ly stand in the cause of right! Fight-ing for the Lord what need we fear?

Stand, firm-ly stand, tho' op-posed by might, Temp'rance is spreading ev-'ry-where!

Chorus.

Stand by the flag, be faith-ful and true; Face ev-'ry foe, for Heav'n fights for you!

Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Rest ev-er on His faith-ful word;

Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Heav'n de-fend the right!

"Fight, fight the drink!" is the battle-cry;
Freedom for the captives loud proclaim;
Shout for the Pledge, raise the standard high!
Rescue the land from sin and shame.

Speed on the Cause over hill and dale—
Blessed is the work, what joys arise!
Speed on the Cause, let the truth prevail,
Make all the people good and wise.

88. O THE TIMES ARE BAD.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Boldly.

O the times are bad and my heart is sad, Said the land-lord to his wife,

S. *Fine.*

For I'm much a - fraid we shall lose our trade Thro' this great tee- to - tal strife.
And with speech and song they train the young To ab- stain from gin and ale.

Both small and great thro' all the state, In the tem-p'rance life-boat sail,

And with speech and song they train the young, And with speech and song they train the young,

and ale. and ale, *D.S.*

To ab-stain from gin, from gin and ale, To ab-stain from gin, from gin and ale.

"With the hopeful Band the 'Alliance' stand,
And the 'Sunday closing,' too;
And the temperance men, with voice and pen,
Denounce e'en the best that we brew;
And the parsons preach, every sin to reach;
And they pray that our trade may fail;
So it seems quite clear we may shift from here,
For the folks will not buy gin and ale.

"We might cope with a few, but so large a crew
No landlords can withstand;
Our days, my dear, are short, I fear,
For our foes they fill the land:
They're here and there, and everywhere,
The powers of drinkdom quail;
And the nation will have the 'People's Bill,'
And suppress all the gin and ale.

My house I'll sell, and softly dwell
With you, my dear, at ease,
For this fearful storm will the world reform,
Let the landlords do as they please.
'Tis a hopeless case, for the rising race
Every grog shop will assail,
For I hear them cry, as they pass me by,
'Down, down with the gin and ale.'"

89. HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by J. Howard Payne.
Music from the German.

'Mid plea - sures and pa-la - ces though we may roam, Be it e - ver so

hum - ble there's no place like home, A charm from the skies seems to

hal - low us there, Which seek through the world is ne'er met with else-
There's no place like home, There is no place like

Fine. *D.S.*

where, Home! Home! Sweet sweet home!
home.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain!
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came to my call;
Give me these and that peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! Home! Sweet sweet home!
There's no place like home, There is no place like home.

89. *To the same Tune.*

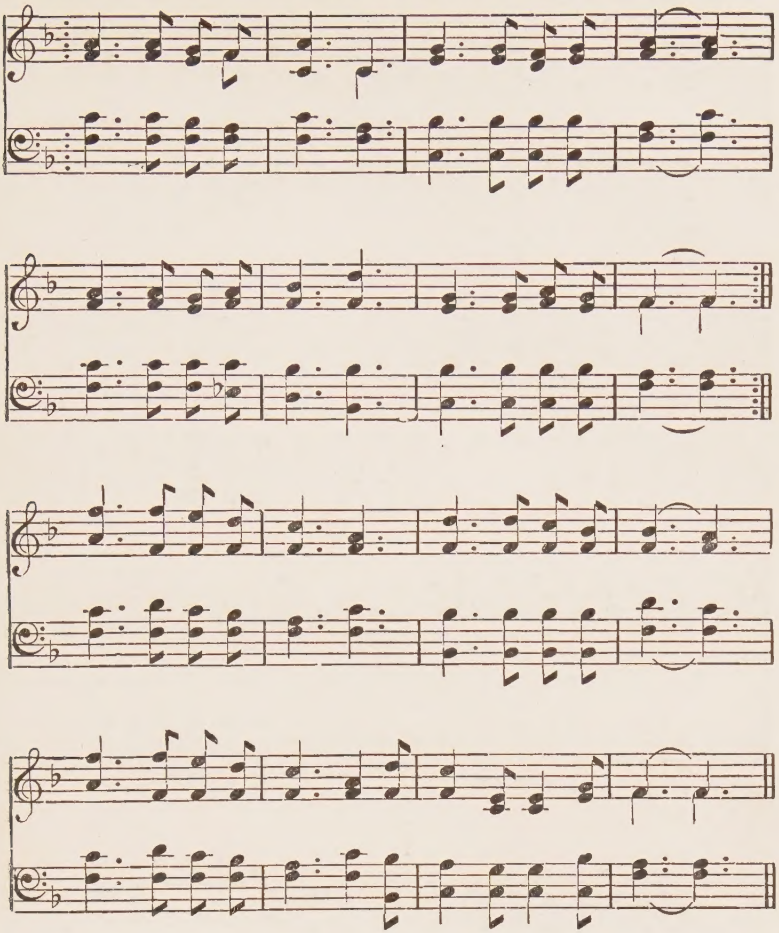
Let children of England for ever beware,
Strong drink often leads to the place of despair,
Where the wine cup is sparkling, O let us not stay,
For the angel of temperance says, Come, come away.
Come, come, come away,
The angel of temperance says, Come, come away.

The child of the drunkard no happiness knows,
How wretched his looks, and how ragged his clothes,
His home is the scene of distress, I am sure,
O who would the ills of a drunkard endure?
Come, come, come away,
The angel of temperance says, Come, come away.

The pure crystal water sent down from above,
In streams ever copious, directed by love,
Hath healing and vigour for body and mind,
And makes us more happy, more holy, and kind.
Come, come, come away,
The angel of temperance says, Come. come away.—*W. Hoyle.*

90. POOR CHILD OF THE DRUNKARD.

Music and words by W. Hoyle.



Poor child of the drunkard, none careth for thee;
Thy desolate dwelling no shelter can be;
Friendless and forsaken, rude winds on thee blow;
Left now to the wide world, say where canst thou go?

Come hither, my darling, dwell ever with me;
Here thou shalt be welcome, I'll cheer and comfort thee.

Low under the green sod thy mother now lies;
Her prayers for thy safety God will not despise;
Her words I remember, oft spoken in faith,—
"My child, God will shield thee when I sleep in death."—Come, &c.

Through years, sad and dreary, thy dear mother strove
With habits, inhuman, from him who should love;
Life brought her but sorrow, death brought a rich gain:
Where grief never cometh her spirit doth reign.—Come, &c.

Thy sad, thoughtless father, how fallen is he!
May God in His mercy the drunkard set free.
Friendless and forsaken, rude winds on thee blow;
Left now to the wide world, say where canst thou go?—Come &c

91. SOME PEOPLE YOU MEET.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle
Melody of Chorus Adapted.

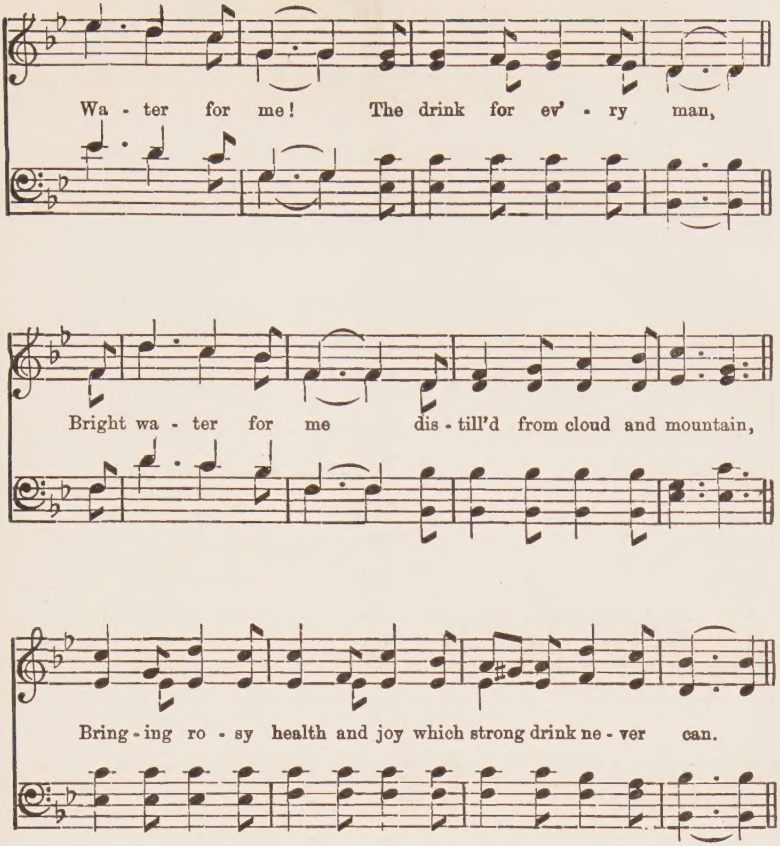
Some people you meet as you tra-vel along, Who seldom look happy or gay;

There's something about them which always goes wrong You'd think they were pining a - way.

The se-cret I'll tell you if you will but hear, It may be of service to you,

Such people imagine there's virtue in beer, And drink it, sir, all the day through.

Wa - ter for me! in lim - pid stream and foun - tain,



We would not speak rashly of any we know,
  But duties we have to perform;
By word and example the truth we must show,
  Each evil and error to storm.
Among all the follies of present or past,
  Than drinking there's none more absurd,
You prove it is poison, and kills men at last;
  They drink, sir, in spite of your word.
Water for me, &c.

One here and one there we may now and then cure,
  But thousands we never can reach,
Unless we try something more certain and sure—
  Yes, we must the traffic impeach.
No logic it needs to defend what we say;
  ('Till then, sir, we ne'er shall have peace);
When laws are enacted the traffic to stay
  The reign of intemperance shall cease.
Water for me, &c.

92. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

Music and Words by H. R. PALMER.

Gently.

Yield not to temp-ta - tion for yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you some o - ther to win, Fight man-ful - ly on - ward dark pas-sions sub - due, Look ev-er to Je - sus He'll car-ry you through.

Ask the Sa-viour to help you, com - fort strengthen and keep you,

Repeat. pp

He is wil-ling to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

Shun evil companions,
  Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
  Nor take it in vain.
Be thoughtful and earnest,
  Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
  He'll carry you through.

To him that o'ercometh
  God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer,
  Though often cast down,
He who is the Saviour
  Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
  He'll carry you through.

93. THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

R. LOWRY.

The Temp'rance Cause is call-ing To wres-tle with its foe, To car-ry forth its bless-ings Wher-e-ver we may go; Wretch-ed homes o'er all the land Bear wit-ness to the spoil-er's hand; But while we sing our Tem-p'rance song, We'll

Chorus.

e-ver work and pray. "Work and pray—Work and pray!" Gold-en watch-word of our way! Our mis-sion is to seek and save, And God will help the brave.

The Temperance Cause is calling
To shed its light around,
To plead for right and justice
Where error now is found;
Bitter are the tears that flow,
That mark the footsteps of our foe;
But while we sing our Temperance song,
We'll ever work and pray.

The Temperance cause is calling
To swell its noble band,
Till all who bear its banner
May triumph in our land;
Souls are drawing near the brink,
Made fearful by the love of drink;
But while we sing our Temperance song,
We'll ever work and pray.

94. OLD JOHN CROSS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

f

Sign, boys, sign, the pledge of mer - ry temp'-rance, Sign, boys, sign, the

pledge of mer - ry temp'-rance, Sign, boys, sign, the pledge of mer-ry temp'rance,

Come and join our no - ble, hap - py temp' - rance band.

Old John Cross was merrily singing,
While his friendly hammer was swinging,
And his anvil loudly was ringing,
Merrily sang he all the day.
Would you like to know the measure,
Which this good smith deemed a treasure,
And sang out with joy and pleasure ?
You shall hear it if you stay.
Sign, boys, sign, &c.

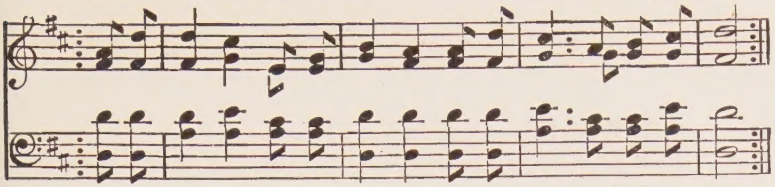
While each day his fire was glowing.
To the world John Cross was showing
Lofty deeds and ways worth knowing,
Brighter far than miser's gold.
While the sparks around were flying,
In his earnest soul was lying
Priceless, holy, never dying
Truth, that makes the humblest bold.
Sign, boys, sign, &c.

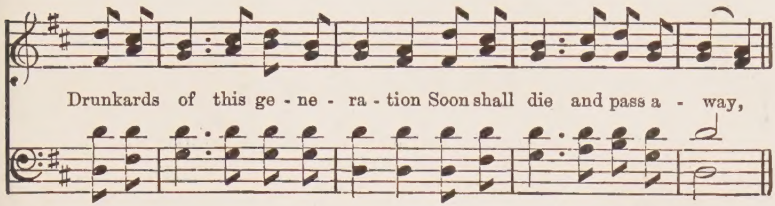
While the hot iron he was bending,
With great soul his thoughts were blending.
Evil ways and fashions mending,
Foremost in each sacred plan.
Friends or foes might gather round him,
Friend of all they ever found him :
Pride or meanness never bound him—
John Cross was a noble man.
Sign, boys, sign, &c.

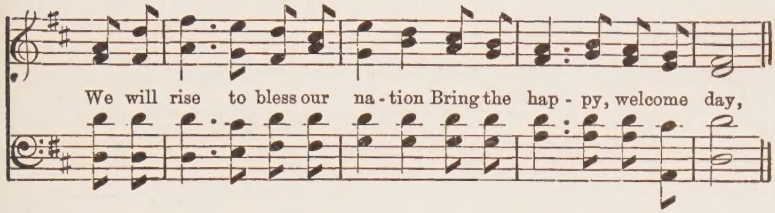
Warriors triumph in battles gory ;
John Cross sought a brighter glory ;
Now he lives in deathless story,
Benefactor of mankind.
Let us nobly share his spirit,
All his lofty thoughts inherit,
What he suffered bravely bear it ;
Leave a deathless name behind.
Sign, boys, sign, &c.

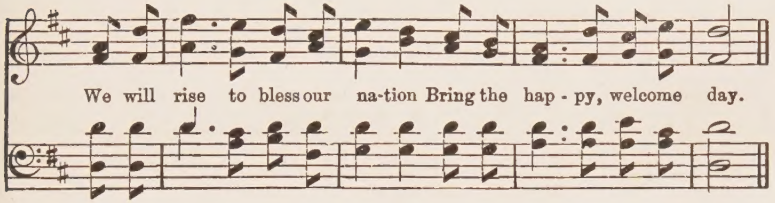
95. HERALDS OF OLD ENGLAND'S.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.









HERALDS of old England's glory
Are abstainers young and free!
Who can tell, in future story,
How supreme their power shall be?

Drunkards of this generation
Soon shall die and pass away,
We will rise to bless our nation,
Bring the happy, welcome day.

Young abstainers should be careful
To avoid the drunkard's ways,
Children holy, just, and prayerful,
God will bless through all their days.
Drunkards of this, &c.

Let not sinful gain or pleasure
Lead our youthful feet aside;
Temperance let us love and treasure,
And in holy ways abide.
Drunkards of this, &c.

96. TEMPERANCE LIFE-BOAT.

Music by G. F. ROOT.
Words by W. J. HARVEY.

Lively.

Brave-ly launch the Tem-p'rance life-boat On the stor - my sea of life! Come, ye

strong and dar-ing, man her, Fear-less in the tem-pest strife, Speed her o'er the an - gry

bil-lows, Safe-ly steer where wrecks are tossed, Guide her firm - ly 'mid the breakers, Save the

Chorus.

sink-ing ere they're lost. Brave-ly launch the Temp'rance life-boat On the stor - my sea of

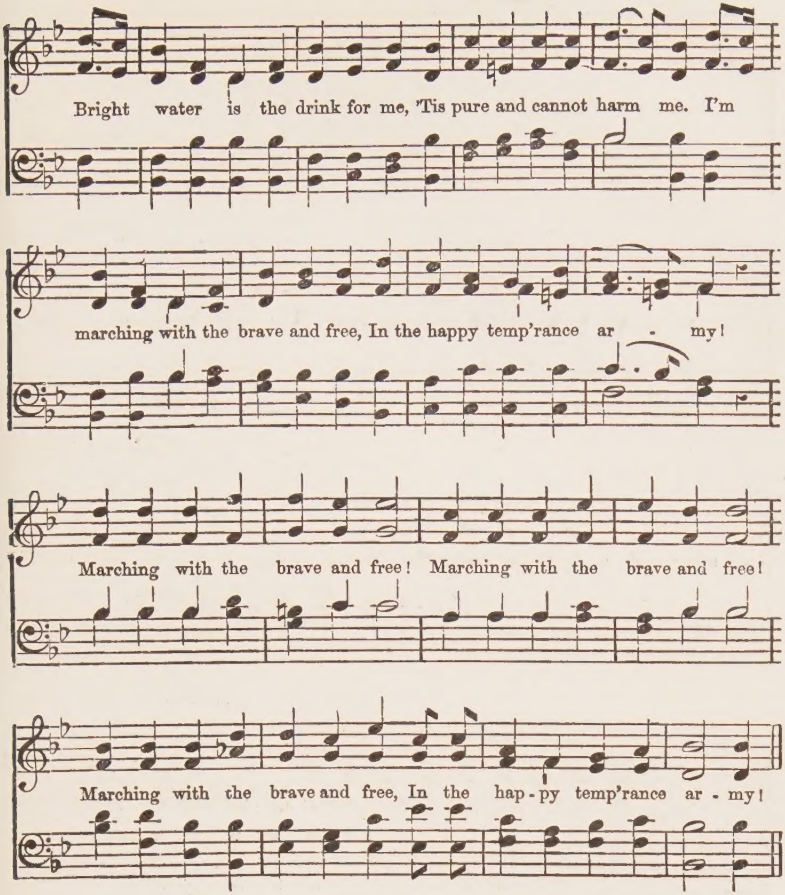
life! Come, ye strong and dar - ing, man her, Fear - less in the tem - pest-strife.

Men of every age and station,
Struggling in the foaming tide,—
If you haste not to their rescue,
If their ruin you deride,
Who will help, and what can save them
From the dark engulphing wave?
Onward speed the Temperance lifeboat,
Precious souls from death to save.

You are brave and wise and gifted,
You can row both safe and fast,
You can steer amid temptation,
Sunken rock or stormy blast.
Kindle, too, the lighthouse beacon,
Flash its rays across the wave,
You m' y warn and guide the drifting.
Save the drunkard, save, oh save!

97. BRIGHT WATER.

Words and Harmony by W. Hovle.



When Adam dwelt in Paradise,
He drank from sparkling fountains;
Then why not I, while streams arise,
From cloud-capp'd hills and mountains, Marching, &c

Lo, in the barren wilderness
God sent His people water;
It flowed the aged sire to bless,
And cheer each son and daughter, &c.

Bold Samson was the strongest man
That ever lived in story;
He firmly kept the temperance plan,
And gained renown and glory, &c.

Brave Dan[illegible] won a lasting fame,
The monarch's wine refusing;
And holy John the Baptist came
No wine or strong drink using, &c.

The great Apostle Paul denied
Himself to save another;
Then let me still in truth abide,
And help each fallen brother, &c.

98. BRAVE SOLDIERS, HEAR.

Music by Moschelles.
Words by W. Hoyle.

Brave sol - diers, hear the call, Arm for the bat - tle all, The

ty - rant from his throne shall fall, The mon - arch of re -

- nown, In ci - ty and in town, Shall lose his king - dom and his crown.

March on! March on! King

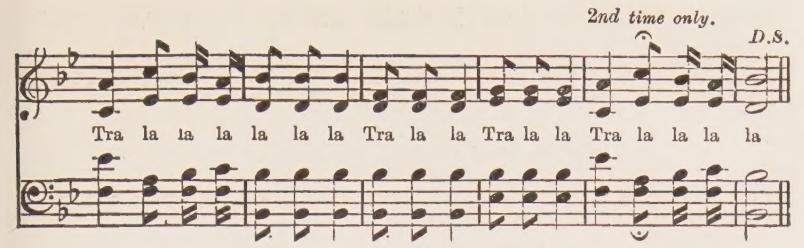
King Al - co - hol will sure - ly fall, King Al - co - hol will sure - ly fall, March

Al - co-hol will surely fall, March on! March on!

on! March on! King Al - co-hol will surely fall, Ye soldiers brave your

𝄋 1st time *pp* 2nd time *ff*

banners wave, and sound the mar-tial strain. Tra la la, Tra la la,

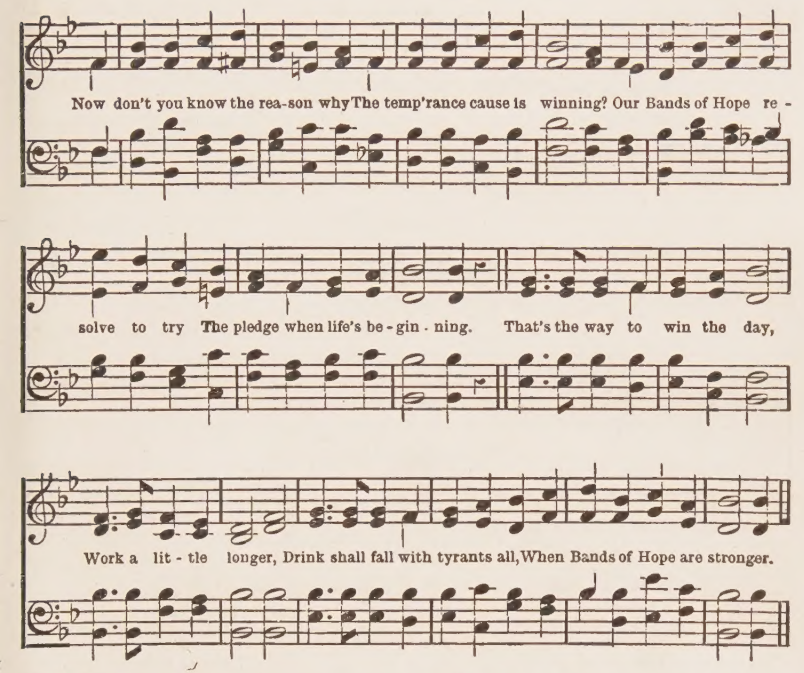


Our noble temperance band, united heart and hand,
Shall chase King Alcohol from the land,
His final overthrow soon shall the nations know,
For bands of hope to battle go.—King Alcohol, &c.

His kingdom's on the wane, for thousands now abstain,
And break away their galling chain;
Far over land and sea, the noble and the free,
Shall raise the shout of victory.—King Alcohol, &c.

99. NOW DON'T YOU KNOW.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



King Alcohol, a giant great,
Will find that he's not wanted,
For Bands of Hope shall fill the state,
In every quarter planted.—That's, &c.

He's hindered many a noble plan,
And scattered death and ruin;
But soon we'll show him, every man,
What Bands of Hope are doing. That's, &c.

We'll give him such a mighty blow
He never will recover,
And then we'll set to work, you know,
And turn his kingdom over.—That's, &c.

The gin shop, built in rich design,
Shall wear a lofty steeple,
And serve for school and college fine,
To educate the people.—That's, &c.

100. *DON'T GO NEAR THE.

Music by [illegible]. Words from "Onward."

Accomp. *Accomp.*

Accomp. *Accomp.*

Accomp. *Accomp.*

Dearest brother will you never, From the luring wine ab-stain, O

will you never brother,

by the love you bear me brother, Break, O break the demon's chain.

2nd time pp

ritard.

By the love you bear me,

Accomp.

DON'T go near the bar-room, brother,
Listen to a sister's prayer,
Do not yield to its temptation,—
Sin and death are lurking there.
Do not heed the gilded palace,
'Tis a mask the tempter wears,
For deep destruction lurks beneath it,
And will meet you unawares.
Dearest brother, &c.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother,
Shun it as an evil place;
It will bring you desolation,—
Cover you with deep disgrace.
Friends and kindred all around you
Counsel you to pass it by:
The pleadings of your darling sister,
Strengthen you once more to try!
Dearest brother, &c.

Don't go near the bar-room, brother,
Touch not, taste not of the wine,
There is poison in its contact,—
Do not worship at its shrine.
Join the grand teetotal army,
Shun the bar-room and the cup,
Then in strong love we'll work together,—
'Till the demon shall give up.
Dearest brother &c

* *This Piece may be sung as a Solo and Chorus.*

101. WE'LL WIN THE DAY.

Words and adaptation of harmony by W. Hoyle.

We'll win the day come what there may, Our la-bours shall not cease, 'Till

Bri - tons all both great and small, Shall hail the time of peace; Now

malts-ters rage and landlords wage Their deadly war with youth and age, But the

good time shall ap - pear, We will fight for the right, And our

for the right,

pray'r shall be, We will fight for the right, And our pray'r shall be, Thy

children to save, Bri - tan-nia the brave, And set the drunkard free.

D.S.

Now landlords fine sell beer and wine
In places rich and vast;
Their sinful trade shall soon be stayed
By men of noble cast;
With speech and song we'll train the young
And make the Temperance army strong,
'Till the good time shall appear. We, &c.

Then Britons all, both great and small,
To battle with us go:
For truth and right let all unite,
And lay the tyrant low;
We'll win the day come what there may,
Strong drink shall flee from earth away,
And the good time shall appear. We, &c.

102. THE MERRY BIRDS.

Words by W. HOYLE.

The mer - ry birds in wood and grove, They sing a Temp'rance lay,

And wa - ter makes the rich - est flow'rs, So beau - ti - ful and gay.
Cho. I'll drink of wa - ter from the spring, And sing a Temp'rance lay.

Fine.

Chorus.

Then like the birds in wood and grove, And flow'rs so rich and gay.

D.S.

The river as it flows along
Is from the streamlet fed;
And little drops may still increase
Until the drunkard's made.
Though wine be honoured at the feast,
Cold water is a friend
That comes to cheer and welcome us,
And help us to the end.
For every joy that water gives,
I would be thankful still,
And help the cause of Abstinence
With all my heart and will.

103. THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

Music by G. F. ROOT,
Words by W. HOYLE.

The Temp'rance ship is sail-ing on, In bright and storm-y wea-ther,

The great and good, the young and old, Are sail - ing in to - geth - er,
For ma - ny sink to rise no more, When ang - ry waves are toss - ing,

Fine.

The drunk-ard's bark is ne'er se - cure, Life's storm-y o - cean cross - ing.

D.S.

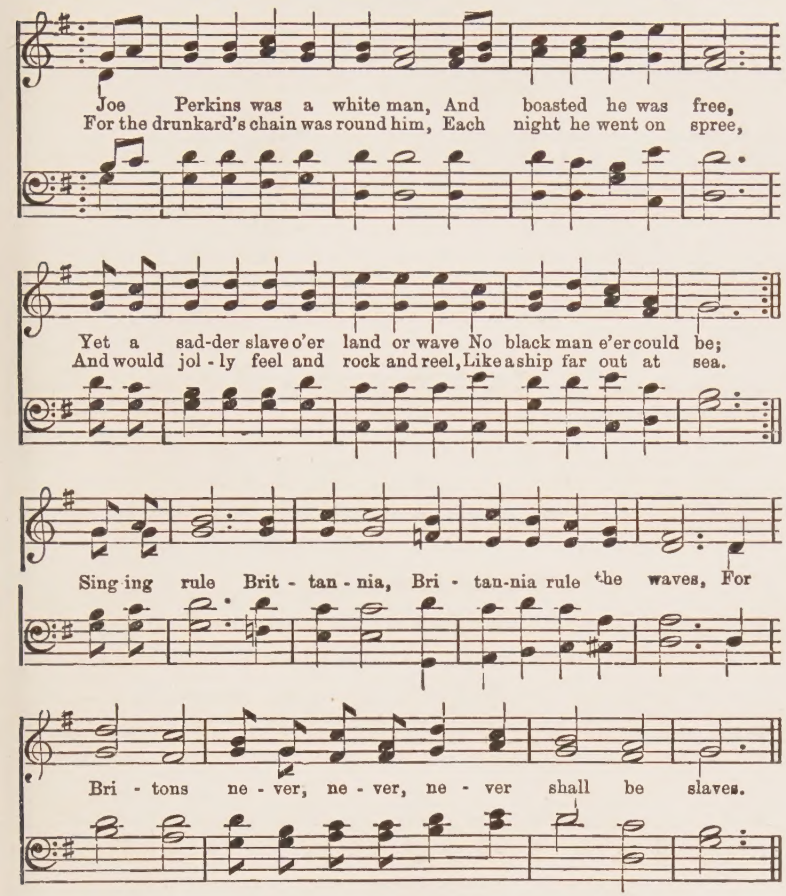
The temperance ship is sailing on,
And friends are kindly greeting,
Husbands and wives, and children too,
O what a joyful meeting!

The temperance ship is sailing on,
A faithful hand is steering,
That safely guides the trusty ship,
Nor foe nor danger fearing.

The temperance ship is sailing on,
And banners now are waving;
Long may it sail triumphantly,
The foaming billows braving.

104 JOE PERKINS.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



One night at the "Crown and Anchor,"
So jolly and strong got he,
And he tried to go, but his legs said, "No!
This night you must carried be;"
So he fell flat in the gutter;
Like a general down fell he,
For I do declare he was shouting there
"Three cheers for the brave and free," &c,

But a man in blue soon found him;
To the magistrates went he;
And the very next day he had to pay,
Or in gaol he was to be.
Though the landlords they all knew him,
Not a friend in court had he;
So he had to lie, and a new dance try,
Where nobody wants to be, &c.

But when he came from prison,
The temperance pledge signed he;
And in six months time he was healthy and prime
As any man could be;
When he sees the crafty landlords,
He says 'You don't catch me!
For I've had enough of your filthy stuff,
I'm a member of the free!" &c.

Now his home it is a palace,
And his wife a queen is she;
And his children all both great and small,
Are happy as can be;
Then let us help to keep him
From the deadly Upas tree;
And ne'er give o'er till the drinking store,
A thing of the past shall be, &c.

105. LITTLE BESSIE.

Music arranged for this Work by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

Out in the gloo-my night sad-ly I roam; I have no mo-ther dear,

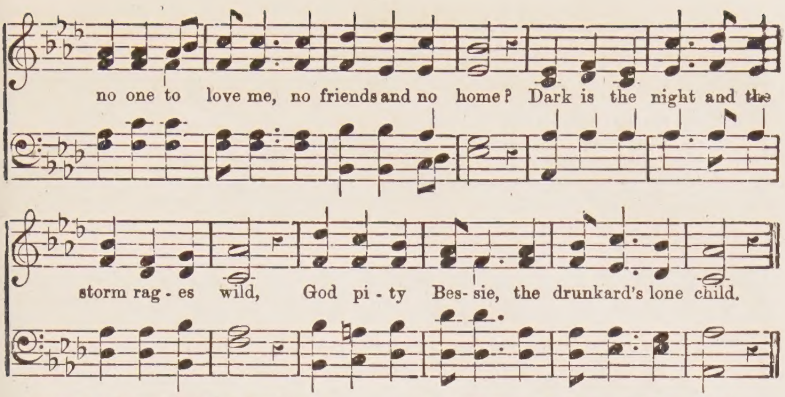
no plea-sant home, No-bo-dy cares for me, no one would cry.

E-ven if poor lit-tle Bes-sie should die. Bare-foot and tired I've

wander'd all day, Ask-ing for work but I'm too young they say;

On the damp ground I must now lay my head, Fa-ther's a drunkard and

mother is dead. Mo-ther, oh why did you leave me a-lone With

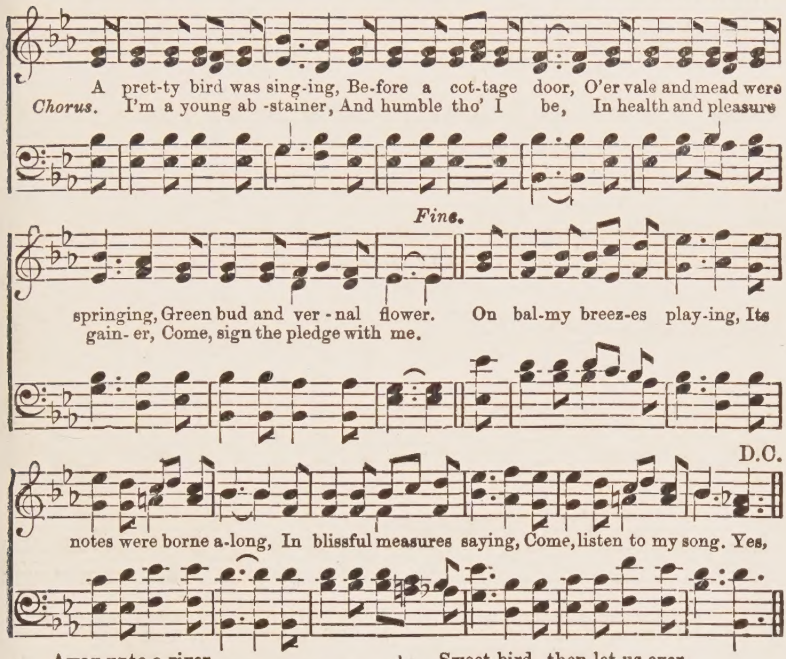


We were so happy till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew paler and wept every day.
Baby and I were too hungry to play;
Slowly they faded, and one summer's night
Found their dear faces all silent and white;
Then with big tears slowly dropping I said,
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead.

Oh, if the Temperan e men only could find
Poor wretched father, and talk to him kind—
If they could stop him from drinking, why, then
I should be so very happy again.
Is it too late? Men of Temp'rance please try,
Poor little Bessie may soon starve and die.
All the day long I've been begging for bread;
Father's a drunkard and mother is dead.

106. A PRETTY BIRD.

Words by W. HOYLE.

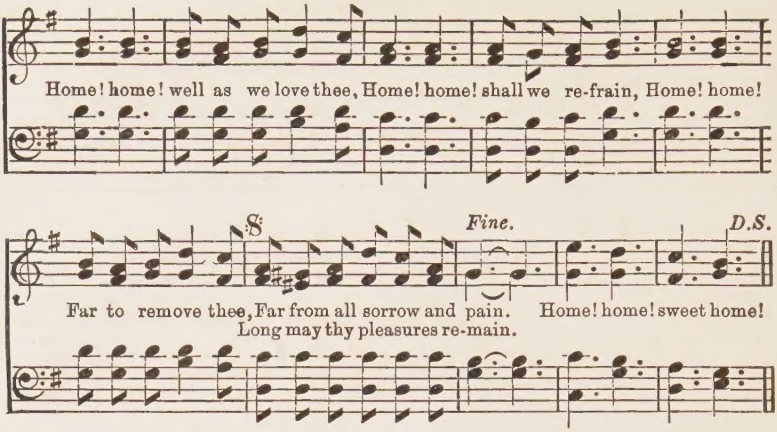


Away unto a river
It flew, where waters glide,
And thanking God, the Giver,
Drank of the sparkling tide.
Again in blissful measure
The sweetest notes I heard,
Bright water is a treasure
To every pretty bird.

Sweet bird, then let us ever
With thee in water find
A dear friend that shall never
My soul in fetters bind.
I'll sign the pledge of temperance,
And every evil flee,
With thee in fond rememberance
My song of joy shall be.

107 HOME, HOME.

Words and Harmony by W Hoyle.



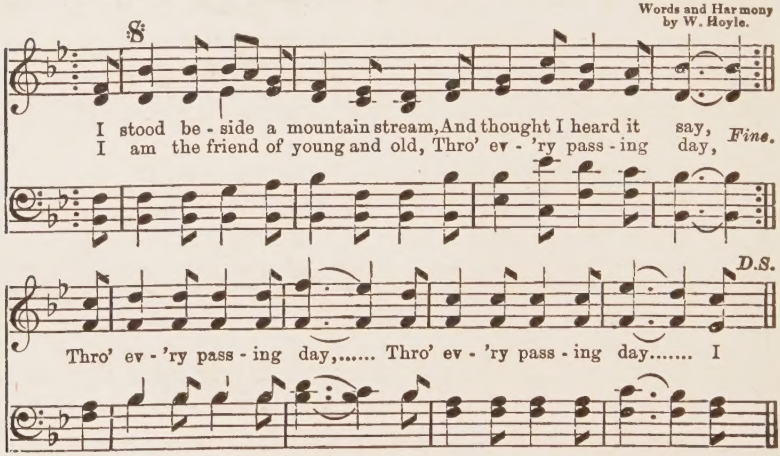
Home ! home ! wine bringeth sadness
Home ! home ! unto thy hearth,
Home ! home ! folly and madness
Often have mixed with its mirth,
Home ! home ! sweet home,
Chiefest delight of the earth.

Home ! home ! friend of the lowly,
Home ! home ! strength of the brave,
Home ! home ! cherubin holy,
Wings of defence round thee wave,
Home ! home ! sweet home !
Heaven in thy presence we have.

Home ! home ! peaceful, abiding,
Home ! home ! where I would be,
Home ! home ! humble, confiding
Pilgrims thy glory shall see ;
Home ! home ! sweet home ;
When shall I fly unto thee ?

108 I STOOD BESIDE A MOUNTAIN RILL.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



I roam the sky in darkest clouds,
I fall in drops of rain;
And make the flowers look up with joy,
From many a thirsty plain.

The sons of labour seek my aid
In every useful art,
And in the works of might and skill
I bear a friendly part.

I sweep along in rivers wide,
I sport in fountains grand,
And on my glassy bosom ride
The ships of every land.

I fill with pleasure and delight,
The birds on many a tree,
The cattle on a thousand hills,
The fishes in the sea.

Then come, ye children, one and all,
With cheerful heart and mind,
Receive a pleasure from the stream,
So bountiful and kind.

109. LEARN TO SAY NO.

Music by W. Hope.
Words by E. P. Hood.

I've just learnt this wher - e'er you go, If safe you'd be say

firm - ly, No! Dont an-swer yes they'll plague you so, P'raps make you drunk be -

fore you go. Just try a glass, There is no harm in a glass you know, And

so I've sign'd the temp'rance pledge, And bravely now where'er I go, I

tell them I'm a staunch tee - to - t'ler, And al - ways an - swer No. I

tell them I'm a staunch tee - to - t'ler, And al - ways an - swer No.

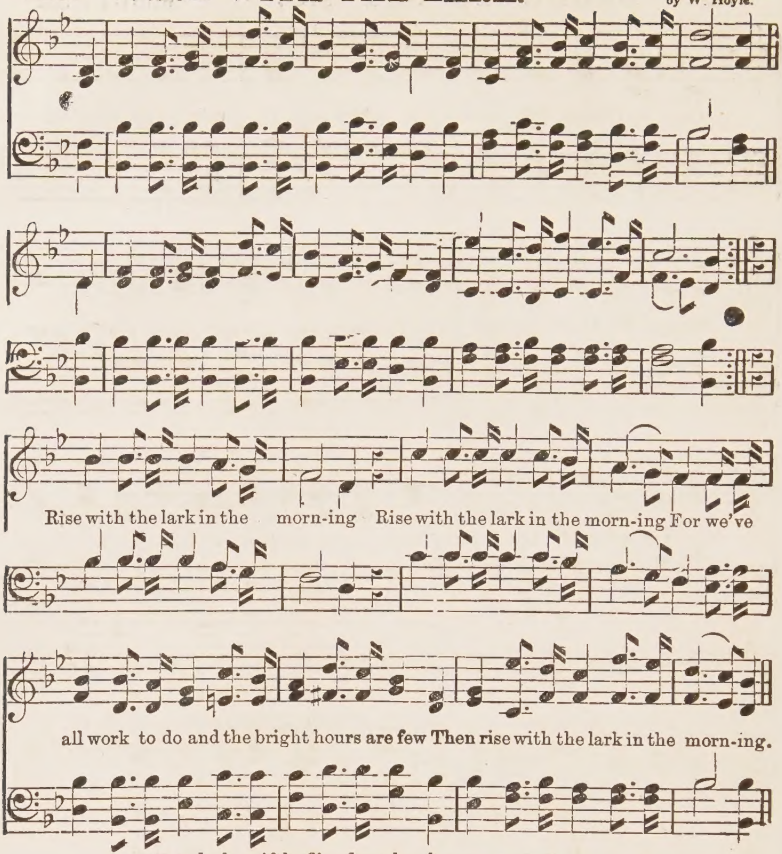
Come Tom old friend just step in here
And try a glass of home brew'd beer,
We'll sit and talk on winter nights,
And set the nation all to rights.

My master said, the other day,
You've earned beyond your weekly pay,
Step in the kitchen, drink with me
A glass to mark your industry.

I like to hear where'er I go,
A young man's brave, determined No!
A hero's soul must throb below
The heart that bravely answers No!

110. RISE WITH THE LARK.

Tune and Words by W. Hoyle.



THE lark swiftly flies from her low grassy bed,
And fills the sweet air with her singing;
She soars where the first golden sunbeams are shed,
And gaily her carols are ringing;
She sings as she rises: "My course I'll pursue,
All trifling and lethargy scorning;"
She teaches a lesson both noble and true—
Come rise with the lark in the morning,
Rise with the lark in the morning.
For we've all work to do and the bright hours are few,
Then rise with the lark in the morning.

She's no mean instructor, as upward she flies,
And spreads forth her pinions in gladness;
She says to the slothful and cheerless, "arise!
And flee from all folly and sadness.
The happiest are they who will hopefully go,
With wisdom each action adorning;
The humblest may strive like a hero below,
Then rise with the lark in the morning." &c.

How gaily she flies to the bright flowing spring,
Which serves for each wise sober thinker;
When soaring so high do you think she could sing
Were she not a cold-water drinker?
Then let us be sober and watchful below,
All trifling and lethargy scorning;
Old Time with his scythe is advancing, you know,
Then rise with the lark in the morning, &c.

111. WHEN THE BRIGHT SUN.

Music by . Floyle
also 1st and 2nd verses.

When the bright sun is up, and the soft winds are blow-ing,

We'll go to the woods where the sweet flow-ers grow.

And drink where the streams e-ver co-pious are flow-ing.

And ne-ver be drunk-ards, And ne-ver be drunkards,

And ne-ver be drunk-ards, ah, ne-ver, ah no!

Though far we may wander o'er forest and mountain,
Cold water shall cheer us while onward we go,
We'll sing of true temperance near streamlet and fountain,
And never be drunkards, ah never, ah no!

The first little drop of strong drink that is taken,
Leads many to sadness and sorrow we know
If the first little drop be in earnest forsaken,
We shall never be drunkards, ah never, ah no!

The pledge we have taken will never be broken,
If we stand by our temperance wherever we go;
Then let us remember the words we have spoken,
And never be drunkards, ah never, ah no!

112. SEE THE DRUNKARD.

Melody by G. F. ROOT.
Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Feelingly. 𝄋

See the drunkard in his fol - ly, Stagg'ring, reel - ing to and fro;

Chorus. cups may ring loud laughter, I - dle jest and wan-ton song;

Fine.

Who would share his me- lan - cho - ly, All his days of anguish know.

But the dread- ful woes here - af - ter Speak sad warn- ing to the young.

Ob - ject of a na-tion's pi - ty, Bea- con light to all a - round.

D.S.

Pointing out in town and ci - ty, Where sin's hid - den rocks a-bound. O'er his

In life's radiant morn he careless
Tasted from the flowing bowl;
Soon his silent hours were prayerless,
Conscience lost her mild control;
Deeper draughts vile passions waking,
Drowning every warning voice;
Reason, her high throne forsaking,
Leaves the inebriate to his choice.

With each morning dawn returneth
Heavier heart and lighter purse;
All his fitful labour earneth
But renews the bitter curse:
Fancy's gilded scenes of pleasure—
Gen'rous friends and ample store,
Vanish like a stolen treasure,
Leave him wretched, helpless, poor.

113. DARLING SISTER.

Words and Harmony
by W. HOYLE.

Cheerfully.

I've a lit - tle dar-ling sis - ter, And she's hap- py all the day,
It would make you smile to see her As she sings this joy - ful lay:

While the spring yield - eth wa - ter, Lim - pid, clear, cool - ing wa - ter,

drink for

Harm - less. bright, spark-ling wa - ter Is the saf - est drink for me.

Near me lived a drunken father,
Wasting every earthly thing,
But he heard my darling sister,
And she taught him how to sing:
In that home where all was sadness,
Happiness and comfort reign,

And a little band of singers
Now repeat the joyful strain:
O that every home in England
Were as peaceful all the day,
Many a little darling sister
Then would sing this merry lay:

114. A HOME IN HEAVEN.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

Yes I've a home in hea - ven, beau - ti - ful and bright, and bright:
Here I am but a stran - ger, Pil - grim and un - known, un - known,

Fine

To lov'd ones there are giv - en Crowns and gar - ments white.
Guard - ed from ill and dan - ger, I am trav' - ling on.

Cho. My hap - py heaven-ly dwell - ing, Soon thy joys I'll see.

Chorus. *D.S.*

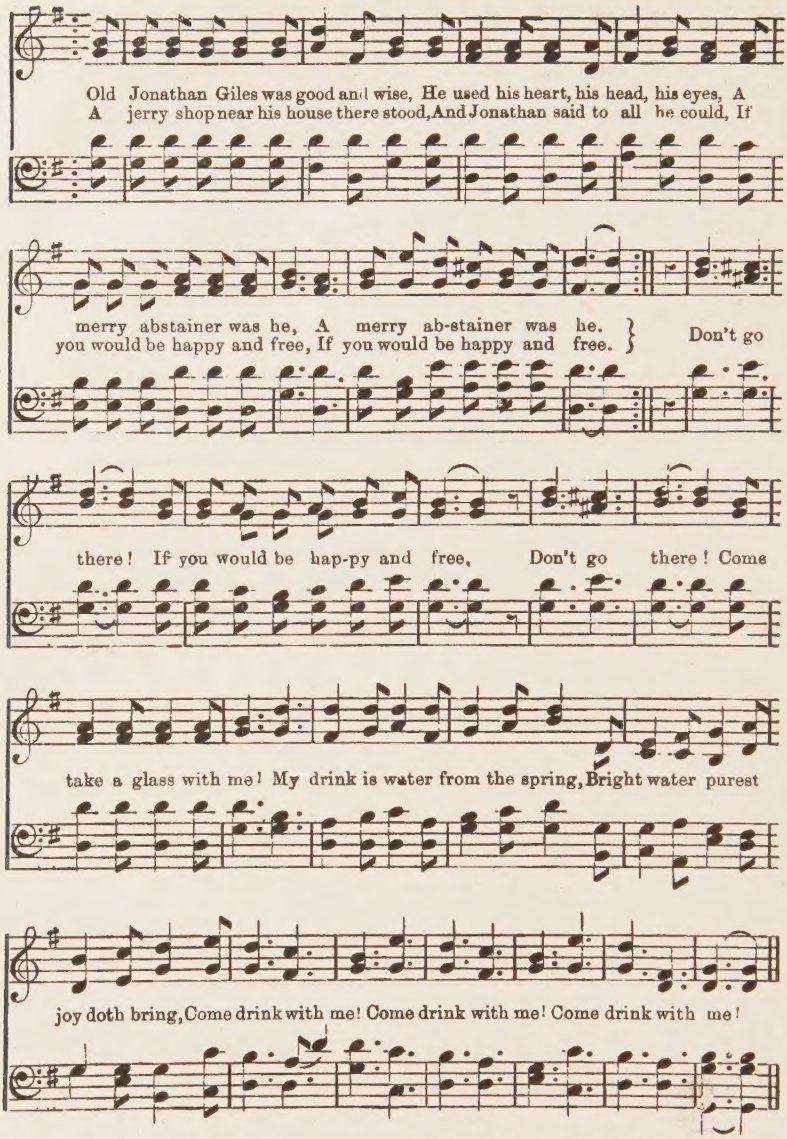
Where an - gels' songs are swell-ing, Je - sus waits for me, for me.

He stooped to shame and trial,
Peace on earth to make;
Shall I no self-denial
Show for His dear sake?
While drunkards round me perish,
Shall not I abstain?
And holy feelings cherish,
Fallen ones to gain.

Yes, I've a home in heaven,
What have I to fear?
Though now a cross be given,
Soon a crown I'll wear.
All things appointed for me,
Are for me the best;
My way, though rude and stormy,
Leads me to my rest.

JONATHAN GILES.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



When Jonathan was a thoughtless man,
He followed many a foolish plan,
A sorrowful man was he.
The jerry shop was his direst foe,
From which a thousand ills do flow,
He never was happy and free. Don't, &c.

When Jonathan first the pledge began,
His friends they said, "Poor, foolish man!
It never will suit him you'll see."

But Jonathan grew like a forest oak,
A strong wise man—his pledge ne'er broke,
And soon he was happy & free. Don't, &c.

O then let us be both good and wise,
And use our heart, our head, our eyes,
And firm to the pledge ever be.
Like Jonathan Giles this kind word drop,
To all who visit the brandy shop:
If you would be happy and free, &c.

116. THE MAN-TRAP.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

There's a trap set to catch you as you pass each street, 'Tis a fine old bait and it can trap,

And when each wily snare shall have a name that's meet, We may call ev'ry gin shop a Man-trap,

But we'll soon pass a law to stop the drinking trade, And we'll then put an end to the Man-trap.

For you just drop in for a glass of stout, And the landlord smiles like a brother,

Then he talks o'er the news 'till his wife comes out, And she says, "You will please take another."

O the Man-trap! O the Mantrap! 'Tis a fine old bait, and it can trap,

There's a spell thrown around you when the drink,
And you feel quite a new sort of being; [goes in,
And you call for another glass of wine or gin,
Tho' at first you ne'er thought about spreeing,
But you meet your old friends, Smith and Brown,
And you hear the music mellow, [town."
And the landlord says, "You're the best man in
Then you sing, "He's a jolly good fellow!"

When your cash all is gone the landlord looks about,
And displays his designing so truly,
He will send John, the waiter, just to put you out,
And he'll say, "You are drunk and unruly."
What a victim you were when you just dropt in,
And you stood near the bright shining mirror,
Let us hope you will think of this warning again,
And strive like a man against error.

117. WATER AS IT GUSHES.

Music by G. F. ROOT.
Words by W. HOYLE.

Wa-ter as it gush-es thro' the lea-fy vale, In the streamlet gliding o'er the dale,
Take a-way the winecup, take a-way the beer, Wa-ter, give me wa-ter fresh and clear.

S. *Fine.*

Wa-ter as it gush-es thro' the lea-fy vale, Wa-ter is the drink for me.
Take a-way the wine-cup, take a-way the beer. Wa-ter is the drink for me.

Cho. Friend of all cre-a-tion, boun-te-ous and free, Wa-ter is the drink for me.

D.S.

Cho. Wa-ter it yield-eth vi-gour and health, Wa-ter's a mine of rich-es and wealth.

Water, as it dances on the pebbly strand,
In the summer sunshine looking grand;
Water, as it dances on the pebbly strand,
Water is the drink for me.
Take away, &c.

In the cause of temperance let us all abide:
Let its banners wave on every side;
Spread the cause of temperance,
Spread it far and wide;
Aid the work of truth and love. [Take, &c.

118. RAISE HIGH THE STANDARD.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Boldly. D.C.

Raise high the standard, Du-ty is the word. Gird on the ar-mour, wield the sword.
Loy-al and true de-fenders of the right, On-ward to con-quer in the fight.

S. *Chorus.* D.S. & *Fine.*

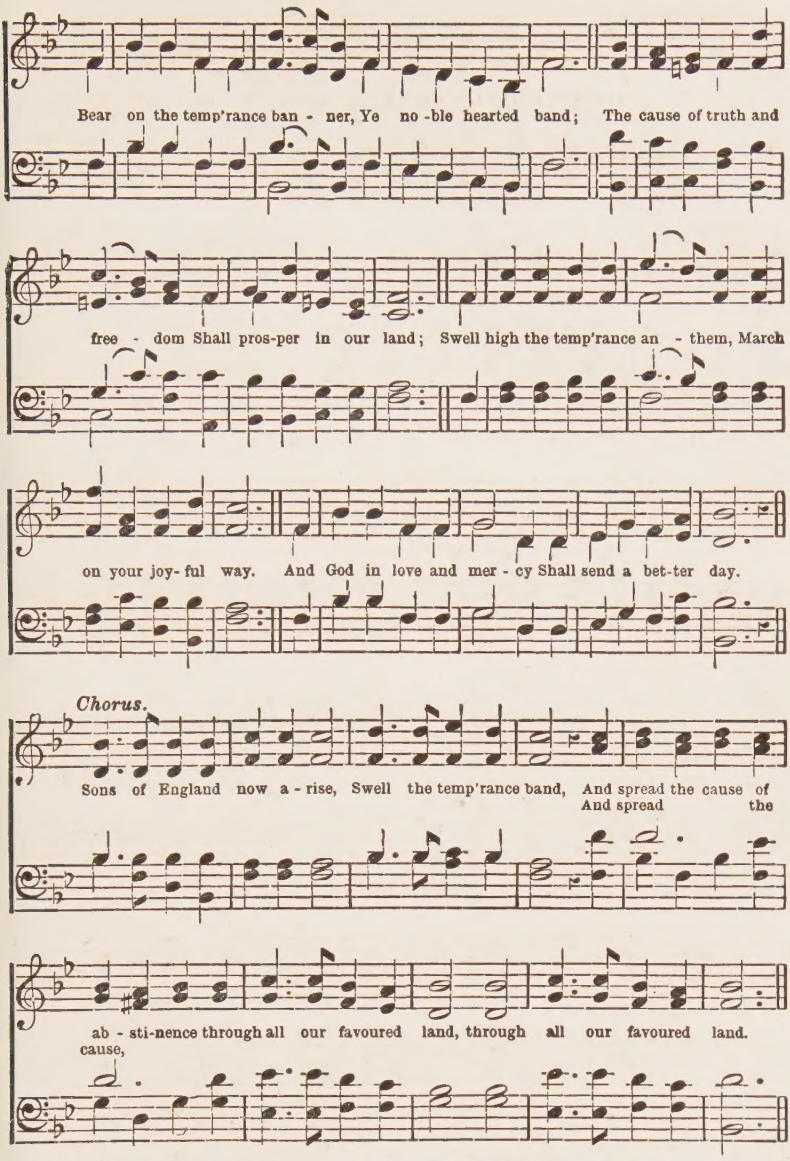
March we forth at du-ty's stern command, Firm and faithful in our Temp'rance band;
Face the foe dear Fa-therland to save, Vic-to-ry shall crown the good and brave.

Long is the struggle, toilsome is the way;
Faint hearts may falter in the fray;
True-hearted soldiers never yield or tire—
Bravely to conquer they aspire.
See! see the homes made wretched by the foe,
Children oppress'd with want and woe,

Mothers in anguish weeping all the day,
Mourns all the land the tyrant's sway.
Onward, dear comrades, see our army rise!
Shouts of rejoicing fill the skies!
Truth shall prevail, for God is on our side
Temp'rance is spreading far and wide.

119. BEAR ON THE TEMPERANCE.

Words by
W. HOYLE.

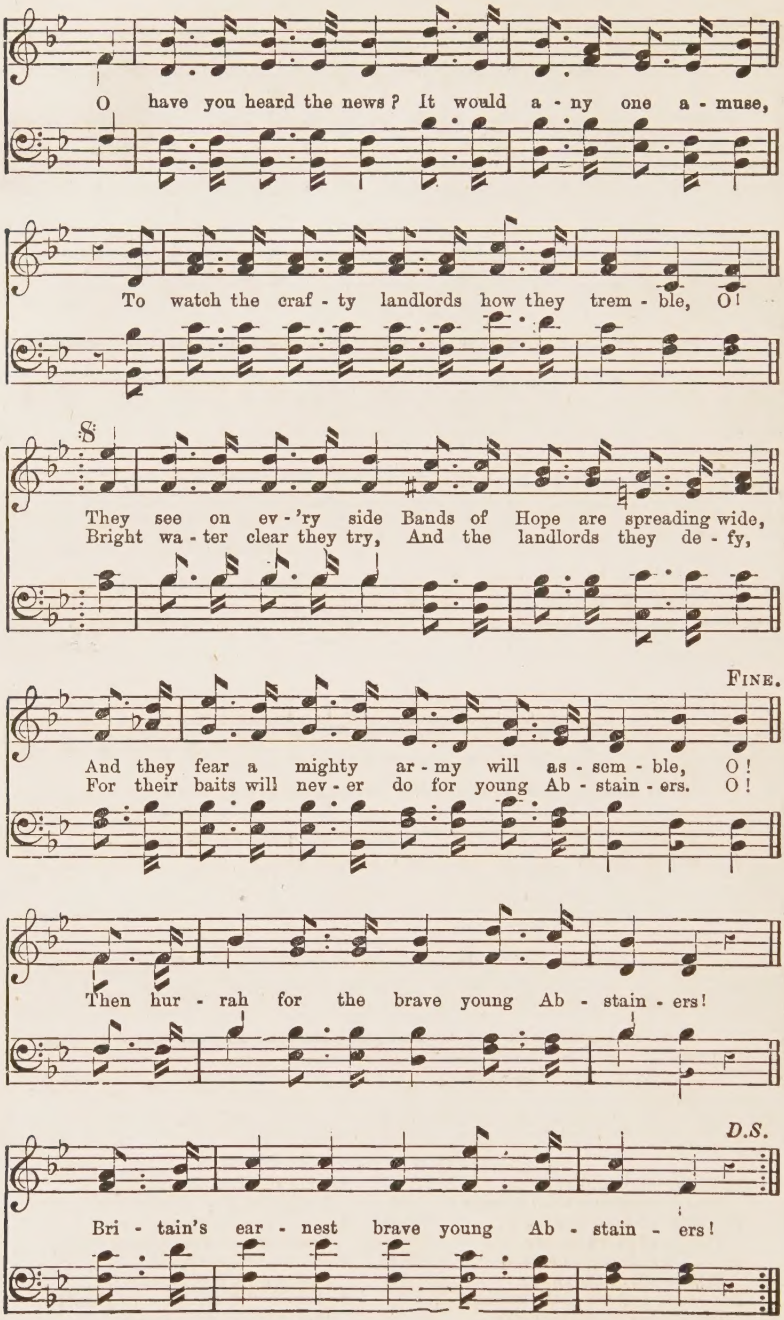


Majestic, mild, and glorious,
  True Temperance shall become
The pride of high and lowly,
  The joy of every home;
And all that bringeth sorrow
  Shall swiftly pass away,
The young and old shall welcome
  The joyful Temperance day.

Around the Temperance banner
  A mightier host shall stand,
And every son and daughter
  Shall hail the Temperance band;
And every distant nation
  Shall sing a Temperance lay,
And shout "Hurrah for England!"
  Her drink is done away.

120. O HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



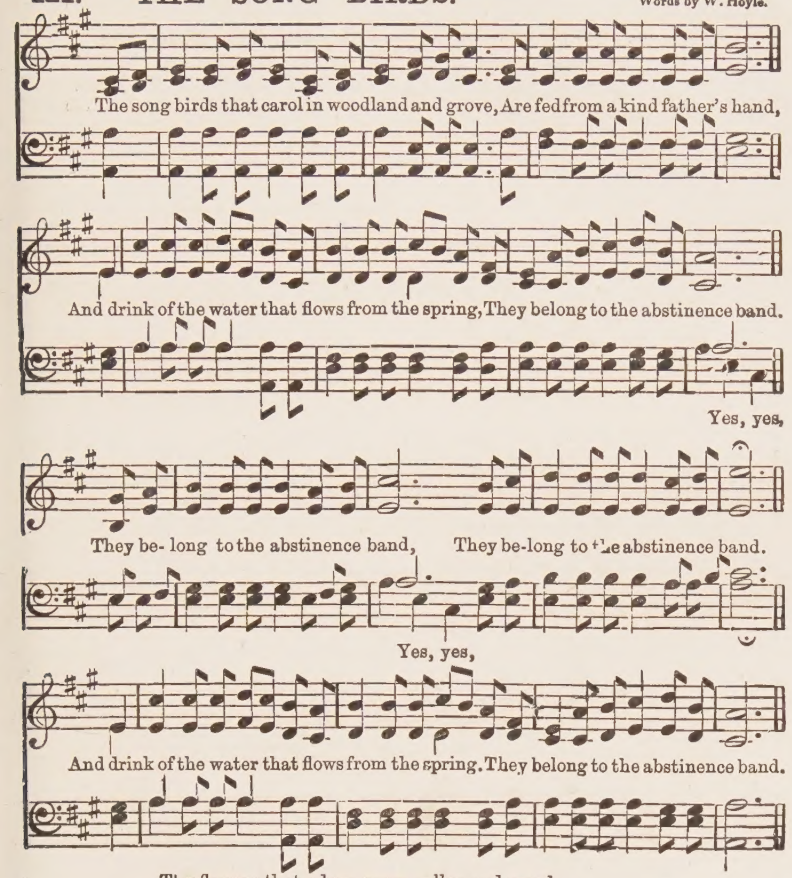
They've music of the best, gilded rooms, and all the rest,
Beside a score of fools with painted faces O!
And every night and day don't they make a fine display,
Just to draw the foolish people to their places O?—Then, &c.

No poet could define all their stock of beer and wine,
They keep a choice selection for each season O!
Stout, bitter, mild, and clear, summer drink, and christmas cheer,
And they only wish to see you drink in reason O!—Then, &c.

But thanks to age and youth, hearts that burn with honest truth,
And raise the mighty Temperance agitation O!
The time is drawing near when the drink shall disappear,
And we'll use the gilded rooms for education O!—Then, &c.

121. THE SONG BIRDS.

Music by Bradbury.
Words by W. Hoyle.



The flowers that adorn every valley and mead
With colours so rich and so grand,
From the dewdrops their fragrance and beauty derive;
They belong to the abstinence band.

Bright water's a treasure more precious and dear
Than gems from a far distant land,
And happy are they who in water delight;
They belong to the abstinence band.

Then I, like the birds and the flowers in the mead,
To the pledge ever firmly will stand,
And long as I live, though humble I be,
I will help on the abstinence band.

122. HERE IN THE DAWN.

Music by F. Abt.
Words by W. Hoyle.

Here in the dawn of youth we stand, hur-rah, hurrah, hur - rah,

The hope and pro-mise of our land, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah;

And come what will our course to stay, With joy we'll win the hap - py day,

We'll win the hap- py day, We'll win the hap - py day, hurrah, hur -

- rah, tra la la la la hurrah, hur - rah, tra la la la la hurrah, hur-

- rah, hur-rah, hur - rah, hur-rah, hur - rah, tra la la la la.

We'll teach the young all drink to shun, hurrah!
We'll stay not till our work is done, hurrah!
We'll urge them to abstain alway,
And lead them on to win the day.—We'll, &c.

We'll spread the temperance cause around, hurrah!
And let the joys of truth abound, hurrah!
And kindly to the drunkard say,
Come brother, come, and win the day.—We'll, &c.

So shall we try a world to move, hurrah!
By gentle words and deeds of love, hurrah!
And come what will our course to stay,
With help divine we'll win the day.—We'll. &c.

123. LAND OF OUR FATHERS.

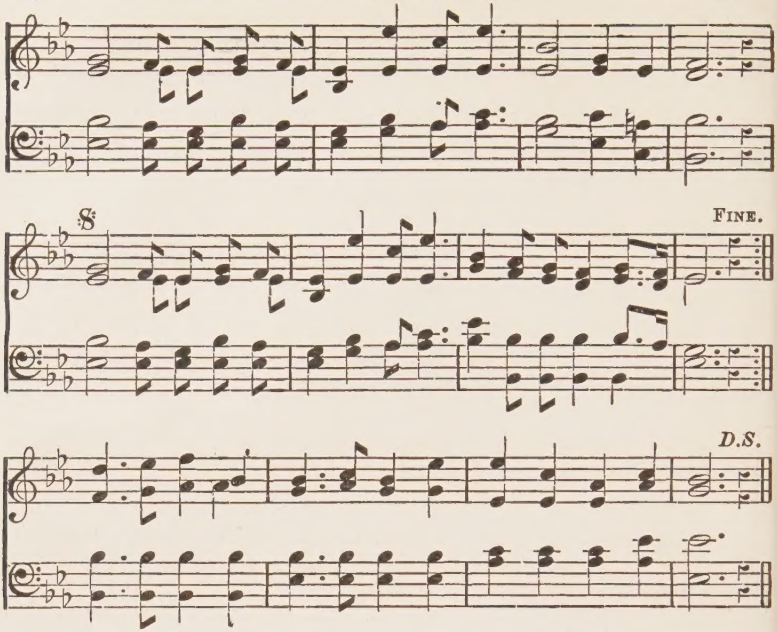
Webbe.

Land of our fa - thers wheresoe'er we roam, Land of our birth! to us thou still art home; Peace and pros - per - i - ty on thy sons at - tend Down to pos - ter - i - ty their in-flu-ence descend, All then in - vi - ting, hearts and voi - ces join - ing Sing we in har - mo - ny our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land, Our na - tive land.

Tho' other climes may brighter hopes fulfil,
Land of our birth, we ever love thee still;
Heaven shield our happy home from each hostile band,
Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land;
All then inviting, hearts and voices joining,
Sing we in harmony, our native land.

124. GIVE ME THE DRINK.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



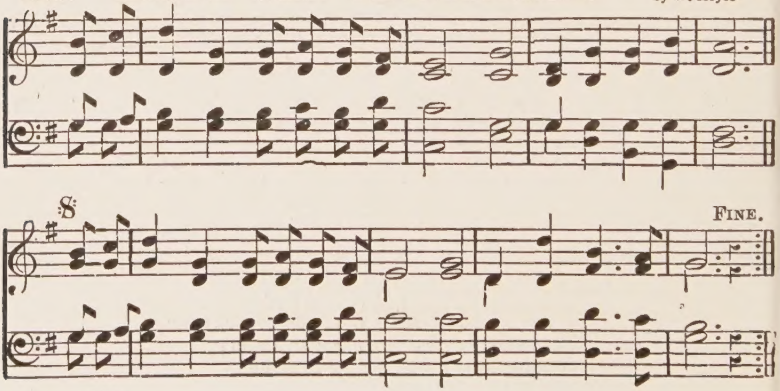
GIVE me the drink that sparkles ever
On mountain side,
Glides in the streamlet and the river,
Sweeps in the boundless tide;
Water a brother ne'er offendeth,
Ne'er bringeth woe,
Water a loving Father sendeth
Freely to all below.
Sparkling water, crystal water,
Ever pure and free;
Bright pleasures bear to son and daughter,
Still bring thy joys to me.

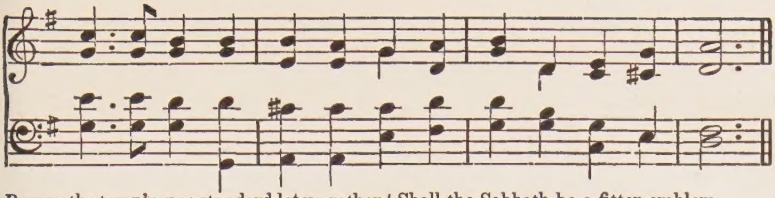
I sigh for England's sons that perish
On sin's dark road,
Love for the drunkard I would cherish,
And lead him back to God;
Be mine the bliss of holy living
While here I stay,
Joy to the heart of sorrow giving,
Hope that shall ne'er decay. &c.

I long for days of joy and pleasure,
When home shall smile,
And fathers only love and treasure
Scenes that shall ne'er beguile;
The drunkard's sorrow and temptation
I would remove,
And bring the peaceful reformation,
The time of joy and love. &c.

125. ROUND THE TEMPERANCE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle





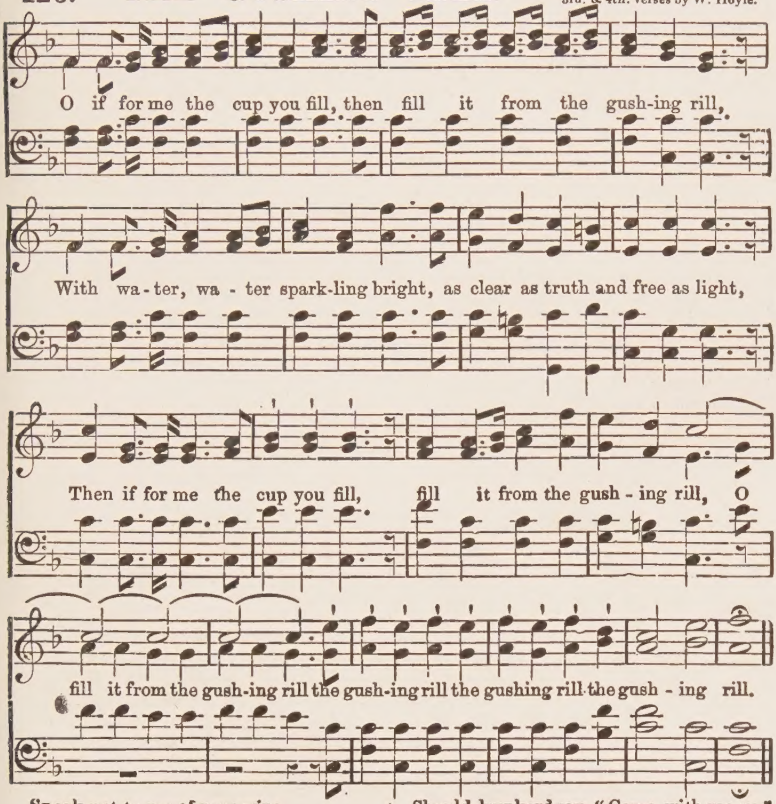
ROUND the temp'rance standard let us gather,
Shouting for the free;
And the drunkard, living now in sorrow,
Better days shall see;
He shall live a life of joy and pleasure,
In a pleasant home.
Where the sound of sadness and of sorrow
Never more shall come.
Every day we yet are spreading
Temperance through the land, (dom,
For we love to spread the cause of free-
With the temperance band.

Now the day of holy rest is broken;
In the time of love
Shall the Sabbath be a fitter emblem
Of the rest above;
For the drunkard shall no longer wander
In the downward road;
But shall mingle with the good and holy
In the house of God.—Every day, &c.

Who shall tell the glory of the good time,
When from England's shore
Shall ascend the shout of joy and gladness,
"Strong drink is no more!"
Who will help us now to bring the good time,
Who will with us stand,
And for temperance, holiness and freedom,
Swell the noble band?—Every day, &c.

126. THE GUSHING RILL.

Music by Woodbury.
3rd. & 4th. verses by W. Hoyle.



Speak not to me of rosy wine,
Of nectar cups and draughts divine;
The taste of bitter tears is there,
Wrung from the hearts most true and dear
Then, &c.

With thankful heart I move along,
Cold water bright is still my song;
Should drunkard say, "Come, with me go,"
I'll bravely answer, "No, sir, no!"
Then, &c.

I love the cause that seeks to bless,
I love the men that onward press;
Long as I live with them I'll go,
And help to chase Old England's foe.
Then, &c.

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127. O THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

O the crystal spring our drink shall be, our drink shall be, our drink shall be,

O the crys-tal spring our drink shall be, Bright water's merry friends are we.

For all that's good and all that's brave, Bri-tannia's drink-bound sons to save,

We'll spread our cause o'er land and wave, Bright water's merry friends are we.

Bright water makes the meadows green,
Bright water makes the flowers so gay,
For all that's good, &c.
The cattle on a thousand hills,
Drink ever from the crystal spring,
For all that's good, &c.

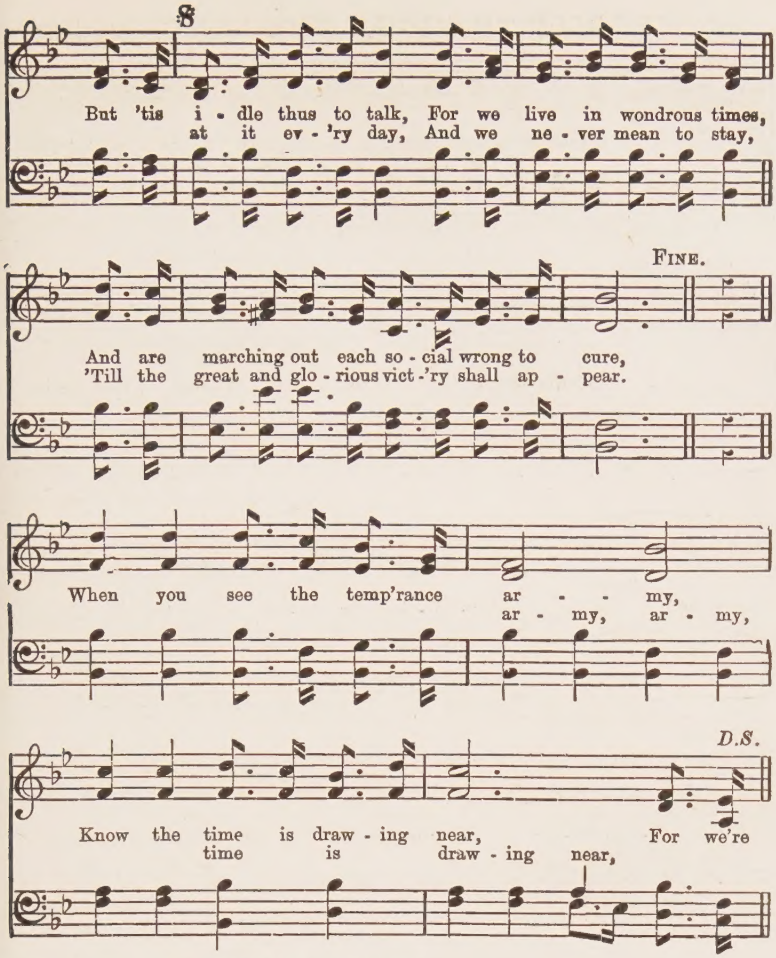
The pretty birds they love to sing
Where sparkling rivers sweep along.
For all that's good, &c.
Our tradesmen all they know right well
The blessing of the crystal spring.
For all that's good, &c.

128. WHEN WE SAY WE'LL PASS.

Music by G. F. Root. Words by W. Hoyle.

When we say we'll pass a law To sup-press the sale of drink,

From a few we hear, "You ne - ver will, I'm sure."



Trace the history of the past,
And a thousand changes rise,
Which the people never dreamt about before,
And before each change was made,
Many people gravely said,
"They may try it, but it ne'er will do, I'm sure."
When you see, &c.

Now we travel out by steam,
And our thoughts on lightning fly,
And what daily papers thro' the land we spread!
Labour, time, and cash are saved
By invention every day,
Yet how few believe until the change is made!
When you see, &c.

We advance in arts of war,
But on things of moral worth
Every Christian mind is more disposed to think;
And as sure as God hath said,
"Evil shall be rooted up,"
Britain's sons shall see the overthrow of drink.
When you see, &c.

129. MERRILY THROUGH THE LAND.

Music by Bradbury.
Words by W. Hoyle.

Mer - ri - ly through the land we go, la la la la la la la! The

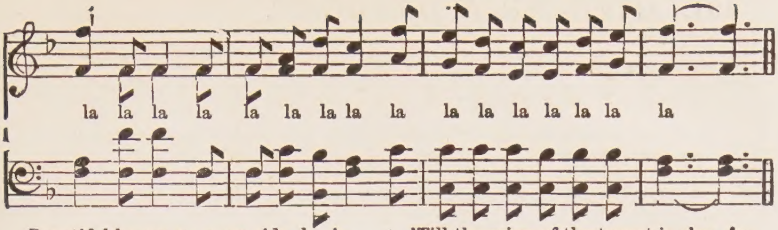
joys of temp'rance truth we know O the visions of pleasure in

store Mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly ho ho ho ho

mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly ban - ners wave, The chil-dren are ga-ther - ing

ho ho ho ho an Ar - my bold and brave la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la



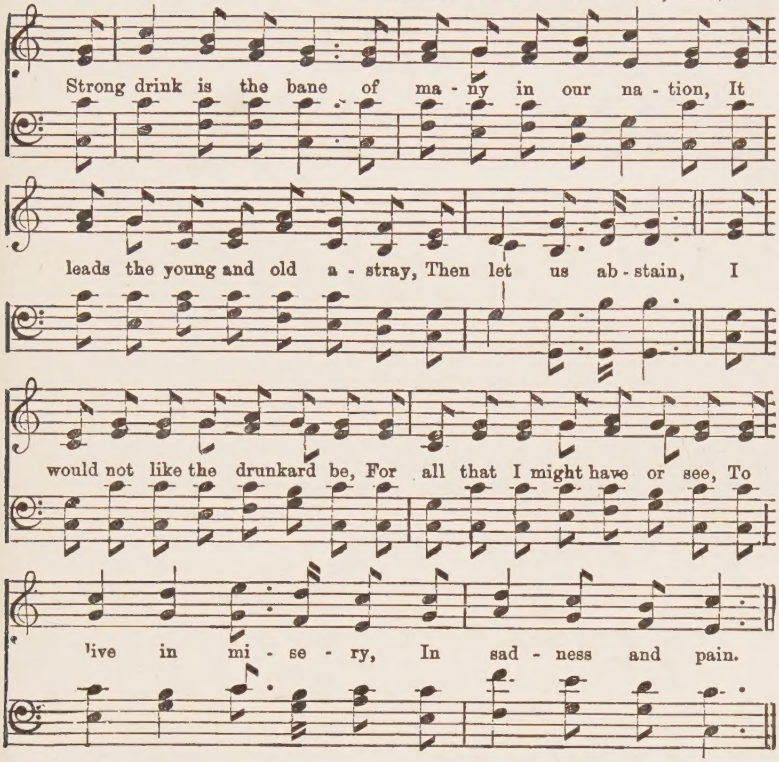
Beautiful homes on every side, la, la
Our cause is spreading far and wide;
To the bounds of each distant shore, &c.

Joyfully come the good and great, la, la;
They'll help us to improve the state,
'Till the reign of the tyrant is o'er, &c.

Merrily through the land we go, la, la;
Come join our ranks and you shall know
The pleasures that truth has in store, &c.

130. STRONG DRINK IS THE BANE.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



True Temperance can make
A home of joy and gladness;
And water is a friend sincere
To all that abstain.
Then like the wild birds let us be
Strangers to drink and misery;
And sing right merrily
Of temperance again.

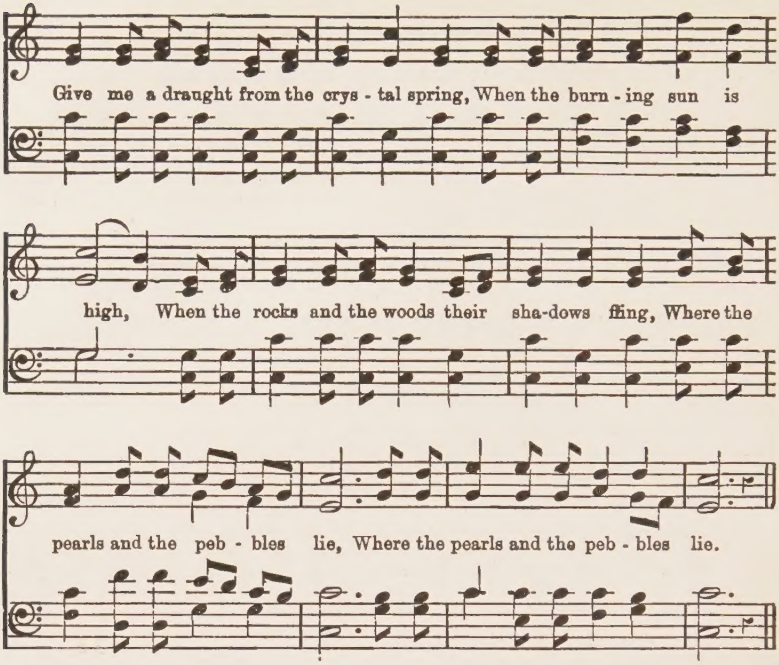
That sweet rest above
The drunkard cannot enter;
Where all are free from sin and death,
From sadness and pain.

Then let us for the drunkard pray,
Before his life shall pass away;
And help him while we may,
From drink to abstain.

While Temperance we keep,
This truth we must remember:—
Without religion in our heart;
Unsaved we remain;
Then let us seek God's pard'ning grace,
That we may see our Saviour's face;
And find in heav'n a place
With Him to reign.

131. GIVE ME A DRAUGHT.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.



Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow;
When the leaves of the trees are withering,
In the frost and the fleecy snow.

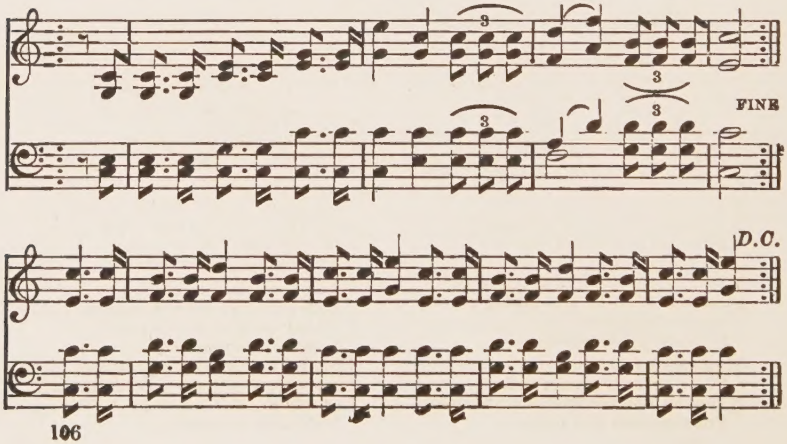
Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone; [ring
When the flowers are in bloom and the echoes
From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the ripening fruits appear; [sing,
When the reapers the song of the harvest
And plenty has crowned the year.

Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
'Tis the safest drink I know,
For it never will pain or sorrow bring
From its sunless depths below.

132. WE ARE A BAND.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.



1. We are a band of youg abstainers,
Merrily O ! Merrily O !
In health and pleasure we are gainers,
Merrily O ! Merrily O !
With the brave we go, chasing every foe ;
Chasing every foe, with the brave we go :
A joyful band are young abstainers,
Merrily O ! Merrily O !

2. A gentle word, a kind endeavour,
Merrily O ! Merrily O !
Will help the drunkard's chain to sever,
Merrily O ! Merrily O !
With the brave we go, &c.

3. The longest march in time is ended,
Merrily O ! Merrily O !
And strength is gained when minds are blended,
Merrily O ! Merrily O !
With the brave we go, &c.

4. The signs of victory are appearing,
Merrily O ! Merrily O !
Then let us still be persevering,
Merrily O ! Merrily O !
With the brave we go, chasing every foe;
Chasing every foe, with the brave we go :
A joyful band are young abstainers,
Merrily O ! Merrily O !

133. TEMPERANCE LAWS.

Music and Words by
W. HOYLE.

Vigorous.

Temp'rance laws shall bless our na - tion ; Ear-nest men of ev - 'ry sta - tion,
Let us all be up and do - ing, Save the drunkard's soul from ru - in ;

D.C.

Speed the glo - rious re - for - ma - tion— We shall have a joy - ful, so - ber land !
In the Temp'rance Cause pur- su - ing— We shall have a joy - ful, so - ber land !

Chorus.

Friends of the Cause let us firm - ly stand, And nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fal - ter ;

Friends of the Cause let us firm -ly stand—For we shall have a joy- ful, so - ber band !

Why should drink still curse our nation,
Fill the land with desolation ?
Speed the glorious reformation—
We shall have a joyful, sober land !
Publicans may still deride it—
Western States have gladly tried it ;
Soon the people shall decide it—
We shall have a joyful, sober land !

Vote and voice like thunder telling,
Errors false and blind dispelling,
Righteous laws to stop drink selling—
We shall have a joyful, sober land !
Friends of youth, no danger fearing,
In the good Cause persevering,
Signs of victory are appearing—
We shall have a joyful, sober land !

134. THE DRUNKARD.

Words by W. Hoyle
Harmony by Balfe.

The drun-kard as he steals a - way, To scenes of dis - si - pa - tion.
No anguish warns, no tears de - lay, He fears not the temp-ta - tion.

I wish I could but reach his mind, And set him once a think - ing, I'm

sure he'd be a fa - ther kind, And leave off all his drink - ing.

He drinks away his goods and store,
That years were spent in making;
Yet day by day he craves for more,
All warning still forsaking. I wish, &c.

As free from drinking was he found,
When life began, as any;
But soon he fell and then was bound
To evils great and many. I wish, &c.

Then let us all the precept own,
And tell to friend and stranger,
If they would safely travel on,
To keep away from danger. I wish, &c.

Second Tune.

Words and Harmony
by W. Hoyle.

The drunkard as he steals a - way, To scenes of dis - si - pa - tion, FINE.
No anguish warns no tears de - lay, He fears not the temp-ta - tion,
I'm sure he'd be a fa-ther kind, And leave off all his drink - ing,

D.C.

I wish I could but reach his mind, And set him once a think - ing,

135. A BETTER TIME.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

A bet - ter time would soon ap-pear, If all who now drink wine and beer Would

join with us the temp'rance band, To spread the cause thro' all the land. Then a-
wa-ter as it flows a-long, Is the saf - est drink for old and young.

Fine.

D.S.

way! a - way from beer and wine, Our drink is wa - ter when we dine, Bright

What pleasure would the drunkard gain,
Were he from drinking to abstain!
O let us help him while we may,
And lead him in a better way. Then, &c.

From wine and beer how often come
A starving child, a cheerless home,
A mother sinking to her grave,
And a thoughtless father none could save. &c.

Let young and old at once begin,
To shun whate'er may lead to sin,
And let us all unite in one,
To help the cause of temperance on. Then, &c.

Second Tune.

A bet - ter time would soon ap-pear, If all who now drink wine and beer

Fine.

Would join with us the temp'rance band, To spread the cause thro' all the land.
Bright wa - ter as it flows a - long, Is the saf - est drink for old and young.

Then a-way! a - way, from beer and wine ,Our drink is wa - ter when we dine,

D.S.

136. DO WHAT YOU CAN.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Do what you can for a - no - ther, Haste to the res - cue of all,

Raise up a suf - fer-ing bro - ther, Let him not hope-less - ly fall,

Do what you can, live to bless ev'-ry man, Truth shall prevail, truth shall prevail;

slow.

Fear not the frown, there's a robe and a crown, For each warrior when the battle's o'er.

Glory to God in the highest,
Peace and good will unto men,
Angels pealed forth the glad chorus,
Mortals still echo the strain.—Do, &c.

Footprints of goodness and mercy
Deep on life's pathway we trace,
Monuments, sacred and lasting,
Rise up around every place.—Do, &c.

Ever some duty fulfilling,
Let us each strive to do good,
Be our reward the approval,
" Nobly they did what they could. Do, &c.

137. GLORIOUS NEWS.

Music by L. O. Emerson.

O have you heard the glorious news That's round the town to day,

Fa - ther has sign'd the pledge, and we Are hap - py light and gay.

No more we dread his com - ing step, But spring to greet him home;

Mo - ther has wip'd her tears a - way, And joy to us has come.

O glo - rious news, glo - rious news, glo - rious news to day,

Fa - ther has sign'd the pledge, and we Are hap - py light and gay,

Happy, happy, happy light and gay, Happy, happy, happy light and gay,

Fa - ther has sign'd the pledge, and we Are hap-py light and g y.

Many's the sorrowing time we've had,
But such we'll have no more;
Father has driven the demon out;
And locked and barr'd the door.
No more we'll want for food and clothes,
No more we'll mourn and sigh;
Our home shall be a home of peace,
With every comfort nigh. O glorious, &c.

Now thanks we raise to God on high
For this great blessing giv'n:
Earth to us henceforth shall be
The entrance door to heav'n.
Sing loud and full, sing clear and free,
Let hill to valley call,
And bear up on the wings of wind,
The glorious news to all. O glorious, &c

138. POOR JOE.

Music and Words by
W. HOYLE.

With expression.

Be - fore the land-lord's o - pen door, Poor Joe the paint-er stood,
Where oft - en he had stood be -fore When trade was ve - ry good;

But now poor Joe was out of work, And plead-ed for one gill;

The land- lord, look ing like a Turk, No glass on trust would fill.

Chorus.

Oh, men be-ware of the gild- ed snare, Don't go near the landlord's door;

Work and pray to win the day, And bless'd shall be your store.

The landlord shook his bag of gold,
Before Joe's downcast face;
And Joe's sad look did a tale unfold
Of folly and disgrace;
While Joe, though toiling many a year,
Had never saved a groat;
The landlord, selling wine and beer,
A fine estate had bought.

"I save my cash," the landlord said,
"By working hard each day;
You let your children pine for bread,
And throw each chance away."

"I see," said Joe, "your words are true,
My starving wife said so;
I'll try what saving cash will do,
No more you'll get from Joe."

Joe signed the pledge, and now is found
A free man firm and bold,
He owns a cot, a patch of ground,
Likewise a bag of gold.
And smiling sits his charming wife,
In splendid silken gown;
His children rise to bless his life,
He's the happiest man in town.

139. DRINKING AT THE RILL.

Music and Words by
W. HOYLE.

PART-SONG. *Cheerfully.*

To the ten - der grass - es cling - ing, Danc - ing in the sun-light free,

Mak - ing mu - sic in the mea - dows, Fill - ing all the earth with glee,—

Sing, ye war - blers, in the green-wood, Tune your voice o'er vale and hill;

Sing your songs of joy and glad - ness, Drink-ing at the spark - ling rill.

Tra la la la la! Tra la la la la! Tra la la la la! Tra la la la la!

Tra la la la la la! Tra la la la la! Tra la la la la la!

To the dell, so cool and shady,
Where the modest flowers grow,
Listening to the rippling streamlet,
From the busy town we go;
Where the rays of light and beauty
Earth and sky with glory fill;
Nature chants her strain of gladness
Round the bounteous sparkling rill.

Wine may flow at noisy revel,
Madness lurks beneath its rays—
Nature's cups are pure and sparkling—
We will sing bright water's praise!
Haste away to scenes of beauty,
Over forest, vale, and hill;
We will pass the hours so gaily
By the cooling sparkling rill.

140. MEN FOR THE TIMES.

Music and Words by
W. HOYLE.

Vigorous.

Men for the times are ris - ing fast, To drive the curse a - way; They

march like a migh - ty ar - my past, On many a fes - tal day.

Care - less, the craf - ty land - lords spake, "When will these striplings war-riors make?

We'll show them in a few more years, We'll turn their smiles to tears; We're

Lively.

march-ing in the ar - my, boys, Pledg'd to fight for free - dom, boys,

march - ing in the ar - my, March - ing in the ar - my,

D.S.

March ing in the ar - my, boys, To win the hap - py day.

March - ing in the ar- my, To win the hap - py day.

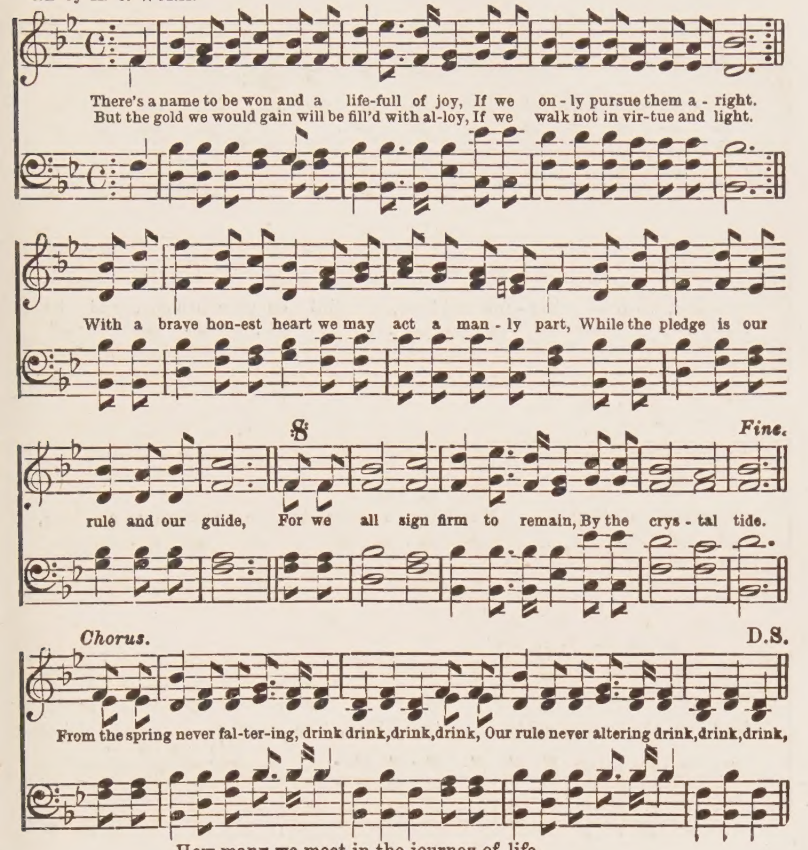
Men for the times drink water pure,
No drunkard's thirst they feel;
A sturdy band with a purpose sure,
They fear no foeman's steel.
Hark ye, the tramp of their willing feet,
Onward they march, the foe to meet,
"Down with the drink!" their war-cry still,
O'er every vale and hill.

Men for the times to the rescue fly,
Thrice holy is their cause;
And soon, with the help of God most high,
They'll change vile drinking laws.
Sweeping away our country's bane,
Leading the drunkard to abstain;
"Glory to God, goodwill to men!"
Shall ring through earth again.

141. A NAME TO BE WON.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Air by H. C. WORK.



How many we meet in the journey of life,
Seeking pleasure through folly and sin,
By the tempter deceived, how they fail in the strife,
All in vain are their efforts to win.
We could show them the way to be happy all the day,
With our plain simple rule for their guide,
For we all sign firm to remain,
By the crystal tide.

We know we are right and our precept is plain,
We will stand by the brave and the true;
We will show to the world it is best to abstain,
And our duty will fearlessly do.
With the armour of light we will battle for the right,
While the pledge is our rule and our guide,
For we all sign firm to remain,
By the crystal tide.

142. THE CHILDREN ARE GATHERING.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.

The child - ren are gath' - ring from near and from far, The

tem - per - ance trum-pet is sound - ing for war, The con - flict is

raging, 'twill be fear - ful and long, Gird on your armour, and be

marching a - long, Marching a - long, we are marching a - long,

Gird on the armour and be marching a-long, The con-flict is raging 'twill be

fear - ful and long, Then gird on your armour and be marching a - long.

The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver or turn from the way;
The Lord is our strength, be this ever our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.—Marching, &c.

We've taken the Pledge, and will stand by it true,
With Christ as our Captain, we never shall rue;
The "Sword of the Spirit," both trusty and strong,
We'll hold in our hands as we're marching along.

Through conflicts and trials our crowns we must win,
For here we contend against evil and sin;
But one thing assures us, we cannot go wrong,
If trusting our Saviour while marching along.

143. STAND LIKE THE BRAVE.

O Christian, a - wake! for the strife is at hand; With hel-met and shield, and a sword in thy hand, To meet the bold tempter, go, fearless-ly go! And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe! Stand like the brave! Stand like the brave! Stand like the brave with thy face to the foe!

f *Chorus.*

Whatever thy danger take heed and beware,
But turn not thy back for no armour is there;
The legions of darkness if thou wouldst o'er-throw,
Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe!

The cause of thy Master with vigour defend,
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go!
And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe!

Press on, never doubting! thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;
His love like a stream in the desert will flow:
Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe!

144. OF ALL THE AIDS.

Music by W. Hoyle.
Words by J. Newcastle

Of all the aids to vir - tue's cause, I like tee - to - tal best:
It aids the cause of man's advance, What-e'er the mode may be.

For while its own great work pro-ceeds, It kind - ly helps the rest,
To mor - al worth, or men - tal pow'r, Or man - ly pi - e - ty,

But this, its high-est, chief - est claim, Demands the loft - iest praise,

It helps a man to help himself, By vir - tue's temp'rate ways.

f rall.

It helps a man to help him-self, By vir - tues temp'rate ways.

It saves the intemperate in his course
Of drunken revelry;
Awakes him to a proper sense
Of his high destiny.
It stays the moderate in the path
That lures to drunkenness,
And tells him of a surer way
To social happiness. But, &c.

It gives to science and to truth
The mind's pure energy,
To search the secret, hidden depths
Of true philosophy;
It speeds the gospel's onward course,
At home and foreign climes;
Makes light the path, and straight the road
To brighter, better times. But, &c.

145. LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

Look not up-on the wine with its ru - by glow, Tho' its gurgling wavelets shine; There is

trea-cher - y and shame, there is want and woe, In the smile of the blood-red wine.

Chorus. *f*

At the last, at the last, at the last, It bit - eth like a ser-pent, It

sting-eth like an ad - der; It bit-eth like a ser-pent, It sting-eth like an ad - der;

Look not up - on the wine, Look not up - on the wine.

Look not, Look not up - on the wine.

Look not upon the wine in the festive throng,
As it flows at folly's shrine;
There is but a hollow joy in the dance and song,
That are born of the maddening wine.

Look not upon the wine at the sacred hearth,
When the loved ones round thee twine;
There is mockery and pain, there is blight and dearth,
In the home that is stained with wine.

146. POOR MARY GRAY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

When first I saw poor Ma - ry Gray, No maiden was more blithe and gay, But

Cupid with beguiling art, Found entrance at poor Mary's heart, She knew a man whose

name was Joe, He vow'd to cherish and love her so, 'Till Mary seal'd her earthly strife And

fool - ish-ly be - came his wife, O poor Ma - ry Gray! Wayward, foolish

Ma-ry Gray! Sighing and sorrowing all the day, O maidens ne'er marry a drinker.

Now, Joe, a frolicsome soul was he,
As ever strode o'er bank or lea,
Yet unto his wife he thus did say :—
"I will but drink one glass each day,
Believe me, dearest, loving wife,
Your days shall merrily pass thro' life;"
But, sad to tell, twelve months or so
Revealed a life of bitter woe. O, &c.

Each night Joe went out for a spree,
And reeling home again came he,
Poor Mary tried, but all in vain;
Her foolish Joe would not abstain.

He said his ways would never do,
Yet still he followed a drinking crew,
Which filled poor Mary's heart with pain—
She wished that she were single again. O, &c.

Now, maidens all, let wisdom's voice
Direct you to a happy choice;
Whatever gifts he has be sure
Your lov'd one, drinks but water pure;
For if you don't you soon may rue,
And find he follows a drinking crew.
Then, maidens all around, I pray,
Take warning from poor Mary Gray. O, &c.

147. PREVENTION.

Music and Words by
W. HOYLE.

Lively.

Come bro-thers let us sing a song, For we want something to a-muse,

But let the strains that float a-long, Em-bo-dy sound Tee-to-tal views,

Our Band of Hope is no vain thing, No i-dle ef-fort to al-lure,

We ga-ther wis-dom while we sing, Pre-ven-tion's bet-ter far than cure,

We ga-ther wis-dom while we sing, Pre-vention's bet-ter far than cure.

How truly thankful we should be
That we are taught such wholesome truth;
The hoary drunkards that we see
Had ne'er such lessons in their youth,
For boys and girls were thought too young
To form a band devout and pure—
They grew the thoughtless drunken throng;
Prevention's better far than cure.

God bless the friends who first began
This gracious movement for the young,
And blessings on each earnest man
Who strives to help the cause along.

A glorious victory we shall gain,
Our principles are tried and sure,
If we will all through life abstain:
Prevention's better far than cure.

The veteran warriors of the past,
They nobly fought and bore abuse;
Our lives in better times are cast,
The victory is reserved for us.
Then let us spread the cause of truth,
The reign of drink can't long endure;
Let's show to all our British youth
Prevention's better far than cure.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Words by Mrs. Dana.

Re - joice for the day of de - liv' - rance is come, O'er the
And voi - ces that wail'd in the drunkard's sad home, Now are

land and the sea waves the tem - per - ance ban - ner.
cheer-ing us on with a joy - ful Ho - san - nah! } Let us swell the glad

sound, Send the cho - rus a - round, O shout for the pledge of our

ff

safe - ty is found. 'Tis the tem - per - ance ban-ner, Oh! long may it

wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the **brave.**

Rejoice, for the homes that are once more made glad,
For the eyes that are bright where the big tears were streaming;
Rejoice, for the hearts that no longer are sad,
For the sweet tears of joy and the smiles that are beaming;
Let the rich and the poor touch the poison no more,
Oh let the red wine-cup be banish'd each door!
Till the Temperance Banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Rejoice, for the names we car now call our own,
For the brothers we claim who are holding high places;
Rejoice, for the fair! they would conquer alone!
It is well they have join'd us, God bless their bright faces!
Through the length of the land, Oh let none coldly stand,
And proudly refuse us the warm helping hand!
For the Temperance Banner in triumph must wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

149. TEMPERANCE TRUMPET.

W. H. WHITEHEAD.
(By permission.)

Spirited.

Hark! hark? the Temp'rance trumpet's sound - ing, Come and sign, come and sign, come and

sign, come and sign; Our glo - rious Cause is still a - bound - ing, Come and

sign, come and sign, come and sign! Thousands have heard the joy - ful sound, Have

signed the pledge, and peace have found; Let Ab - sti-nence through earth a-bound, Come and

cres. *f* *ff*

sign, come and sign, come and sign, come and sign; Come and sign, come and sign, come and sign

We call on men of every station,
Come and sign;
Come speed the Temp'rance reformation,
Come and sign!
Victory is ours if you will fight,
The foes of truth we'll put to flight;
And triumph in the cause of right,
Come and sign.

Come all who drink in moderation,
Come and sign;
Come save the children of our nation,
Come and sign!
Write down your names, at once abstain,
'Twill give light heart and clearer brain;
True Temp'rance saves from want and pain,
Come and sign.

150. I'M GOING TO ENLIST, BOYS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Joyfully.

I'm go - ing to en - list, boys, I'm go - ing to en - list, Our

brave tee - to - tal war - ri - ors, I'm go - ing to as - sist, To fight the direst

e - ne-my that ev-er did en - thral, With old and young an army strong, We'll

chase King Al - co - hol. On, steady, boys! March on, steady, boys! March on, steady, boys,

sound the fife and drum! All be rea-dy, boys, see our armies come! Our

Our warriors gay,

warriors gay, Let none dismay, Let none dismay, March on for we shall gain the

ff

Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry! For we shall gain the Vic - to - ry!

They've sent enough to prison, boys,
They've filled each poorhouse, too,
Our hospitals are crowded so
They don't know what to do;
But we've a simple remedy,
Then let us all unite;
At once begin, we're sure to win,
We'll set the nation right.

We'll turn the barrels out, boys,
We'll knock them through and through,
And say to every landlord,
"We've had enough of you!"
We'll give them marching orders, boys,
To work like honest men,
Or emigrate to some new State,
And not come back again.

151. THE JOLLY ABSTAINER.

Words by W. HOYLE.
Music by BRADBURY.

Suc-cess to the jol-ly ab-stain-er, A right worthy fel-low is he,
He's set-ting a nob-le ex-am-ple, By liv-ing the life of the free.

la, la, la!

Slow.

Though drunkards with jest-ing re-vile him, While boasting the wine's rud-dy light,

Quick. S

He pit-ies their sin and their blindnes, And sings I will drink water bright, Ha, ha, ha!

1st time. D.S. | 2nd time.

ha, ha, ha! And sings I will drink wa-ter bright, ha, ha! bright, ha, ha!

The longer he keeps to bright water,
The deeper his hatred for drink;
The stronger his arm is to labour,
The clearer his head is to think.
While drinkers are seeking the doctor,
To save them from alcohol's might,
He lives to old age strong and hearty,
And sings I will drink water bright.

His home is the scene of contentment,
His children are rosy and gay,
His wife is a treasure of beauty,
So happy and cheerful each day.
What care he for lordly ambition,
But give him the way that is right,
He's happy in any condition,
And sings I will drink water bright.

152. THE TEETOTAL CAR.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Joyfully.

On foot I trudg'd it wea - ri - ly When in the drunkard's school, But now I seem to ride alway, For temp'rance is my rule, I'm glad I entered on the track, To have a car so fine, For now I drive to town and back, In this handsome car of mine, Mer-ri-ly O! I drive away! drive a-way! drive a-way! Mer-ri-ly O! I drive away, In my tee-to-tal car.

I met the Landlord of the "Queen"
As I drove out one day,
He said, "Why Jack, where have you been?
You never pass this way;
I thought you'd gone to New South Wales,
Or else to Timbuctoo;
You never call to try our ales,
Have I offended you?" &c.

"Why, Landlord, no offence—I mean
I've not roamed very far,
I've only had a journey in
A fine teetotal car.
'Tis very strong, tho' rather old—
Of course, it won't suit you;
They say 'tis worth its weight in gold,
And I believe 'tis true," &c.

"Why, Jack, you're thirsty driving so,
You surely want a rest;
Pray just step in—now don't say 'No'
My liquors are the best.
I've got a fine museum now,
With gems from foreign climes;
If you step in I'll show you how
We keep up with the times," &c.

"Thank you, I'd rather be excused,
I cannot longer stay;
My car improves the more 'tis used,
So I must jog away.
Just tell the lady in the bar,
Who wears the satin gown,
That Jack has mounted on a car,
And cannot well get down," &c.

153. THERE'S A DAWN.

W. H. DOANE.

There's a dawn to day-light grow-ing, Toil a - way, toil a - way! There's a

tide of rea-son flowing—Work and pray, work and pray. Lo a spi-rit leaps to

birth, Robed in truth and mor-ral worth, That shall pu-ri-fy the earth, In the

Chorus.

fu-ture day. Then work away, work and pray, Work a-way to-day, Time flies a-way,

Time flies a-way! Work away, work and pray, Work away to-day, Work till the day-light fades.

Aid the movement every preacher,
Toil away, toil away,
Aid it every Sabbath teacher—
Work and pray, work and pray
Aid it hosts of Christian men,
Pulpit, platform, press and pen,
Eden's flower shall bloom again,
In the future day.

Sound abroad the saving chorus,
Toil away, toil away,
There's a noble work before us—
Work and pray, work and pray.
Courage, labour and be true;
Better days are just in view,
Choicest blessings wait for you,
In the future day.

154. THE WAY TO LIFE'S SUCCESS.

PART-SONG, OR SOLO AND CHORUS. Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Not too fast. *D.C.*

The way to life's suc - cess, my boys, Is not in tav - ern found,
For when a man is mo - ney-less He's like a ship a - ground;

In vain he looks for friends, my boys, If not him-self be true; He'll find a score of

Chorus.

en - e-mies, But friends are far and few. A - rise! a - rise! Fa-therland to bless;

Sign, oh, sign the Temp'rance Pledge! On-ward with us press! A - rise! a - rise!

Fa - ther-land to bless; Ab - stain-ers all may find the way to life's suc - cess.

How many men begin the race
With spirits high and bright?
But soon their courage fails them, boys,
They leave the path of right.
The music of the tavern sounds
So charming to their ears;
They part with cash and manliness,
And fill sweet home with tears.

The road to honour, wealth, and fame,
Before the world still lies;
The humblest may be great, my boys,
The feeblest gain a prize.
But pipe and bowl disturb the brain,
And make the man a slave;
He falters in the race of life,
And drops into the grave.

155. YE NOBLE SIRES.

Words by W. HOYLE.
Music by CALCOTT.

Ye no - ble sires of Eng - land, That love our na - tive land,

A - rise an ar - my brave and strong, At du - ty's stern com - mand;

Your glo - rious he - ri - tage de - fend, Drive back the dead - ly foe.

Bravely fight for the right, Bravely fight for the right, Bravely fight for the right,

Chorus.

And in- temp'rance o - ver - throw,..... and in-temp'rance o - ver - throw,.....

For hon - our truth and Fa - ther-land, In - tem-p'rance o - ver - throw.

See! see our homes in ruin,
Our beauteous daughters slain,
Our stalwart sons in dread despair
Beneath the tyrant's chain.
The cry of freedom raise again,
To lay the monster low.
Bravely fight for the right.

Ten thousand tongues shall bless you,
On that auspicious day,
When, strong in heav'n's resistless might,
Ye roll the curse away.
United in our sacred cause,
Strike down the giant foe.
Bravely fight for the right.

129

156. OPPOSITE MY WINDOW.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

Op-po-site my window stands a spi-rit vault. Oft I see my neighbours madly rushing in;

Strange they ne-ver fal-ter, strange they never halt, In the path of ru-in, shame, and sin.

Chorus. Cheerfully.

Sign, brother, sign, brother, sign the pledge of Temp'rance, Gather health & beauty Where the fountains play.

Sign, brother, sign the pledge of Temp'rance, Ga-ther health where the fountains play.

Sign, brother, sign, brother, work for truth & Temp'rance, Sign, sign the pledge, brother, while you may.

Sign, brother, sign, for truth and Temp'rance.

See your darling children
Gathered round the fire,
How they catch your glances,
Mark your words and deeds.
Would you banish evil,
Cherish pure desire;
Teach them what a heav'n-
Born spirit needs.

See your friends and kindred
Falling one by one,
Heedless of each warning,
Drink they to the last.
Bringing shame and sorrow,
Death and judgment on
Every call of grace
And mercy past.

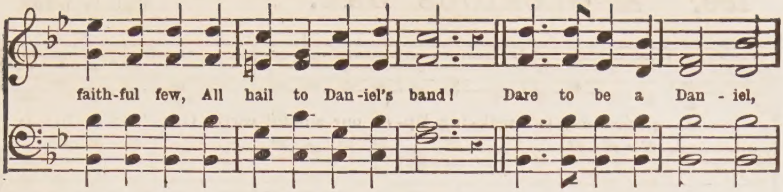
Say not in temptation
You will never fall.
Rather heed the warning,
Now the promise make;
Haste to save your country,
Rise at duty's call,
Every effort make
For Jesus' sake.

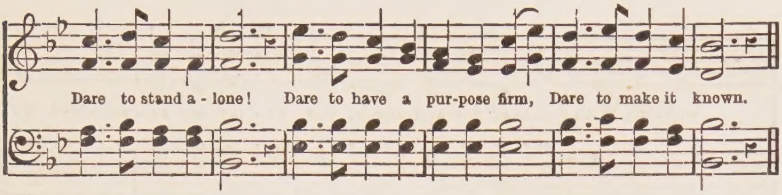
157. DANIEL'S BAND.

Music and Words by P. P. BLISS.

Boldly.

Standing by a pur-pose true, Heed-ing God's com-mands, Hon-our them the





Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host,
By joining Daniel's Band.

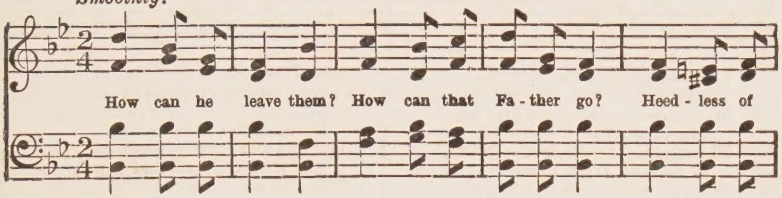
Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall
If met by Daniel's Band.

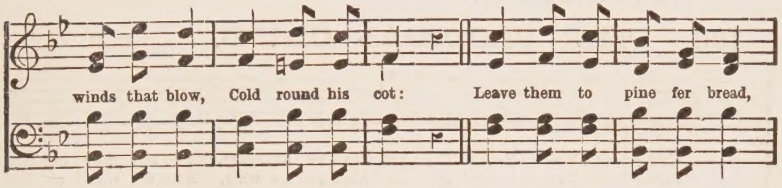
Hold the Gospel banner high!
On to victory grand!
Satan and his host defy,
And shout for Daniel's Band!

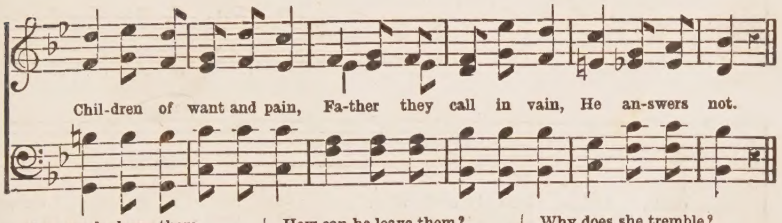
158. THE FATHER RECLAIMED.

GERMAN AIR.

Smoothly.







How can he leave them,
Leave to the tempter's power
Passing each golden hour
Careless away.
While in his dreary home
Sad tears for him are shed,
Is every feeling dead?
How can he stay?

How can he leave them?
Pale is the mother's brow,
Hope's dying embers now
Fade in despair;
Folding her precious ones,
Hark thro' the midnight dim,
Oh, how she prays for Him!
Lord, hear her prayer!

Why does she tremble?
Was it his voice that said,
"Lift up thy drooping head,
Sorrow is o'er.
Come to your father's arms,
Children, your fears are past,
I am reclaimed at last,
I'll drink no more."

159. A GLORIOUS DAY.

Music by WEBB.

A glorious day is break-ing Up-on our sin-ful earth; Our land to life is wak-ing, With shouts of joy and mirth; Our ar-my is as-sem-bled To meet the deadly foe, In countless numbers marshall'd, Our soldiers onward go.

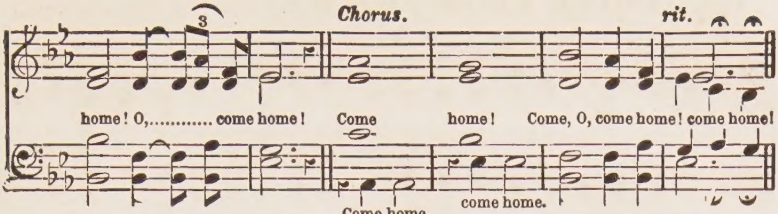
The Temp'rance flag is waving
O'er valley, hill, and plain,
Where ocean's sons are braving
The dangers of the main.
The pledge, the pledge, is given,
To float on every breeze,
Waft it, propitious heaven,
O'er all the earth and seas.

The Temp'rance cause is gaining
New laurels every day;
The youthful mind we're training
To walk in virtue's way.
Old age and sturdy manhood
Are with us heart and hand,
Then let us all united
In one great army stand.

160. THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

W. H. DOANE.

Come home! come home! Thou art wea-ry at heart, For the way has been dark, And so lone-ly and wild. O pro-di-gal child! Come
Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the gate, While the shadows are piled. O pro-di-gal child! Come

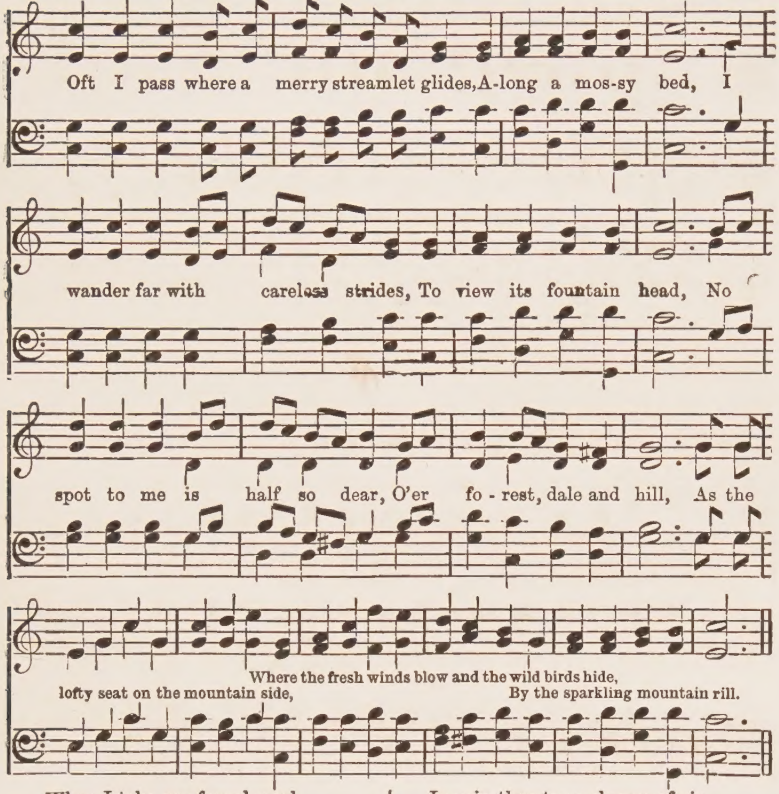


Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled.

Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there,
Then, to friends reconciled,

161. THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

Music by G. F. Root.
Words by W. Hoyle.



When I take my frugal meal,
I drink from the mountain rill;
How happy and content I feel,
No drunkard e'er can tell.
Observing nature's simple laws,
I'm blest with rosy health, [light,
With a head that's clear, and a heart that's
No pain nor ache from morn till night,
Is better far than wealth.

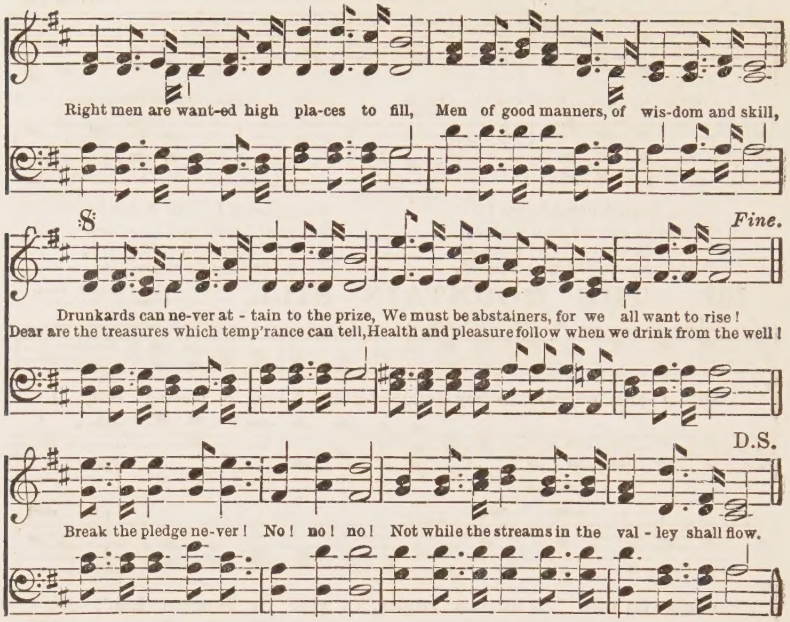
Oft I sigh for deluded souls,
Who seek the drunkard's cup;
Within their veins a poison rolls,
Which soon will burn them up;

In vain they try a change of air,
In vain the doctor's skill:
They ne'er can live, unless they try
Their glass to fill like you and I,
From the sparkling mountain rill.

Soon, ah! soon would a thousand ills
Flee from our native land,
Were all to drink from sparkling rills
That flow on every hand;
They are sent to cheer each living thing,
From boundless stores above,
Then shall we God's own gift despise
For cups wherein a mocker lies,
And thus ungrateful prove?

162. DRINK FROM THE WELL.

Words by W. HOYLE.
Music by C. H. WORK.



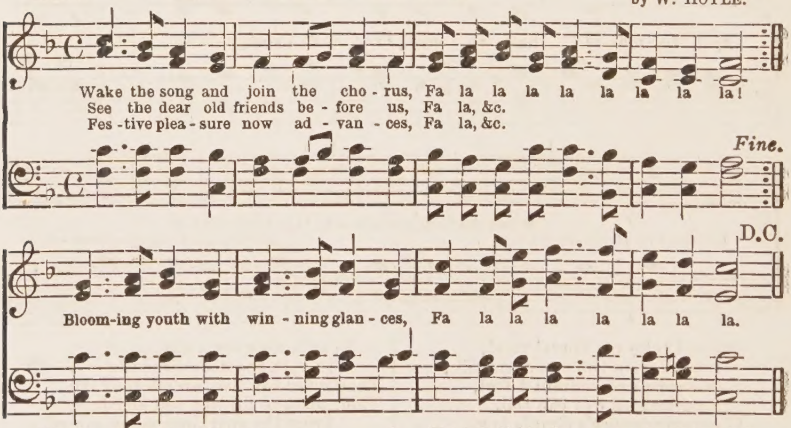
Strength we require for the steep hill of life,
Armour we want ere we enter the strife,
Weak is the drunkard, and helpless he lies,
We must be abstainers, for we all want to rise

Who'd be a drunkard, with old ragged clothes,
Covered with shame, with derision, and woes?
Warned by his fall, we are sober and wise;
We must be abstainers, for we all want to rise.

Drunkards begin with a small glass or so,
None are secure but abstainers we know;
Health, time, and money are talents we prize,
We must be abstainers, for we all want to rise.

163. WAKE THE SONG.

Words and Harmony
by W. HOYLE.



Happily we meet together, fa la,
Heedless of the wind or weather, fa la,
Strangers to the drunkard's folly. fa la,
Banish grief and melancholy, fa la.

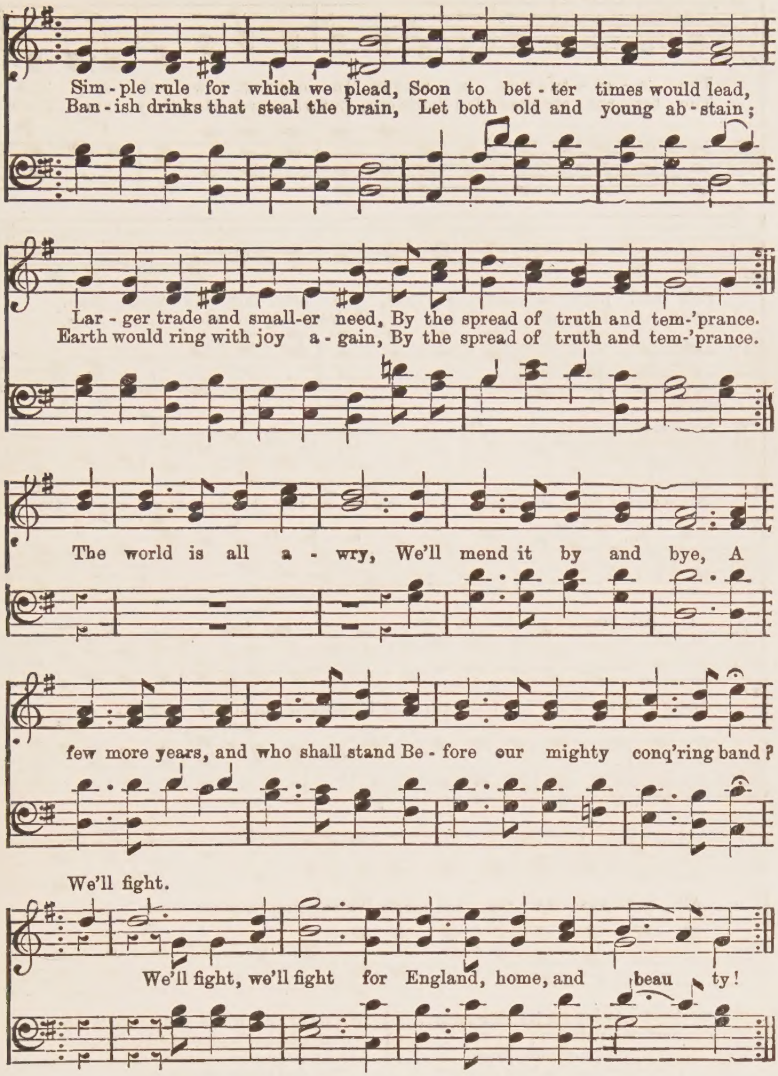
Drinkers drain their fiery glasses, fa la,
Water all their drink surpasses, fa la,
From the crystal fountain flowing, fa la,
Health and happiness are glowing, fa la,

Through the land our cause is gaining, fa la,
Truth, each hostile band disdaining, fa la,
Soon shall cover all the nation, fa la,
Hail the glorious reformation, fa la.

Wake the song and join the chorus, fa la,
Brighter days are yet before us, fa la,
Press we on, the conflict sharing, fa la,
In the good work ne'er despairing, fa la.

164. THE WORLD IS ALL AWRY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.



Statesmen puzzle their wits to find
Measures to improve mankind;
Don't you think they're very blind
When they can't find truth & temperance?
Patriots, judges, many a score,
Every year drink's work deplore;
Strange they open the ale-house door
While they talk of truth and temperance!

Doctors very politely say,
"Drink a little strong drink you may,"
Well they know what brings their pay;
They're afraid of truth and temperance.

Gentlemen and ladies fine,
When they walk abroad, or dine,
Empty bottles of beer and wine,
Never dream of truth and temperance.

Land of Bibles! land of might!
Messenger of gospel light!
Raise thyself from error's night,
By the spread of truth and temperance.
Land of drunkards! land of crime!
By-word thou in every clime!
When shall dawn thy purer time
By the spread of truth and temperance?

165. CLEAR THE WAY.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

Boldly.

The a - gi - ta - tion is be-gun In ear-nest now, you see, The
The ter - ror - stricken landlords cry, But who cares what they say, Their

rich and poor u - nite in one, To set our na - tion free.
gold - en days are pass - ing by, We're going to clear the way.

No mat-ter what landlords say, We're go-ing to clear the way! Our

army's ris - ing, all sur - pris-ing! Deeds of brave-ry banish slavery!

All get rea - dy for the strife, We're going to clear the way.

Strong drink has long a barrier been
To honest competence;
How many subjects of our Queen
Lose all their hard-earned pence?
Their starving wives and children sink
In anguish and dismay;
When sober, how they wish the drink
Ten thousand miles away. No, &c.

Strong drink assails the intellect,
Drives reason from her throne;
The course of thought we can't direct
While strong drink keeps men down.
In vain we build fine colleges,
In vain we preach and pray;
We cannot make men good and wise
While drink is in the way. No, &c.

We ne'er can win a deathless fame
For all that's good and great,
While strong drink is our country's shame,
The weakness of our state.
Not all our arms, our arts, can save
Our nation from decay,
Unless we rise like patriots brave,
And roll the curse away. No, &c.

All glory to the God of truth,
The cruel trade can't stand,
We're raising up our British youth
To save our fatherland.
Like patriots brave we'll do the right;
We'll surely win the day,
For Heaven will help us in the fight;
So shall we clear the way. No, &c.

166. SWELL THE LOUD CHORUS.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by C. Avison.

Boldly.

Swell the loud chorus! re - joice ye with me! The time is ad - vancing when

all shall be free! Long have we striven dire e - vils to ban - ish, Lo

drink, a huge barrier, stands yet in our way. Frustrating all ef-forts to

spread re - for - ma - tion, O haste ye the ad - vent of freedom's fair day.

Swell the loud chorus! re - joice ye with me! The time is ad - vancing when

all shall be free! when all shall be free! when all shall be free!

Shouts of thanksgiving shall rise thro' the land,
The freemen of temperance shall gloriously stand;
Drunkards, long pinioned, shall break from their fet-
And rise with religion and temp'rance endued; [ters,
Our young men and maidens, no longer degraded,
Shall live the pure lives of the holy and good.
Swell the loud, &c.

Praise ye the Lord, for the day shall arise;
How vast is our army! the noble and wise,
See how they gather from city and village,
A numberless host marching on to the fight!
Jehovah shall smite every foe with confusion,
And vict'ry shall bring to the champions of right
Swell the loud, &c.

167 MY NATIVE LAND.

Words by W. Hey.e.
Music Adapted.

Boldly.

FINE.

My pray'rs to heav'n as - cend for thee, Na - tive land, my na - tive land!
I long to see thy children free, Na - tive, &c.
O when shall peace reign ev - er - more, Na - tive, &c.

D.C.

The des-pot drink still treads thy shore, His track is marked with crimson gore,

Thou hast a fame thro' distant parts,
Native land, my native land!
For willing hands and loving hearts,
Native land, my native land!
Thy domes of splendour grace the skies;
Like mountains vast thy cities rise;
And thou hast many great and wise,
Native land, my native land!

But think not thou art great and strong,
Native land, my native land!
Boast not thy fame in art and song,
Native land, my native land!

While on thy shore a deadly foe
Is yearly laying thousands low,
And filling hearts and homes with woe,
Native land, my native land!

Yet thou hast many brave and true,
Native land, my native land!
Who nobly will their duty do,
Native land, my native land!
I hear thee rising for the fight,
Thou soon wilt crush the tyrant's might,
For God will surely aid the right,
Native land, my native land!

168 SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

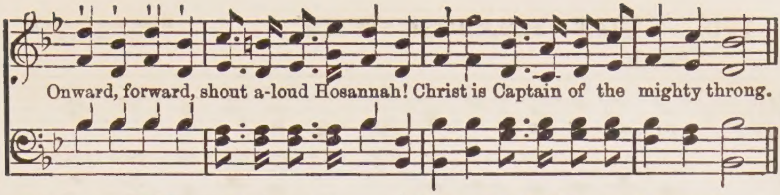
W. F. Sherwin.

Martial.

Sound the battle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord;

Gird your armour on, Stand firm every one, Rest your cause upon His holy word.

Rouse, then, Soldiers! rally round the banner, Ready, steady, pass the word along;



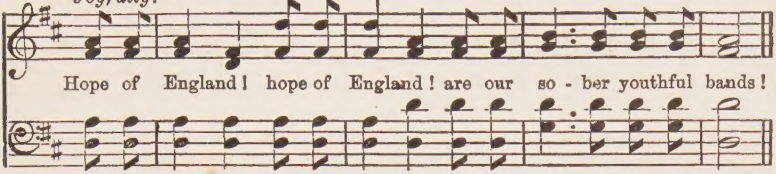
Strong to meet the foe, marching on we go,
Whilst our cause we know must prevail;
Shield and banner bright gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right we ne'er can fail, &c.

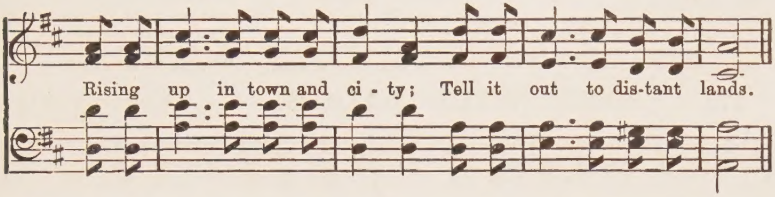
Oh, thou God of all! hear us when we call,
Help us one and all by thy grace:
When the battle's done, and the victory won,
May we wear the crown before Thy face, &c.

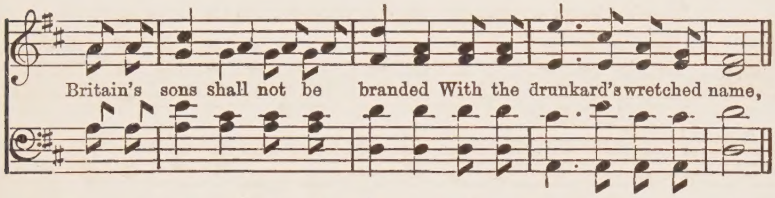
169. HOPE OF ENGLAND.

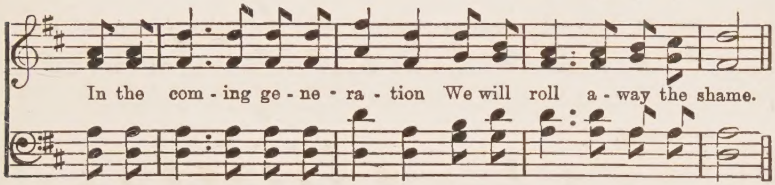
Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by G. F. Root.

Joyfully.









With religion and with temperance
We will face our country's foe,
In the strength of God, our Leader,
Forth to conflict we will go.
Girded with the Christian armour
We will watch and we will pray,
And our solemn vow remember
As we journey on our way.

All the drunkard's ways avoiding
In the days of early youth,
We will heed the voice of conscience,
And regard the word of truth

Growing up a sober people,
Living only for the Lord,
Who can tell our joys and blessings!
Who can count our sure reward!

Hope of England! hope of England!
What a glorious hope have we!
Soon the cause of truth shall triumph,
And our nation shall be free.
Britain's sons shall not be branded
With the drunkard's wretched name,
In the coming generation
We will roll away the shame.

170. THE REASON WHY.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

Would you know the rea - son why We are young ab - stain - ers?

We can tell you if we try, Wherein we are gain - ers.

try, Wherein we are

First we say that we don't need
Drunkard's fiery potion,
We believe the drinker's creed
Is a foolish notion.

Count the losses which arise
Through a course of drinking,
You will see there's something wise
In our way of thinking.

Some may boast of mod'rate cups,
We to such are strangers;
Well we know that little sups
Are beset with dangers.

Farthest from the precipice
Farthest is from ruin;
Those who run the drinker's race
Think not what they're doing.

Moral wrecks are strewn around,
Beacon lights are burning,
While in safety we are found,
Let us heed the warning.

Would you know the reason why
We are young abstainers?
Sign our pledge and fairly try
Wherein we are gainers.

171. SOME WILL LAUGH.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Lively.

Some will laugh at sparkling wa- ter, They will call it weak and pale,

But it ne - ver makes us stag-ger, Like the slaves of gin and ale.

𝄋 *Chorus.* D.S.

Sing, sing! let us sing; We can be mer-ry with the crys-tal spring.

merry let us sing, mer - ry with the

We can drink a glass of water,
Innocent enjoyment take,
While we keep to simple water
We can never drunkards make.

We've no headache in the morning,
No distressing fears and pains;
Water never leaves us wounded,
Never steals away our brains.

Would you know the charms of water,
Cast the drunkard's drink away;
Fill a goblet from the fountain
Dancing in the light of day.

172. WHEN THE DRINK IS IN.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Smoothly.

When the drink is in, boys, all the wit is out; What a shame to see the men a - bout, Reel-ing on the pavement, fall-ing on the stones, Bruis-ing all their bones.

Chorus.

Never, ne-ver drink, ne-ver, never drink, Ne - ver, ne-ver, ne - ver drink, Ne-ver, ne-ver

While there's youth and beauty, let us pause and think; If we take the first glass, drink, let us pause, let us pause and think.

life may run to waste, No, no, no, we'll ne - ver, ne - ver taste. ne - ver taste.

When the drink is in, boys, all the money goes;
What a shame to see the children's clothes
Hanging all in tatters on each slender form,
Helpless in the storm!

When the drink is in, boys, home is full of strife;
What a shame to see the drunkard's wife,
Sad and broken-hearted, dying 'neath the woes,
Cruel words and blows!

When the drink is in, boys, man is but a slave;
What a shame, while Britons rule the wave!
Let us save the children, set the drunkard free—
England great will be.

173. THE YOUNG ABSTAINER.

I am a young ab - stain-er, sir, From drink-ing cus-toms free; If o-thers choose the drunkard's drink, Pure wa-ter give to me, Pure cold wa-ter, Wa-ter give to me, For I'm a young ab - stain-er, From drinking customs free.

The drunkard is a careless man,
He throws his cash away,
He does not save his money up
Against an evil day.

The drunkard is a cruel man,
And thus we often see
His wretched wife and family
In rags and misery.

The drunkard is a wicked man,
He quite neglects his mind,
And God will punish him for that,
As he will surely find.

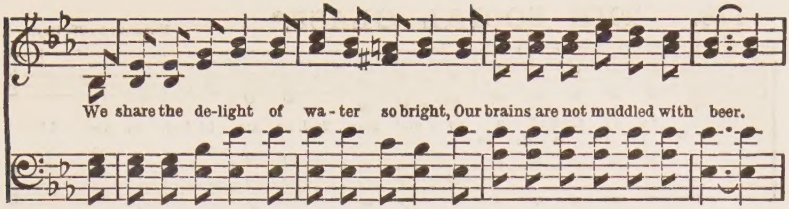
I am a young teetotaler,
From drinking customs free;
Can't you give up the drunkard's drink,
And come and work with me?

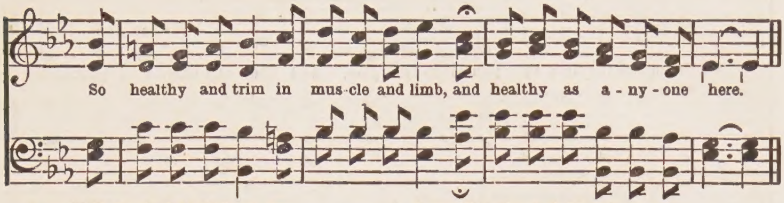
174. A GAY LITTLE BAND.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Lively.

A gay lit-tle band of ab-stain-ers, we, So cheer-ful and hap-py each day; The pleasures of Ab-stinence here you see, No mat-ter what drunkards may say.



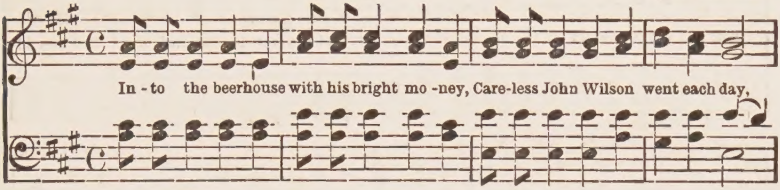


A gay little band of Abstainers, we
Have something to say unto you;
We think it is wiser to join the free
Than follow the drinking crew.
For though you may drink but little, we think
That little may lead unto more,
And down you may fall, though reason may call,
Like thousands have fallen before.

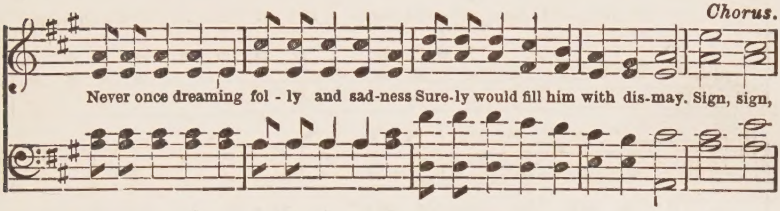
A gay little band of Abstainers, we
Are cheered by the sights we behold:
The homes of Abstainers, their lives so free—
The tale has been many times told.
Then come if you will, our army to fill,
And help us to lessen the sin;
Come join in the fight for freedom and right,
And soon we shall victory win.

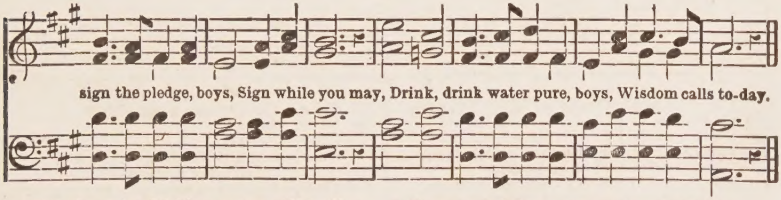
175. JOHN WILSON.

Music and Words
by W. HOYLE.



Chorus.





With his mates drinking, money still lasting,
Merry the wheel of time went round;
Swiftly there gathered many a trouble,
Out of employ, no cash was found.

Into the beer-house, pockets all empty,
Vainly John Wilson sought a friend;
From his bright counter shouted the landlord,
"Wilson, on self you must depend."

Came again labour, soon the bright shillings
Gathered inside John Wilson's purse;
Well he remembered words of the landlord,
Sober and free, saved from the curse.

Passing the beer-house, shouted the landlord,
"Wilson, pray take a glass so nice."
"Nevermore! Landlord, I'm an abstainer,
Carrying out your good advice."

176. THE SOCIAL GLASS.*

Harmony by W. Hoyle.

1st. I'm ve - ry fond of a so - cial glass. 2nd. So am I! 3rd. So am I!

1st. It makes the time so plea-sant - ly pass, And fills the heart with plea-sure.

2nd. Ah! wa - ter pure doth brighter shine than brandy, rum, or sparkling wine,

3rd. But sad is the fix if the liquors you mix. 1st. Oh! I never do that! 2nd. Nor I! 3rd. Nor I!

Chorus. O yes we love the so - cial glass, But it must be fill'd with water,

Wis - dom says "Be temp'rate now" To ev - 'ry son and daughter.

2nd Choir.—I like with a friend an hour to pass,
3rd Choir.—So do I!
1st Choir.—So do I!
2nd Choir.—But never with the "social glass,"
Unless it be cold water.
1st Choir.—No! friendship's joys are so divine,
They never should be mixed with wine;
2nd Choir.—Perhaps you may think
That I love strong drink?
3rd Choir.—I certainly do!
1st Choir.—And I!
2nd Choir.—Not I! *Chorus*—O yes, &c.

3rd Choir.—I love to sing a temperance glee,
1st Choir.—So do I!
2nd Choir.—So do I!
3rd Choir.—I long to see the inebriate free,
And every moderate drinker.
2nd Choir.—I'm glad to meet with friends so true,
For I have long been temperate too;
3rd Choir.—Then I understand he's a temperate man?
1st Choir.—I reckon he is.
2nd Choir.—You're right.
3rd Choir.—All's right. *Chorus*—O yes, &c.

* *Only the Chorus of this piece is sung in harmony. The singers are divided into three Choirs—Treble and Alto 1st, Tenor 2nd, and Bass 3rd. Each Choir must observe where they should sing The complete harmony is added for the accompaniment only.*

177. PULL TOGETHER BOYS.

Music and Words by W. Hoyle.

See, brothers, see, the storm comes on, The waves roll mountains high! 'Mid rocks and sands poor drunkards glide, O list ye to their cry; Their wretched bark no storm will stand, Upon the rocks they're gone, Man well our temp'rance boat, O save! Ere death's dark night comes on. Pull, pull to - ge-ther, boys, Pull, pull to - geth-er boys, Pull, pull to - geth - er boys, Like brothers ev - 'ry one.

They thought their moderation bark
Would weather any gale,
They heard not warning words from crews
Who knew well how to sail:
Awhile they bask in sunny rays,
Then lo! a storm comes on,
They wish they'd pull'd together, boys,
Like brothers every one. &c.

The treacherous rocks and quicksands, boys,
Are sin in many forms;
Life's voyagers may soon be lost
When rise temptation's storms;
But with our temperance life-boat strong,
Religion leading on,
Our hopes are bright, as on we glide,
Like brothers every one. &c.

Temptation's storms around us rise,
Who does not feel their power?
Alas! how many barks are lost
In some unguarded hour!
O let us pray that all good men
May help our life boat on,
And pull through life together boys,
Like brothers every one. &c.

178. A CRY FOR HELP.

Words by Rev. Chas. Garrett.
Harmony by W. H. Whitehead.

mf

Intemp'rance spreads o'er all the land, Breathing its blight on young and
Its work is seen on ev - ry hand, Filling men's hearts with grief un-

ritard.

old; / told. } Within its toils our brethren lie In sin and mi - se - ry, and

tempo. *dim.*

shame, Too dull to think, too weak to fly, Enslav'd in Freedom's sacred name.

The young are sinking day by day
In deepest sin, and wretchedness;
In anguish wild to you they pray,
To help them in their sore distress.
They cry aloud, they cry to you—
The strong, the wise, the pure, the good—
You, who such sorrow never knew,
And in such danger ne'er have stood.

Oh, Christians! pass not heedless by;
'Tis Christ's own lambs for help who call;
On wings of love to aid them fly,
And rest not till ye save them all.
Begin at once, begin to-day,
Their sorrows chase, the cause destroy,
Each home shall then be pure indeed,
And filled with light, and peace, and joy.

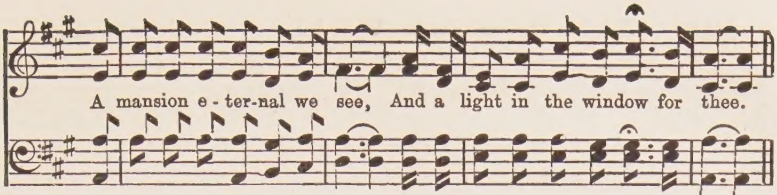
179. A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

Melody by Bradbury.
Harmony by W. Hoyle.

There's a light in the window for thee, brother, There's a light in the window for thee,

A dear one has mov'd to the mansions above, There's a light in the window for thee,

A mansion e - ter - nal we see, And a light in the window for thee.



There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care you are free,
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee. A mansion,&c.

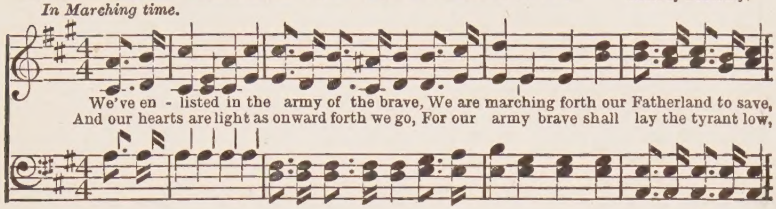
O watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee. A mansion,&c.

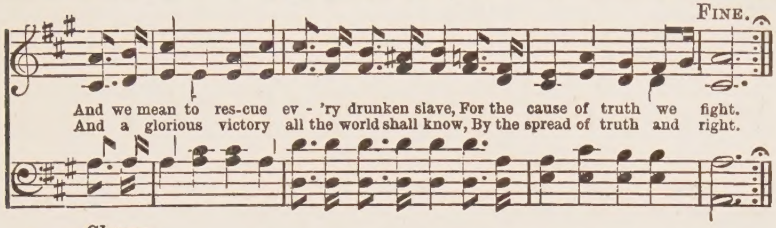
Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till, from conflict and suffering free,
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,[&c.
There's a light in the window for thee. A mansion,

180. THE ARMY OF THE BRAVE.

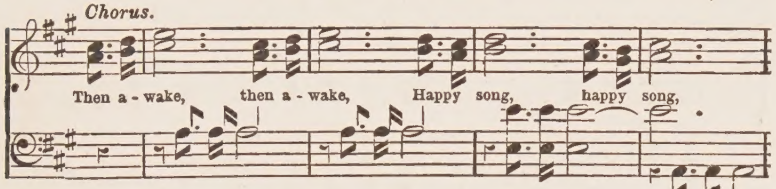
Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Bradbury.

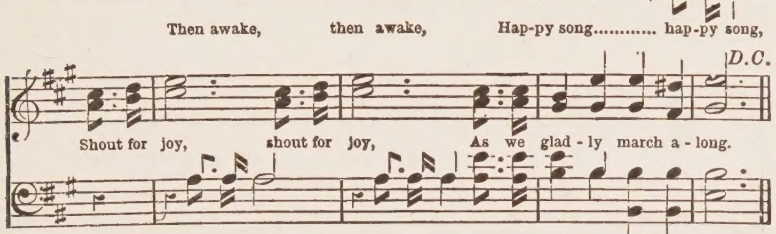
In Marching time.





Chorus.





Shout for joy, shout for joy, As we glad - ly march a - long.

But, we wish to tell you, while we gather here,
There is room for you, if you will volunteer
In the great crusade, to banish wine and beer
And the drinks that sadly blight.
'Tis a glorious work in which we all engage,—
To protect our youth from error's cruel rage,
And the drunkards give the blessings of the pledge,
By the spread of truth and right.
Then awake! &c. And our hearts, &c.

Oh! the land has long in error's fetters lain,
And the tyrant drink has many thousands slain;
But we're rallying all to charge with might & main.
Come and join us in the fight.
And the Lord of hosts shall lead us in the fray,
For He knows our aim, & hears His servants pray,
And His word is sure, strong drink shall flee away
By the spread of truth and right.
Then awake! &c. And our hearts, &c.

181. ALL MAY BE WELL.

Words and Harmony by W. Hoyle.

A poor de - graded drunkard was pining o'er his lot, For-getting that his

fol - ly his wretchedness had brought, But he met a temp'rance brother who

unto him did say, "There is hope in the future if you will watch and pray.

All may be well, false ha - bit now as - sail, And let the kind

Spirit's voice pre - vail; Crave par-don for the past; look up with courage

true; Sign to - day, while you may; All may be well."

Adown his cheeks so furrowed
The scalding tear-drops stole,
The warning voice of conscience
Awoke within his soul,
For he thought of days departed,
When home's bright joys did twine,
And he cried, broken-hearted,
"Can peace again be mine?"
All, &c.

The pledge book was the token
Of brighter, better days,
His children danced around him,
His wife broke forth in praise,
And he hastens now to rescue
Poor drunkards all around,
By relating the blessings
Which he through grace had found.
All, &c.

182. THE BUBBLING SPRING.

W. B. Bradbury.

1 Ver. A song, a song to the bubbling spring, so clear and bright, Let us all its praises sing,
2 Ver. How sweet it is, when tired and faint With noontide heat, Here to quaff the gushingware,
3 Ver. No grief or discord here is found, None here is found, Peace and love and joy abound,

pp

Sing, sing to - night. Sparkle lit - tle fountain, singing ev - er gai - ly,
Cool, cool and sweet. Sparkle lit - tle fountain, singing ev - er gai - ly,
Joys, joys, a - bound. Sparkle lit - tle fountain, singing ev - er gai - ly,

Spar - kle lit - tle foun - - tain, sing - ing ev - er gai - - ly,

Sparkle little fountain, singing ever gai - ly, Cheer us with thy music, Cheer us, cheer us daily,
Sparkle little fountain, singing ever gai - ly, Cheer us with thy music, Cheer us, cheer us daily,
Sparkle little fountain, singing ever gai - ly, Cheer us with thy music, Cheer us, cheer us daily,

Cheer us with thy mu - - - - sic, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly,

Sparkle little fountain singing ev - er gai-ly, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly, dai - ly,
Cheer us with thy mu - - - - sic, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly,

Sparkle little fountain singing ev - er gai - ly, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly, dai - ly.

f

Tra la la la la la la la la Tra la la Tra la la la Tra la la la

Tra la la la la la la la la la, Cheer us, cheer us dai - ly.

183. SING WE MERRILY.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music arranged by Bradbury

Joyfully.

Sing we mer-ri- ly! Sing we mer-ri - ly! Blissful strains we love to sing, With sweetest har-mony! sweetest har-mony! Shall the wak-ing echoes ring, Welcome friend and welcome stranger! All who love the soul of song, And all who love the cause of freedom, Wel - come to our fes - tive throng!

Hail! hail this hap - py day! Hail! hail this hap - py day!

Hail this day! hail this day! Hail this hap - py day!

yes

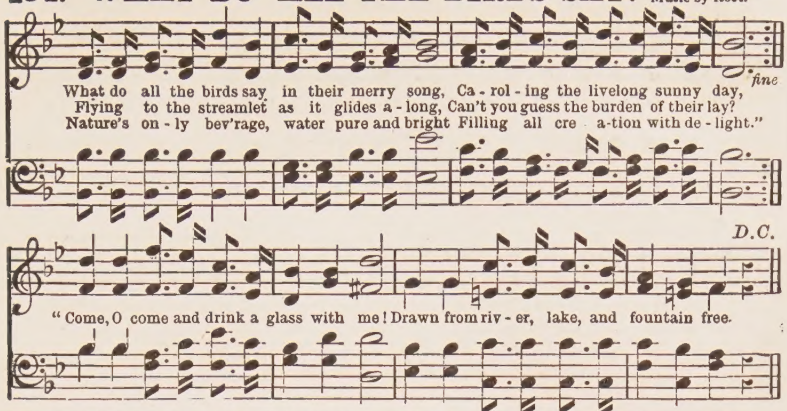
yes

Joy and happiness! joy and happiness!
Flow to cheer us on our way,
While love and purity! love and purity,
Fill our hearts from day to day.
Welcome, &c.

Homes are beautiful, homes are beautiful,
Children sing and children play,
And earth seems lovelier, earth seems lovelier
When true Temp'rance holds her sway-
Welcome, &c.

184. WHAT DO ALL THE BIRDS SAY.

Words by W. Hoyle.
Music by Root.



What do all the beasts say in the distant wold,
Over mountain range or trackless sand?
"We perform our task in seasons hot or cold,
Strength and long endurance we command," &c.

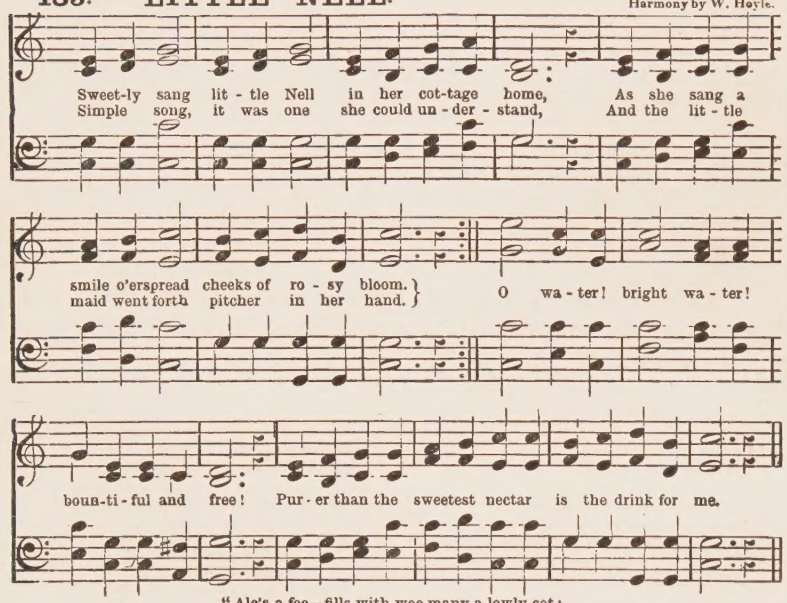
What do all the fish say in the ocean wide,
Gliding on beneath the billows free?
"We could never live where fiery drinks abide,
Water is the only drink we see," &c.

What do all the trees say in their murmurs low
Bending heavy branches to the breeze?
"Water fills our roots and makes our branches grow,
Yielding precious fruit to feed and please," &c.

What do all the flowers say, deck'd with pearly dew,
Sparkling like a thousand gems of light?
"Tints of rarest beauty, sweetest fragrance too,
Dwell in goblets from the fountain bright." &c.

185. LITTLE NELL.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.



"Ale's a foe—fills with woe many a lowly cot;
Those who love it do not know our most happy lot,"
As she sang still her song, soon she reached a rill,
Kneeled the daisied grass among, there her jug to fill. &c.

Near the stream lay a man, careworn, down to rest;
Upward rose the weary sigh from his aching breast,
He to vile drunkenness was a wretched slave,
Well he knew his course might lead to a hopeless grave, &c.

And he heard every word sung so sweetly still,
As she tarried for the pitcher at the sparkling rill,
Then he said to the maid, singing in her glee,
"O that water, precious water, had sufficed for me." &c.

186. LOVE AT HOME.

Harmony by W. Hoyle.

There is beauty all around When there's love at home; There is joy in ev-'ry sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plen-ty here a-bide, Smiling sweet on ev-'ry side, Time doth softly sweetly glide, When there's love at home. Love at home, Love at home. Time doth soft-ly sweet-ly glide When there's love at home.

In the cottage there is joy,
When there's love at home;
Hate and envy ne'er annoy,
When there's love at home.
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home, &c.

Kindly heaven smiles above,
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love,
When there's love at home.

Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky;
Oh, there's One who smiles on high
When there's love at home, &c.

Jesus, make me wholly Thine,
Then there's love at home;
May Thy gentle life be mine,
Then there's love at home.
Safely from all harm I'll rest,
With no sinful care distressed,
Through Thy tender mercy blessed,
With Thy love at home, &c.

187. MY HAPPY HOME.

Air by J. H. McNAUGHTON.
Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

Sweet-ly on the mountain side, Where the wild birds love to roam,

And the crys - tal fountains glide, Stands my hap - py home.

There be - fore my rap - tured sight, Na - ture clad in splendour bright,

S. *Fine.*

Fills my soul with pure de - light, In my hap - py home.
Cho. Brightest hopes and pur - est joys, In my hap - py home.

Chorus. D.S.

Dear - est, hap - py home! My sweet, hap - py home!

What is all the world to me?
There the sweetest flowers bloom;
I am sober, I am free
In my happy home.
Strong to labour through the day,
Gaily pass the hours away,
Evening falls, I love to stay
In my happy home.

Rosy children, gentle wife,
Nevermore care I to roam;
I have all the bliss of life
In my happy home.
Wealth or fame I covet not,
Passing joys too dearly bought,
Give me still my lowly cot,
My dear, happy home.

188. BEAUTIFUL HOME!

Air by S. M. SAYLES.
Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

Beau - ti - ful home with Temp'rance bless'd, Hap - py they who find thy rest;

Earth with-out thee were lost in gloom— Home ev - er peace - ful, beau - ti - ful home!

Chorus.

p

Home ev - er peace - ful, beau - ti - ful home! Beau - ti - ful

cres.

home!..... Beau - - ti - ful home!.....
Beau - ti - ful home! Beau - ti - ful home!

rall.

Home ev - er peace - ful, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home!

Beautiful home beyond compare,
Sweet thy strains of praise and prayer;
Angel-voices they seem to come,
Blending their songs of beautiful home.

Beautiful home, how near to heaven,
When to thee pure joys are given;
Rest and comfort for all who come,
Home ever peaceful, beautiful home!

189. CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Air by HY. RUSSELL.

Cho. Cheer, boys, cheer! our cause is great and glorious, Spread it wide, our na - tion to re - store:

Cheer, boys, cheer! for truth shall be vic - to - rious, Firm to the pledge, let us

Fine. Key C.

la - bour e - ver-more. Raise glad songs in proud-est ex - ul - ta - tion,

Tem-p'rance mild shall gain her peace - ful sway, Hearts and homes make

D.C. *for Chorus.*

brighter thro' the na - tion, Re - flect- ing her bles-sings like gold- en beams of day.

Cheer, boys, cheer! the nation is awaking,
Thousands rise to snap the tyrant's chain,
Brave true hearts the tempter's cup forsaking,
Fighting for truth they will conquer yet again.
Through the land let freemen all assemble,
Soldiers brave, devoted to our cause,
Foes of truth before our arms shall tremble,
And proudly the nation enjoy true temp'rance laws.
Cheer, boys, cheer! our cause, &c.

Cheer, boys, cheer! the glorious reformation,
Who can tell the blessings yet in store,
Waiting for the children of our nation,
When sorrow's past and the tyrant is no more!
Angel choirs with hallelujahs pealing,
Eden's bowers brought back to earth again,
Love and truth each human heart revealing,
O Spirit of Temp'rance! come swiftly, come and [reign.
Cheer, boys, cheer! our cause, &c.

190 ENGLAND'S WILL.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Boldly.

England's will is not in dead-ly sa-bre, Flashing o'er the go-ry fields of war;

S. *Fine.*

England's will is peace-ful ho-nest la-bour, Bringing joy and blessings from a-far.

Hearts and homes with truth and love delighted, Bri-tain free is England's earnest will.

D.S.

Man with man in faithful bonds u-nit-ed, Each his place of worth and honour fill.

England's will is not the slave's oppression,
Drunkards faltering in the daily strife;
England's will, her birthright and possession,
Shall advance to purer, nobler life.
Holiest deeds and prayers shall rise to heaven,
God shall speak, and every foe be still,
Right the power to conquer shall be given—
Britain free is England's earnest will.

England's will revealed in inspiration,
Written with the finger of the Lord,
England's will shall purify the nation,
Make her sons obedient to his word.
Glorious time! thy genial power awaits men,
Truth's bright ray shall every bosom fill,
Right the theme shall be of coming statesmen,
Britain free is England's earnest will.

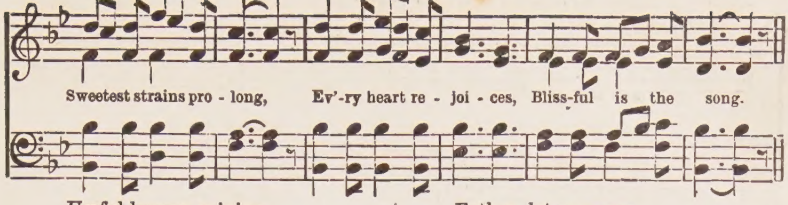
191. LITTLE CHILDREN MEETING.

Words & Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

Lit-tle chil-dren meet-ing in the Temp'rance place, All so kind-ly

greet-ing, smil-ing ev'-ry face; Now we raise our voi-ces,

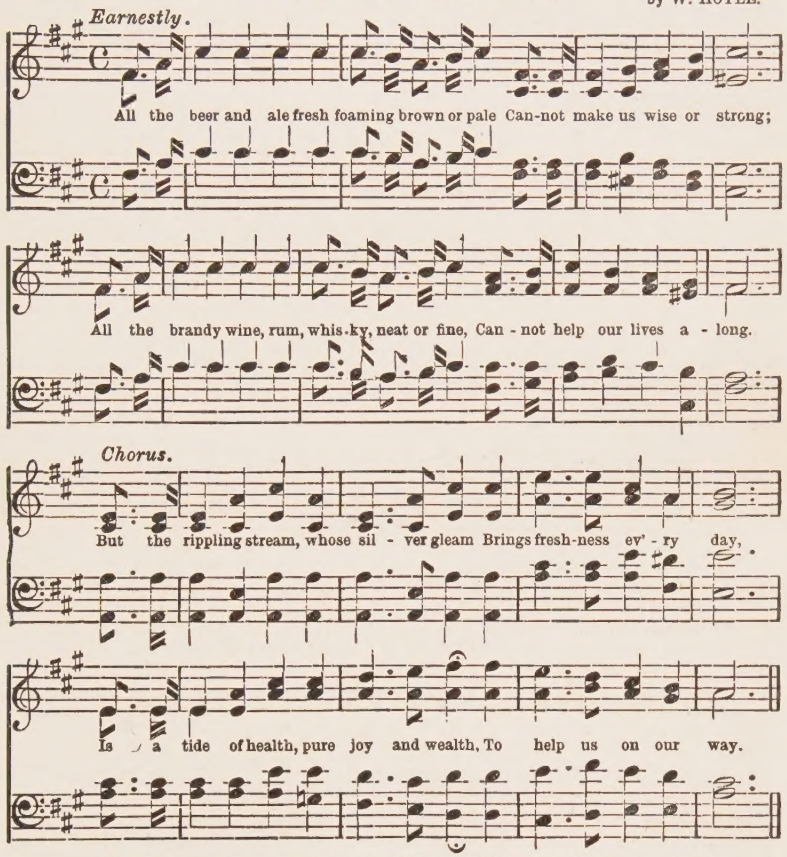


Useful lessons gaining,
Treading wisdom's way,
From strong drink abstaining
In life's early day.
O what joy and pleasure,
Sweet obedience brings!
Blessings without measure
From the King of kings.

Father, let us never
Rude and sinful be,
Bless and guide us ever,
Bring us safe to Thee,
There we'll sing the story
Of redeeming love,
Ever dwell before Thee
With Thy saints above.

192. THE RIPPLING STREAM.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.



Can we read and think how many slain by drink,
Pass away to drunkards' graves,
Can we heartless stand, nor stretch a helping hand
To redeem our British slaves?—While the, &c.

Let each one begin to stay the tide of sin,
There is hope and prospect bright;
Every Christian man may aid our noble plan
If he sign our pledge to-night.—For the &c.

Brothers, sisters, come, there's peace and joy at home
When religion fills each breast,
And we love to bring our bev'rage from the spring,
Hallowed is our toil and rest.—For the, &c.

193. OLD CUSTOM.

Music and words by W. HOYLE.

Lively.

Old cus-tom is on the wane; There's a bet-ter day draw-ing near.

In - stead of the drink, We'll learn to think, And ban-ish the wine and beer.

Chorus.

We have truth and rea - son on our side, Let who will our cause de-ride,

Temp'rance spreading far and wide Will sure - ly win the day.

Our fathers too long were led
By the fashion of darker days,
With revel and song, the whole night long,
Degraded by drinking ways.

The wisest of men now say
There is death in the drunkard's cup,
And all should abstain that health would gain,
We pray you then give it up.

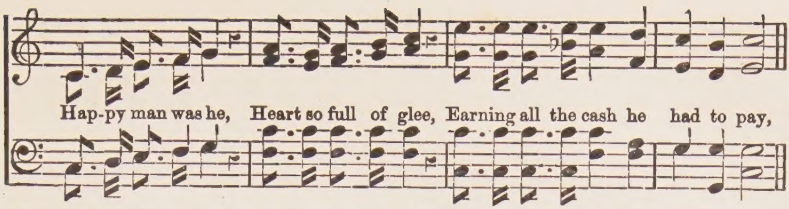
Our country demands your aid;
Will ye falter at duty's call?
Come join in the fight to gain the right,
And banish King Alcohol.

194. WEAVER AND THE SQUIRE.

Music and words by W. HOYLE.

Lively.

In a lit-tle room, bu-sy at his loom, Sat an honest weav-er all the day.



When the day was done. he would watch the sun,
Sinking gently in the golden west;
Read the daily news, think about his views,
Pray for help, and then retire to rest.

Near the weaver's cot lived an idle sot,
Owner of a large estate was he;
He would shoot and sail, travel by the rail,
Get as drunk as any squire could be.

Servants he had nine, sons and daughters fine;
Heavy debts contracted larger grew:
Living past the rate ruined his estate,
Brought him to disgrace—what could he do?

Creditors then came—oh! the sin and shame
Brought upon the squire by his reckless way;
All his lands were sold, soon the tale was told,
In a pauper's grave at last he lay.

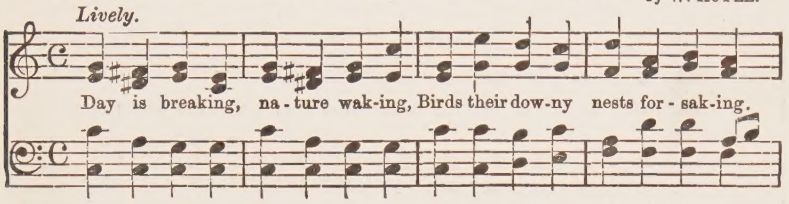
In the weaver's room still was heard the loom,
Merry as the lark in Sol's bright ray i
Humble and content, ready with his rent,
Laying by in store for a rainy day.

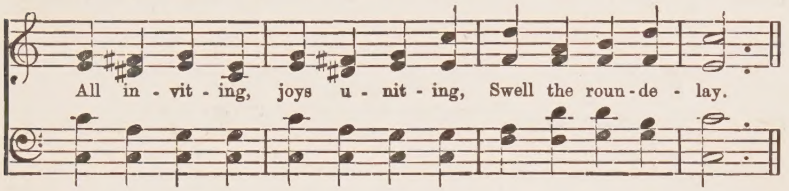
Soon he owned a cot, all his toils forgot,
Farmed a little land at his desire.
Children, tell to me which you'd rather be,
Sober weaver or a drunken squire?

195. THE DEEP CLEAR SPRING.

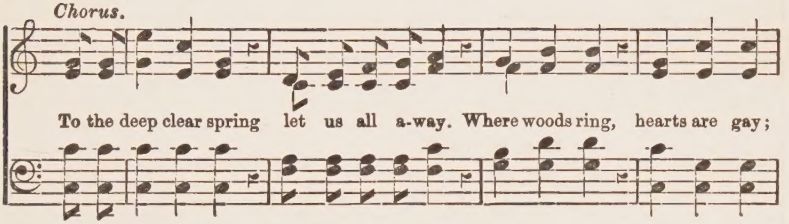
Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

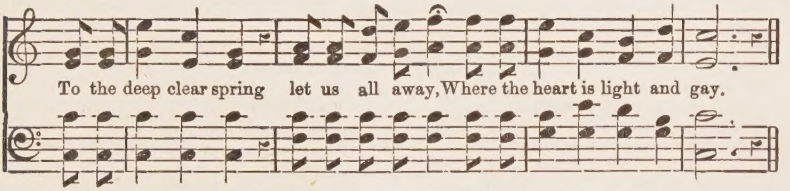
Lively.





Chorus.





Day advances, sunbeam glances,
Through each grove and meadow dances
Skies are brighter, zephyrs lighter,
Making holiday.

Drunkards borrow sin and sorrow,
Strife to-day and shame to-morrow,
Water's treasure, purest pleasure
Yieldeth every day.

196. VOTE IT OUT.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

There's an e - vil in the land, Rank with age and foul with crime,

Strong with many a le - gal band, Mo - ney, fash - ion, use, and time:

'Tis the ques-tion of the hour, How shall we the wrong o'erpow'r

Vote it out! This will put the thing to rout, Vote it out!
Vote it out! Vote it out!

Vote it out! Let us rise and vote it out!
Vote it out!

We've endured the traffic long,
Sought through many anxious years,
To abate the flood of wrong,
But it answered us with sneers,
We are weary of the scourge,
This the way at last we urge,
Vote it out.
Loyal people raise the shout.

'Tis the battle of the hour,
Freemen, show your strength again;
In the ballot is your pow'r;
This will bring the foe to pain;

We have preach'd against the wrong,
Pleaded oft with words of song,
Vote it out!
Vote and pray with heart devout.

Never shall the promise fail,
God is with us for the right;
Truth is mighty to prevail,
Faith shall end in joyous sight;
We shall see the hosts of Rum
Palsied with affright and dumb,
Vote it out!
Thus we'll put the fiend to rout.

197. WANDERING THROUGH THE CITY.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Tenderly.

Wand'ring thro' the ci - ty, La - dy sweet and mild, Look with tender pi - ty on a

drunk - ard's child. On bed of an-guish ly- ing, Poor me-thor you may see; She

looks just like one dy -ing, What will become of me? Wand'ring thro' the ci - ty,

Chorus.

La - dy

La - dy sweet and mild, La - dy look, Look with ten- der pi - ty On a drunk-ard's

sweet and

cres. *f* *ritard.*

child, Look with ten-der pi - ty, Oh look! on a drunk - ard's child.

La - dy, look with

Father comes home reeling,
Says what he will do
If I don't try stealing,
Calls me idle too;
Sometimes I beg a penny
From gentle passers by,
And when I don't get any
I sit me down and cry.

Once I had a brother—
He went o'er the sea,
He was good to mother,
And so kind to me:
Poor mother might get better
If brother Jim were here,
But now we get no letter
He must be dead we fear.

I don't go a stealing;
I don't want to try,
But if I'd a shilling
I know what I'd buy;
I then would do like brother—
I'd make some toast and tea,
'Twould be so nice for mother,
A crust would do for me,

198. YOU MAY TRIUMPH.

Words by W. HOYL

Lively.

You may tri-umph in the dai-ly strife, You may conquer in the race of life,

Al-ways bear this rule in mind, Be you to o-thers ev-er true and kind,

Al-ways keep-ing a cheer-ful heart, Brave-ly bear-ing a man-ly part,

Liv-ing so-ber-ly in the light, Ne-ver de-spair-ing in the cause of right.

See the drunkard falter in the strife,
Starving children, broken-hearted wife,
Would you by his folly learn,
From every tempter you must bravely turn.

Youthful days are swiftly passing by.
Unseen dangers round our pathway lie;
Strength we want the race to win,
Armour to battle with the powers of sin.

While we wrestle on the battle-field,
God will be our refuge and our shield;
Only mark His guiding hand,
Fight till he calls us to the better land.

199. IN THE GOLDEN WEST.

Words by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

In the golden west, now the sun doth rest; Darkness gathers round, hush'd is ev'ry sound.

Lord of life and light, Author of all might,
All in Thee we find, Thou art ever kind.

Pardon every sin, make us clean within;
Bless us ere we part, gladden every heart.

Keep us, Lord, we pray, ever in Thy way;
Guard us with Thy love till we mount above.

Then on that blest shore, every trial o'er,
We Thy praise shall sing, Thou eternal King.

200. LET IT PASS.

Music by S. J. VAIL.

Be not swift to take of-fence; Let it pass, Let it pass, An-ger is a foe to sense; Let it pass. Brood not dark-ly o'er a wrong, Which will dis-ap-pear ere long, Ra-ther sing this cheer-y song, Let it pass.

Chorus.

Mer-ri-ly, cheer-i-ly sing this song. Mer-ri-ly, cheer-i-ly sing this song. Bet-ter to be wrong'd than wrong, Let it pass.

rit.

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass.
Think how often you have erred!
Let it pass.
Since our joys must pass away,
Like the dewdrops and the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass.

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass.
Oh be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass.
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass.

201. AWAY FOR EVER!

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

With expression.

A - way, a - way for ev - er, False joys of ro - sy wine!

Your fleet - ing plea - sures sev - er The ties that are di - vine;

Fair Na - ture's bev - 'rage bring, Bright wa - ter from the spring;

S. Chorus. *D.S.*

Wa - ter prize from the skies, Fill - ing earth with beau - ty O!

O cruel innovation!
Proclaiming wine and beer
The beverage of the nation;
It fills my soul with fear
To think of thousands slain
Beneath the tyrant's reign.

While drink is all prevailing,
The drunkard cries for more,
Though every joy is failing,
And every earthly store;
His children and his wife
Share anguish, pain, and strife.

But strength to man is given,
By faith and earnest prayer,
To point the way to heaven,
Removing every snare;
Then let us work and pray
That drink may pass away.

O time of joy and blessing!
Bring in the purer life,
When drink's temptation, ceasing,
Shall hush the sin and strife:
What pleasure then shall come
To every drunkard's home!

202. COURAGE, BROTHER!

Words by N. MACLEOD.
Music by W. HOYLE.

Lively.

Cour - age, bro - ther, do not stum - ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;

There's a star to guide the hum-ble, Trust in God and do the right;

There's a star to guide the hum-ble, Trust in God, and do the right.

Let the road be dark and dreary
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely; strong, or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning!
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might;
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God, and do the right.

203. HOW HAPPY WOULD BE.

Music by Dr. L. MASON.
Words by W. HOYLE.

Lively.

How hap-py would be England, Home of the brave and free, Were there no souls in

fet-ters, No strong drink's slave-ry! Were truth a-lone re-gard-ed. And sa-cred

laws o-beyed, And right a-lone pre-vail-ing, Bri-tan-nia's glo-ry made.

How happy would be England,
Were all that go astray
To keep the Sabbath holy,
And worship God alway;
Were drunkard s all to render
Glad service to our King,
Forsaking scenes of folly
And every evil thing.

How happy would be England,
Were home the scence of love,
And prayer at eve ascended
Unto the throne above;
Each dwelling like an Eden
So peaceful and so bright.
Where children all would gather
With rapture and delight.

204. GOOD TIME COMING.

Air by HY. RUSSELL.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Boldly.

There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming. Soon may we see the joy-ful day When drink shall flee from earth away In the good time coming. The ti- mid souls may doub'ing stand, And think our cause no stronger, 'Tis spreading fast o'er all the land, Wait a lit - tle long-er. There's a good time com-ing, boys a good time coming, There's a good time com-ing, boys, Wait a lit - tle lon - ger.

There's a good time coming, boys!
A good time coming;
False customs shall take wings and fly,
And men in nobler measures vie,
In the good time coming.
From every rank and every creed,
Our army growing stronger,
The signs of victory we can read,
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys!
A good time coming;
The sounds of woe, the sights we fear,
The sin and strife shall disappear,
In the good time coming.

Right nobly shall the drunkard rise,
In mind and body stronger,
And train his children for the skies,
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys!
A good time coming;
Then let us rouse with might and main,
Proclaim the battle cry, abstain!
For the good time coming.
The world is looking for the day,
Fresh hope and courage stronger;
We'll win the battle, come what may,
Wait a little longer.

205. DO THE BEST.

Air by HY. RUSSELL.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Boldly.

Do the best! do the best in the land where you live; Your help to re-

store the poor drunkard now give; Let a man be a man in his own na-tive

Fine. KEY. C.

isle, Then plenty shall flourish and vir-tue shall smile. The noblest re-form you ca

ne-ver ob-tain, While ginshops on shores of old England re-main, Then arm for the

D.C. *for Chorus.*

bat-tle to save the oppress'd, A - rise! bro-ther rise! like a man do the best.

Never say, never say your influence is small,
The victory is won when united are all;
You've a hand and a heart that for others may care,
And blessings to thousands around you may bear.
The oak in the forest, the mountain afar,
The vast foaming ocean, the beautiful star,
Still minister good to the east and the west.
Then rise! brother rise! like a man do the best.
Do the best! do the best, &c.

Look around! look around what the tryant has dos
Defiling our daughters and cursing each son;
In the cots of the poor, and the halls of the great,
Yet thousands in fetters for liberty wait.
But see! through the land waves the flag of the free,
And soon from his strongholds the tryant shall flee,
Poor drunkards shall follow to realms of the blest,
Then rise! brother rise! like a man do the best.
Do the best! do the best, &c.

206. ENGLAND'S A MIGHTY.

Words by W. HOYLE.

Air by HUTCHINSON.
Harmony by HAINSWORTH.

Eng-land's a migh-ty place, Her sons ne'er yield To men of a - ny race

On bat-tle field; But there's a dead - ly foe Lay - ing her thou-sands low

Chorus. Boldly.

Fill-ing her land with woe, sad - ness and pain. Shout! we shall win the day,

win the day! win the day! Shout! we shall win the day on Bri-tains's shore!

England's a happy place,
Her mountains rise,
And domes of splendour grace,
The noon-day skies;
But yet her poor are found,
For whom no joys abound,
Babes hear no blissful sound,
No words of love.

England's a holy place,
The way of truth
Good men yet love to trace,
And guide her youth;
But, near the house of prayer,
Temples her people rear,
Cursing her land so fair,
With sin and shame.

207. DARE TO DO RIGHT.

Music by BRADBURY.
Re-arranged by W. HOYLE.

Boldly.

Dare to do right! dare to be true! You have a work that no

o - ther can do, Do it so brave-ly, so kind- ly, so well,

Chorus.

An-gels will has-ten the sto - ry to tell. Dare! dare! dare to do right!

Dare! dare! dare to be true! dare! dare to be true! dare to be true!

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you;
Stand by your conscience, your honour, your faith,
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
God who created you cares for you too,
Treasures the tears that His faithful ones shed,
Counts and protects every hair of your head.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Keep the great judgment-seat ever in view,
Look at your life as you'll look at it then,
Scanned by your God before angels and men.

Dare to do right! dare to be true!
Jesus, your Saviour, will carry you through;
City and mansion, and crown, all in sight,
Can you not dare to be true and do right?

208. IN A DWELLING.

Air by S. C. FOSTER.
Words and harmony by W. HOYLE.

Gently. *Fine.*

1. { In a dwelling of sorrow a gen-tle mother sat, Remov'd from friends and earthly store.
And she pray'd as she linger'd thro' many a lonely hour, O when shall drinking be no more!

Chorus.—Shall the daughters of England yet perish on her shore, O when shall drinking be no more.

Chorus. *D.C.*

'Tis the cry to res - cue the na - tion, Help us, help us drunkards to re-store.

'Ye that preach the glad tidings of joy to fallen man,
And pray for peace on Britain's shore,
Let the prayer of the needy with your petition rise,
O when shall drinking be no more!

Friends of truth and of freedom, that battle with the foe,
Press onward, hope is yet before,
Looking up for a blessing, while fervently ye pray,
O when shall drinking be no more!

209. THE WINNING SIDE.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Boldly.

Why wait till our statesmen as - semble To pass measures so - cial and plain ?

If we stir not ourselves we may tremble, Our free -dom we ne - ver can gain,

'Tis a question no coun-cil can set-tle ; Each man for him-self must de -cide.

S. *Fine.*

The men that are made of true me- tal, Will find out the bright winning side ;

D.S.

Three cheers for the bright winning side ! Three cheers for the bright winning side !

Some talk of our nation's resources,
And dream of new markets in store,
But we fearlessly say the true course is
To open the trade at our door.
The millions we squander in drinking
Would soon bring the turn of the tide,
Were men only sober and thinking
To find out the bright winning side.

Then away with all folly and dreaming,
Let's open the trade at our door,
And soon shall each engine have steam in
Each workroom with labour shall roar ;
Each man to take care of his wages
Would feel it his duty and pride,
And the good time desired by all ages
Would show us the bright winning side.

SHOULD RELATION.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

Should re - la- tion friend or a neigh-bour to us say, Come and take a glass or so, We will tell them all we have found a bet-ter way, We will ne-ver drink it, no! Onward for ev - er we go, we go, On-ward to bat-tle with the foe, While the joys of temp'rance shall re - main, We'll on to bat - tle with the foe While temp'rance joys re - main.

Chorus. lively.

f *cres.*

ne - ver drink it, no! no! no! We'll ne - ver drink it, no!

In our land drink slays sixty thousand every year,
They were sober once, we know,
But are downward led, till the drunkard's name they bear,
They begin with a glass or so!

Wise and good men fall, rich and mighty, youth and age,
Share alike the drunkard's woe;

Only they are safe who have signed the temperance pledge
And ne'er take a glass or so.

In all ways of truth we will evermore abide,
And renounce the cup of woe,
While supported by our Father and our Guide,
We will drink never it, no

211. FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

Words by E. F. HADFIELD.
Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Slow.

Friends of free - dom swell the song, Young and old the strain pro-long,

Make the Tem-p'rance ar - my strong, On to vic - to - ry;

Lift your ban - ners let them wave, On-ward march a world to save,

Who would fill a drunk - ard's grave, Bear his in - fa - my.

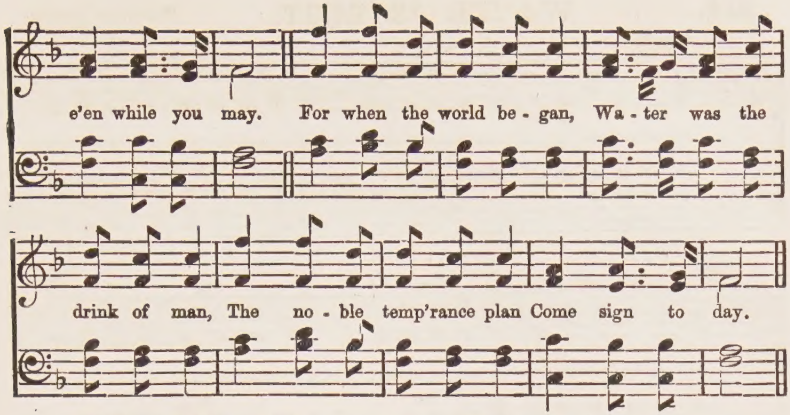
Give the aching bosom rest,
Carry joy to every breast,
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
Living soberly.
Raise the glorious watchword high,
"Touch not, taste not till you die,"
Let the echo reach the sky,
Swelling joyfully.

God of mercy hear us plead,
Help us while we intercede,
Oh! how many bosoms bleed,
Heal them speedily.
Hasten, Lord, the joyful day,
When strong drink shall pass away,
And the world shall own Thy sway;
Reign triumphantly!

212 COME JOIN.

Words and Harmony
by W. HOYLE.

Come join the temp'rance cause, come come a - way, Learn all a Father's laws

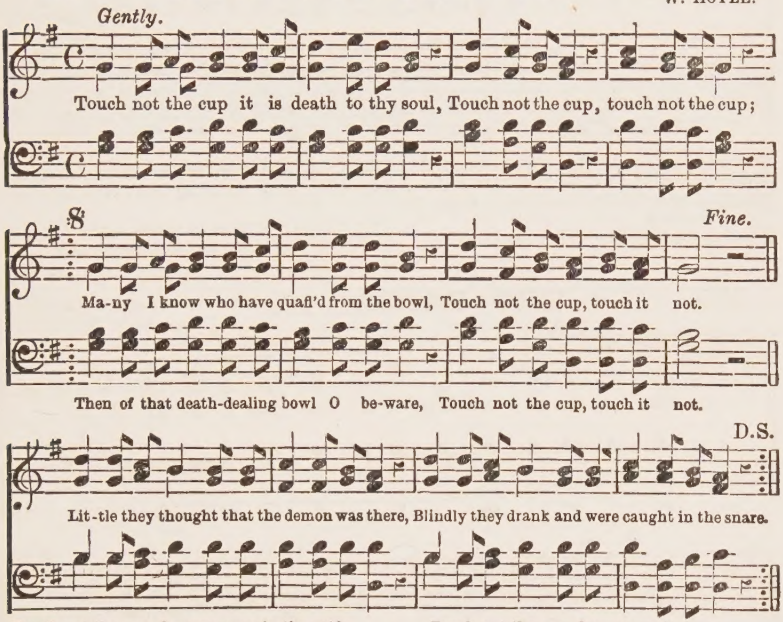


Bright soon shall be our land,
Banners shall fly,
And homes shall all be grand,
God shall be nigh,
O then all evil shun,
Every daughter, every son,
Be heavenly treasure won,
Looking on high,

Speed now the glorious time,
Not far away,
When truth o'er every clime
Shall shed its ray;
And let us sweetly sing,
Praises to our heavenly King,
For he will surely bring
The happy day.

213. TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

Harmony by
W. HOYLE.



Touch not the cup, O young man in thy pride,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Thousands around thee have fallen and died,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Go to each lonely and desolate tomb:
Learn from their death, from their sorrow and gloom,
Now to be free and escape from their doom,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

Touch not the cup, O renounce it, I pray,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
All that thou lovest intreat thee to stay,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stay for the home that to thee is so dear,
Stay for the friends that to thee are so near,
Stay for thy country, the God thou dost fear,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.

214. WATER IS BEST.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

Wa-ter is best for the trees in the fo-rest, Wa-ter is best for the flow'rs of the field;

S *Fine.*

Streams from the fountain are flow-ing in beauty, Purest of plea-sures for ev - er they yield.

Gli-ding in streamlet and roll-ing in o-cean, Telling of God ev - er glorious di-vine.

Chorus. D.S.

Emblem of pu- ri- ty, truth and of free-dom, Still let me love thee and still be thou mine.

Water is best for the rich and the mighty,
Water is best for the humblest that toil;
Children and fathers may drink from the fountain
Flowing for ever to gladden the soil.

Soon shall the drunkard remember his folly
Striving and trusting in God like a man;
Soon shall hosannas be heard in the valley,
Offered to God for the abstinence plan.

215. THE BARREL IS.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

The bar - rel is a migh - ty foe, The bowl is a de - ceiv - er.

S *Fine.*

But you can slay them at a blow, And keep the pledge for ev - er.

CHORUS. Down with your name you'll ne - ver re-pent, And keep the pledge for ev - er.

Chorus. D.S.

Down with your name you'll ne-ver re-pent, Down with your name you'll ne-ver re-pent.

Then come, my brother, come along,
Your galling chain to sever,
And soon you'll sing this joyful song,
And keep the pledge for ever.

The path that long has led astray
You now will enter never,
But live rejoicing every day,
And keep the pledge for ever.

Your wife and children will rejoice
To see your good endeavour,
And sing with cheerful heart and voice,
And keep the pledge for ever.

216. THE NOBLE MIND.

Words by H. M. GUNN.
Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Boldly.

O for the no - ble mind That ne'er will stoop to shame,

CHOR. 1st. v. O for the no - ble &c.

Fine.

But strives to leave be - hind A spot - less name.

A soul a - bove the sor - did men Who base - ly wrong will do for gain,

slower. D.C.

A soul that scorns to gro-vel thus, Be this the soul for us.

Oh! for the will to keep the way we know is right,
And may that way, though steep, be our delight
Give us the heart no fears can shake,
Nor pain nor loss for Jesu's sake,
Our consciences shall ne'er be sold
For all their shining gold. O! for the will, &c.

Oh! for the times again when conscience ruled the day,
When holy, faithful men shall truth obey;
The sacred cause of Jesus love,
Like martyrs firm and steadfast prove,
Who rather than from duty fly
Shall bravely choose to die. Oh! for the time!

217. HOW BEAUTIFUL.

Music (French).
Words by W. HOYLE.

How beau - ti - ful! how beau-ti - ful! When we shall proudly see,

On Eng -land dawn the glo-rious day Of pu - rer li - ber - ty;

When the last soul in sla - ve - ry, Her sons go faith to save,

And o'er her cots and pa - la - ces Shall free-dom's ban - ner wave,

And o'er her cots and pa - la - ces Shall free-dom's ban - ner wave,

How beautiful, how beautiful,
When truth her sons shall own,
And trusting in the God of truth,
Advance His cause alone;
Bound only by the cords of love,
How beautiful to see
Her sons rejoicing in the cause
That sets the drunkard free.

How beautiful, how beautiful,
When laws supreme shall bear
Gladness to all her sons around,
Joy to her daughters fair;
When hallowed feelings fill each breast,
And every heart inspire,
Till rising from drink's fleeting joys,
They nobler scenes desire.

218. STOP THE DRINKING TRADE!

Solo or Part-Song.

Music and Words by
W. HOYLE.

Let's rouse our le - gis - la - tors— It's time we made them start;
Our home-trade, fast de - clin - ing, Makes starv - ing sons of toil,

rall.

For ev - 'ry - thing is go - ing wrong, And men are los - ing heart.
While brew - ers large and pub - li - cans Are fatt - 'ning on the soil.

With such e - nor - mous drink - bills Up - on us year - ly laid,
What chance is there for Eng - land, While men are pau - pers made?

It's time we went to Par - lia - ment To stop the drink - ing trade!

Chorus. To stop the drink - ing trade, To stop the drink - ing trade;

To stop the drink - ing trade, To stop the trade;

It's time we went to Par - lia - ment To stop the drink - ing trade!

We want no paltry measures,
No parleying with the foe;
Our Cause demands the vefo power
To strike the deadly blow.
We call on British statesmen
Of every rank and shade—
It's time we went to Parliament
To stop the drinking trade!

And if they will not hear us,
Or plead our Cause again,
We'll turn them out of Parliament,
And send up better men:
For truth and right contending,
With courage ne'er dismayed,
We'll gain consent from Parliament
To stop the drinking trade!

219. CHEER UP, MY LADS!

Melody, "Heart of Oak," by Dr. BOYCE.
Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Spirited.

Come, cheer up, my lads, there's a bright day in store— We'll stand by the flag till the bat - tle is o'er! The foe we'll pur-sue with a Cause just and true; We'll show to the world what our war - riors can do!

Chorus.

Hand to hand in the fight, Heart to heart for the right; We al - ways are rea - dy— Stea-dy, boys, stea-dy! We'll fight and we'll con-quer a - gain and a - gain!

What thousands reclaimed from the foe's cruel might!
They march in our lines and they charge in the fight;
Their triumphs we share in the homes bright and fair—
We'll shout for our land, none can with it compare!

The reign of the foe it is passing away!
The hosts of the drink how they fill with dismay!
So down let them fall nevermore to enthral,
With Heav'n on our side we will conquer them all.

We know we shall win for our Cause is divine,
The noble and great in our army combine;
Then onward to save, let our flag gaily wave,
For God and the right every danger we'll brave.

220. THE DAWNING OF THE DAY!

PART-SONG, OR SOLO AND CHORUS.

Cheerfully.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

1. Cheer, comrades, cheer! we're sure to win, There's vic - t'ry on be - fore;
2. The na-tion moves—it stirs at last To aid the cause of right;
3. Cheer, com-rades, cheer! be true and brave, The vic - t'ry you shall win;

The day, the day is com - ing in, To bless our na - tive shore! (na-tive shore!)
Brave men, brave men are gath-'ring fast, All ea - ger for the fight! (for the fight!)
Your arms, your arms the land must save, The day is com-ing in! (com-ing in!)

a tempo. *cres.*

Speed on the time— a - rise, a - rise! The drink shall pass a - way,
Hark to their tramp—they come, they come! Heav'n speed them on their way,
Forth in the Lord—be strong, be strong On your tri - umph-ant way!

As mist be - fore the glad sun flies, At the dawn - ing of the day!
To save our land and bless each home, At the dawn - ing of the day!
The hills shall ring with a joy - ful song, At the dawn - ing of the day!

Chorus.

The dawn-ing of the day, When the drink is swept a - way,

When the drink is swept a - - way, is swept a - way,

cres.

By the spread of right and the Gos-pel light, At the dawn - ing of the day!

221. I DRINK WITH BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

Tenor or Bass Solo, with Accompt. & Chorus. * Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

1. I drink with the birds and the flow'rs, *the flow'rs*, Pure wa - ter from foun-tain and rill, *and rill;*
2. When wea - ry and faint from the heat, *the heat*, I lin - ger where murmurs the rill, *the rill,*
3. I la- bour to res -cue drink's slave, *drink's slave*, The hosts of the traf - fic I fight, *I fight;*

It comes down in cooling, sweet show'rs, *sweet show'rs*, Re-fresh- ing each val - ley and hill, *and hill;*
Be - side some de - light-ful re - treat, *re - treat*, I rest and I drink at my will, *my will;*
I stand with the no - ble and brave, *and brave*, U - nit - ed for free - dom and right, *and right!*

The streams as they mur-mur a - long, *a - long*, Are sweet - est of mu - sic to me, *to me;*
So pure and re - fresh-ing the stream, *the stream;* So cool and en- chant-ing the shade, *the shade;*
Cold wa - ter's the nec - tar for me, *for me*, These lips ne'er shall taste of the wine, *the wine;*

Earth's voi - ces u - nite in the song, *the song*, Bright wa - ter so boun-teous and free!
Life's trou-bles how lit - tle they seem, *they seem*, When earth so in - vit - ing is made.
While so - ber I'm hap - py and free, *and free*— Cold wa - ter, cold wa - ter is mine!

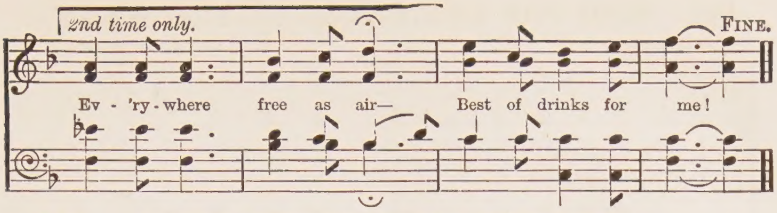
Chorus.

I drink with birds and flow - ers Sweet, re - fresh - ing wa - ter,

1st time only. *D.S.*

Ev - 'ry - where free as air— Best of drinks for me!

* *Words in italics to be sung as Vocal Accompaniment.*



222. ARISE, YE TEMPERANCE MEN!

SOLO OR PART-SONG.

Vigorously.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

A - rise, a - rise, ye Tem-p'rance men Who boast of free-dom's might,
Not on the crim - son fields a - far We seek to build our fame,

The no-blest Cause de - mands your aid, The Cause of truth and right!
By no - bler deeds our peace - ful Cause Shall win a death-less name!

On ev - 'ry side, our hope and pride, Our hon - our to main - tain,
The woes and fears, the ills of years Shall flee like mists a - way,

Stand with the brave our coun - try to save— Be rea - dy for the fight a -
Love shall in-crease, con - tent-ment and peace Shall cheer us in the com - ing

- gain,..... Be rea - dy for the fight a - gain!
day,..... Shall cheer us in the com - ing day.

For ages past our native land
Has mourned the tyrant's sway;
At duty's call the people rise,
All ready for the fray.
For righteous laws we plead our Cause,
The tyrant we assail;
Faithful and true our duty we'll do,
Our army shall at last prevail.

Then rise, ye earnest Temp'rance men,
Heaven shall our forces guide;
Like thunder peals the people's voice,
The victory shall decide!
Through all the State we'll agitate—
A noble, fearless band;
One in our aim we'll urge our claim—
The freedom of our native land!

223. SING FOR THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE!

PART-SONG. *Spirited.* Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

1. Sing for the Cause of Tem - p'rance, The bright hope of our land!
2. Work for the Cause of Tem - p'rance, Go la - bour day by day;
3. Pray for the Cause of Tem - p'rance, "Thy peace - ful king - dom come";

The Cause of jus - tice, truth, and right, Who can with - stand?
Ten thou - sand hearts shall cheer you on Your joy - ful way.
Pre - pare the way for Je - su's reign In ev - 'ry home.

Bright is our flag and peer - less, Our war - riors bold and fear - less;
Work where the lost ones per - ish, The love of Je - sus cher - ish;
Tell ye the Gos - pel sto - ry, The Sa - viour's com - ing glo - ry;

The great and good with us u - nite, For jus - tice, truth, and right!
He leads our ar - mies in the fight, For jus - tice, truth, and right! } We come
Oh, spread a - broad the Temp'rance light, For jus - tice, truth, and right!

to save, we come to bless! We come, we come, we come, a migh - ty band,

To save and bless our na - - tive land!

224. WHO WOULD NOT LOVE THE CHILDREN?

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Cheerfully.

1. Who would not love the chil - dren, Or join them in their play? They
2. Fair flow - ers of the house-hold, Sweet mes - sen - gers of love, They
3. How ten - der - ly the Sa - viour Of lit - tle chil - dren spake, And

bring the sun-shine to our hearts, And chase our care a - way; Their mer - ry laugh-ter
tell us of the pur - er life In that bright home a - bove. Oh, wide shall o - pen
will not He re-member those Who love them for His sake? He sends us forth in

makes us glad, For - get - ting toil and pain; In fan - cy we, as
hea - ven's gate To let them en - ter in; And all must share their
street and lane, To bless them in His name, And He will mark each

chil - dren, live Life's ro - sy morn a - gain, Life's ro - sy morn a - gain.
in - no-cence, The crown of life to win, The crown of life to win.
lov - ing deed As ren-dered un - to Him, As ren-dered un - to Him.

Chorus.

The chil - dren, the chil - dren, Save the lit - tle chil - dren;

lit - tle chil - dren,

Their songs are sweet - est mu - sic To chase our care a - way.

225. LEAD ON THE CAUSE!

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Cheerfully.

1. Lead on the Cause, ye free-men of our na - tion! Glad are the hearts that fol - low in your train;
2. Lead on the Cause, thro' years of firm en-dea-vour, Long have ye stood the fear-less and the brave;
3. Lead on the Cause, the peo - ple are a - wak - ing, Join - ing our ranks to bat - tle with the foe;

Vic-t'ry shall crown your earn-est a - gi - ta - tion—Shouts of re - joic - ing rise o'er hill and plain!
Glo - ry a - waits the hearts that fal - ter nev - er, Fight - ing for truth, our fa - ther - land to save!
Drunkards are res - cued, e - vil ways for - sak - ing— Glo - ry to God! we'll lay the ty - rant low!

Chorus. Spirited. *slow.*

Lead on the Cause, with banners gai-ly fly - ing! Onward march to rescue thousands dying;

a tempo. Lead

Lead on the Cause, in faith and honour try-ing, Bravely fighting till the bat-tle's won!

on!..... .....

Lead on to vic - to - ry! Lead Lead on to vic - to - ry! For
on!..... .....

truth and right let all u - nite— Lead on! Lead on! Friends of the Cause, lead on!

226. COME, JOIN THE TEMPERANCE ARMY!

Words by W. HOYLE.

Air by S. W. MARTIN.
Arranged by W. HOYLE.

Boldly.

1. Come, join the Tem-p'rance ar - my! You can help us if you will;
2. We know that we shall con - quer, Tho' we fight a migh - ty wrong;
3. Then come and join our ar - my! Think no ef - fort light or vain:

There is need for earn - est work - ers To re - move our coun - try's ill:
We will trust in God our Lead - er, For His arm is ev - er strong:
Would you bring in ev - 'ry wan - d'rer? Would you speed the Sa - viour's reign?

Our Cause man - kind will bless, Mak - ing truth and Tem - p'rance known;
Tho' the hosts of sin as - sail, We will firm and fear - less stand
Pre - pare the Gos - pel way, Ev - 'ry stum - bling - block re - move;

'Tis the glo - rious Cause of free - dom, And our ar - my's march - ing on!
In the glo - rious re - for - ma - tion, To re - deem our fa - ther - land!
Let the cha - riot - wheels roll on - ward— Fill the earth with peace and love!

Chorus.

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, In the Cause of truth and right!

Marching on, marching on, marching on, marching on, Will you help us in the fight?

227. BRITANNIA'S SONS, ARISE!

Words by W. HOYLE.
PART SONG. *Boldly.*

Air by SIR J. STEVENSON.
Music arranged by W. HOYLE.

f

1. Land of light and li - ber - ty, Migh - ty ru - ler of the sea!
2. Rise. Bri - tan - nia, in thy might! Charge the foe, de - fend the right!

Shall thy glo - ry fade a - way? See thy foes in dread ar - ray!
Hearts and homes. the brave. the fair, Chil-dren, maid-ens, ev - 'ry-where,

Foes with - in thy bor - ders be; Guard, O guard thy li - ber - ty!
Hop - ing, sigh - ing, call on thee, Guard, O guard thy li - ber - ty!

D.C. *p*

Guard, O guard thy li - ber - ty!
Guard, O guard thy li - ber - ty!

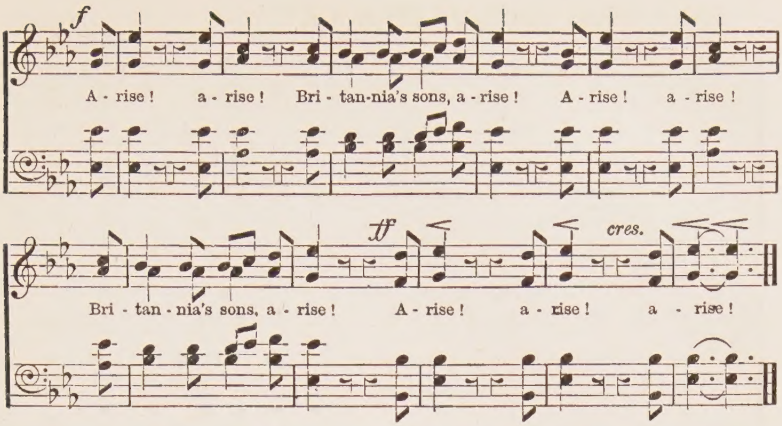
1. Be - hold thy children suff'ring sore, A -
2. Drink lays thy sons in bondage sore, A -

f

- rise! a - rise! de - fend thy shore! A - rise! a - rise! de- fend thy shore!
- rise! a - rise! de - fend thy shore! A - rise! a - rise! de- fend thy shore!

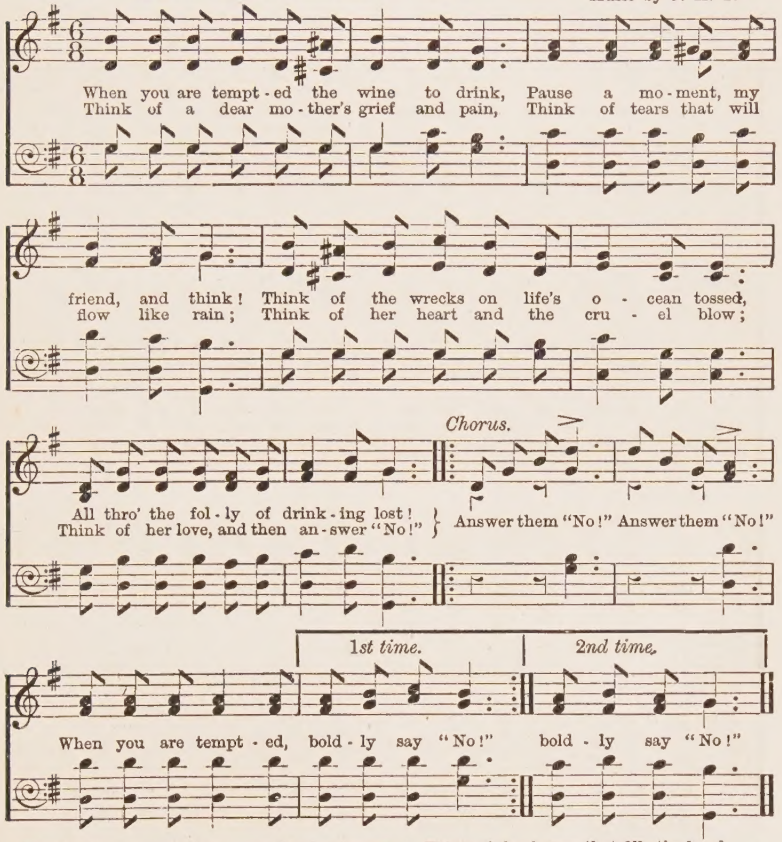
mf

And sweep a - way the sin, the shame; Main-tain the hon - our of thy name!
Let truth and right thy course at- tend; A - rise! for Heav'n will vic- t'ry send!



228. ANSWER THEM "NO!"

Words by M. SNYDER.
Music by J. H. T.



Think of lone graves then unwept and unknown,
Hiding hopes that were once your own ;
Think of loved forms in the dust laid low,
Who would be here had they answered "No !'

Think of the demon that fills the bowl,
Bringing ruin to life and soul :
Think of all this as through life you go,
When you are tempted, say boldly "No !"

229. THE CHILDREN'S CRY!

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

SOLO. *Tenderly.*

1. Where can all the mo - ney go? In - to the land - lord's trea - sure!
2. Where can food and cloth - ing go? In - to the land - lord's dwell - ing!
3. Where can ev - 'ry plea - sure go? In - to the land - lord's pla - ces!

DUET.

Drunkard's chil - dren lit - tle they know, Lit - tle of health or plea - sure:
Drunkard's chil - dren lit - tle they know, Lit - tle while drink is sell - ing:
Drunkard's chil - dren lit - tle they know, Lit - tle of smil - ing fa - ces:

DUET OR QUARTET.

When the gin - shop o - pens wide, Ru - in spreads on ev - 'ry side,
None to pi - ty, none to care, Food - less, fire - less, lean and bare;
Ev - 'ry joy and com - fort flies, Ev - 'ry hope with - in them dies;

Want and woe, and pas - sions wild— Heav'n pro - tect the drunkard's child!
When the storm is fierce and wild— Heav'n pro - tect the drunkard's child!
Home with sin and shame de - filed— Heav'n pro - tect the drunkard's child!

CHORUS.

Lis - ten to the chil - dren's cry! Save, O save them ere they die!

f *slow.* *p*

Lis - ten to the chil - dren's cry— Save, O save them ere they die!

230. COME, DRINK FROM THE FOUNTAIN!

Words by W. HOYLE. Music adapted and arranged by W. HOYLE.

TREBLE SOLO.

1. Oh, come from the crowd-ed ci - ty, Oh, come from the dus - ty street,
2. Oh, come from the madd'ning wine - cup, Oh, haste from the tempting snare;
3. Oh, heed ye the time - ly warn - ing, Let wis - dom your footsteps guide,

Where na-ture is all in - vit - ing There's rest for the wea - ry feet;
Strong drink is the soul's de - stroy - er, How ma-ny are ru - in'd there!
Come, sign the good pledge of Temp'rance, Be so - ber and stand on our side;

DUET—TREBLE & ALTO.

Come, drink of the cool - ing foun - tain Which sparkles in lim - pid streams,
How ma-ny fair sons and daugh - ters Are dragg'd to the drunkard's grave!
Look up to the Lord for pro - tec - tion, His prom - is - es nev - er fail;

No mu-sic is half so charm - ing, How joy-ful and sweet it seems!
They yield to the wiles of the tempt - er, And soon they be - come drink's slave.
With truth for your guide and re - li - gion, In vain shall the tempter as - sail.

CHORUS.

Oh, come ye and drink from the foun - tain, Its wa-ters are life-giv-ing springs,

The sparkling and beau-ti - ful foun - tain Which health and pros-pe-ri - ty brings!

231. BRIGHT IS OUR HOME!

Words by W. HOYLE. Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

Gently.

1. Bright is our home in the Tem-p'rance light, Sweet home, bright home,
2. Help on the Cause, let its ban - ners fly, Spread light, help right,
3. Joy to the land when the homes are pure, Truth's light, shine bright,

liv - ing for the right! Free as the lark in the sun's bright ray,
raise the bat - tle - cry! Peace to the home of the drunk - ard bear,
ev - er - more en - dure; Join in our ranks, speed the no - ble Cause,

Hap - pi - ly pass - ing the hours a - way.
Lov - ing - ly mak - ing it bright and fair.
Cheer-ful - ly bring - ing good Tem-p'rance laws.

Chorus.

Must we not love the truth's clear light, Help - ing a - long the cause of right?

f *p rall.*

Plea - sures we bring, gai - ly we sing— Home pure and bright,

a tempo. fair-est dwell - ing, fair-est dwell - - - - ing!

rit.

fair est dwell - ing, fair-est dwell - ing, fairest, fairest, fairest dwell - ing!

fair-est dwell - - - - ing!

232. TO THEE, DEAR FATHERLAND!

PART-SONG (OR SOLO) AND CHORUS. Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

1. A song to thee, dear Fa - ther-land, Home of the brave and fair;
2. Thy sons are born of a stal - wart race, First on the scroll of fame;
3. Heav'n pros - per thee, dear Fa - ther-land! Peace be up - on thy shore;

The first of na - tions, proud - ly stand—What land with thee com - pare?
With no - ble deeds the world they face, In ev - 'ry land the same:
While in thee dwells a no - ble band, Let ty - rants fear thy power:

Thy ships on ev - 'ry sea may sail, Thy ban - ners be un - furled,—
Still back-ward yearns each loy - al heart, Tho' dis - tant they may roam;
Be - fore all lands, in east or west, Thy val - leys fair I prize;

Oh, proud - ly stand, my Fa - ther-land, The en - vy of the world!
On land or sea, wher - e'er they be, Old Eng - land is their home!
Best land of earth, bright home of worth, The fa - voured of the skies!

Chorus.

The en - vy of the world, The en - vy of the world;
Old Eng - land is their home, Old Eng - land is their home;
The fa - voured of the skies, The fa - voured of the skies;

Oh, proud - ly stand, my Fa - ther-land, The en - vy of the world!
On land or sea, wher - e'er they be, Old Eng - land is their home!
Best land of earth, bright home of worth, The fa - voured of the skies!

233. WHAT THE OLD FOLKS SAY.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

To be sung before each verse.

FIRST QUARTET, OR CHOIR. *Gently.*

Have you heard, Have you heard, Have you heard what the old folks say?

SECOND QUARTET, OR CHOIR. *Boldly.*

What do the old folks say, Oh, what do the old folks say?

FULL. *Don't hurry.*

1. Soon to bed, soon to rise, Makes us health-y, cheer-ful, wise, cheer-ful, wise;
2. Ex - er - cise, o - pen air, Makes us strong-er, bright and fair, bright and fair;
3. When we toil, when we think, Spark-ling wa - ter we must drink, we must drink;
4. Vir-tuous life, peace-ful mind, Bright-est trea-sure we shall find, we shall find;

f

Makes us health - y, thrif - ty, wealth - y; Makes us health-y, cheer - ful, wise.
Makes us strong - er, life is young - er; Makes us strong-er, bright and fair.
Spark - ling wa - ter, son or daugh - ter, Sparkling wa - ter we must drink.
Bright - est trea - sure, health and plea - sure; Brightest trea-sure we shall find.

CHORUS. *Lively.*

If we mind what the old folks say, Life will pass like a plea-sant day;

Hap - py day! All so gay! That's what the old folks say.

234. WOULD YOU LEAD A HAPPY LIFE?

Cheerfully. PART-SONG. Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

1. Oh, would you lead a hap - py life?
2. The world moves slow - ly day by day,
3. If you should see life's dark - er side,
4. If o - thers pass you in the race,

Nev - er, nev - er mind!

The need-less ills, the dai - ly strife,
If you can't al - ways have your way,
Let wis - dom still your foot-steps guide,
They soon may wear an anx - ious face,

Nev-er, nev - er mind!
oh, nev-er mind!

Al - ways keep a mind at ease— Some folks you can nev - er please! Pleasures
Wise - ly do your dai - ly share, Ev - 'ry tri - al brave - ly bear, Dark-est
Bu - sy hands and ac - tive brains, Toil - ing on with care and pains, Hon-ours
To your - self be just and true, All our years are swift and few; Thro' the

draw from fields and trees, Plea-sures draw from fields and trees.
skies may soon be fair, Dark-est skies may soon be fair.
bring with rest and gains, Hon-ours bring with rest and gains.
world your du - ty do, Thro' the world your du - ty do.

Never mind, nev-er
nev-er mind,

Oh, nev-er, nev-er mind!

mind, nev-er,
nev-er mind,

nev-er mind! nev - er mind! oh, nev-er, nev-er mind!

235. THE DEADLY UPAS TREE.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Slowly. PART-SONG.

mf

1. From the Queen up - on her throne To the poor man in his cot,
2. Judg - es, states-men, all de - clare Drink the source of want and crime:
3. Shall this e - vil tree still blight In the land where Bri - tons boast

p *ritard.*

All ad - mit what drink has done— On - ly e - vil wrought;
Sounds of sad - ness fill the air, Pass - ing ev - 'ry time;
Of her free - dom and her might?— Count her thou - sands lost!

a tempo.

f

Look you east, or look you west, Ci - ty, ham - let, vil - lage, town—
Branch - es of this e - vil tree On each ho - ly ef - fort frown,
Lost to hon - our, vir - tue, truth, Lost to love and fair re - nown,

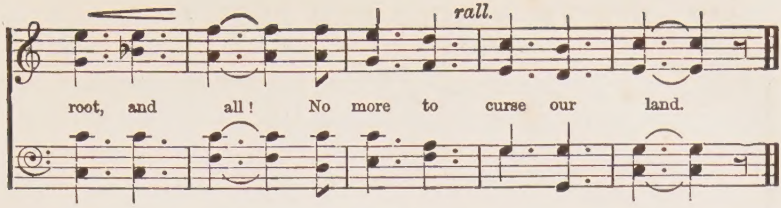
Drink is no - thing but a pest— Then why not cut it down?
Blight - ing where good fruit should be— Then why not cut it down?
All that's dear to age and youth—Then why not cut it down?

Chorus. Quicker.

ff

Down! down! down! Down with the dead - ly tree! Down! down!

down! Let it no long - er be! Let it fall! let it fall! Branch,



236. POOR THOMAS BROWN!

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Slowly, with expression. PART-SONG OR QUARTET.

1. Poor Thom - as Brown was a nice kind man— Oh, so kind, you know it!
2. One night he came to the ale - house door—Whom think you he met there?
3. The land-lord's wife in her silk dress came, Gaz - ing on the sight, sir;
4. His wife took home poor Thom - as Brown, What think you he gave her?
5. And so poor Tom car-ried on through life, Drink - ing when he could, sir;

When close he kept to the Tem- p'rance plan, Strength had he to show it;
A live - ly crew whom he'd met be - fore, Rogues and thieves who get there;
Poor Tom, he lay on the floor, oh, shame! As in cof - fin tight, sir;
She brought him round, then he knocked her down, None was there to save her;
How this was borne by his faith - ful wife, None quite un - der - stood, sir;

When he was near the ale-house door He went in - side, he drank and swore.
Paid they for drink, but drugg'd his glass, They stole his watch and all his brass.
"Come," said the dame, "you shift from here, You have no brass, we fill no beer."
"My money's gone!" said Tom, "you know; Come, find it now, or down you go!"
Strong was her love till he drank his last, To a drunkard's grave and doom he passed.

Chorus. *cres.*

When so-ber he was a ve-ry kind man, Poor Thomas Brown! Poor Thomas Brown!

237. STRIKE, STRIKE THE BLOW!

PART-SONG. Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Boldly.

1. Strike, strike the blow for li - ber - ty, In deeds of fear - less might! Let
2. Long had we borne the ty - rant's yoke In weak-ness and des - pair; The
3. Strike, strike the blow—a - rise, a - rise! Ye brave, ye fear - less band; The

all the peo - ple loud pro-claim For jus - tice, truth, and right! They
drink-plague en - tered ev - 'ry home, Sad wail - ing filled the air;— Till
time is come—the glo - rious time!—To save our Fa - ther - land. Who

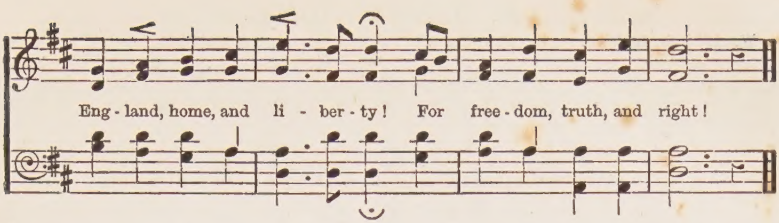
come from ci - ty, village, town, No power their course shall stay; For heav'n shall grant them
up-ward rose a no-ble band, Un-daunt-ed, true, and brave; Their cause, a na- tion's
dare as-sail, while heav'n doth lead Our ar-mies forth to fight? Our song, our watch-word,

li - ber- ty—The na-tion's cry for li - ber - ty, And speed the glo-rious day!
li - ber- ty—They fight for truth and li - ber - ty, Our Fa - ther-land to save!
Li - ber- ty!—The peo -ple rise for li - ber - ty, For free-dom, truth, and right!

Chorus.

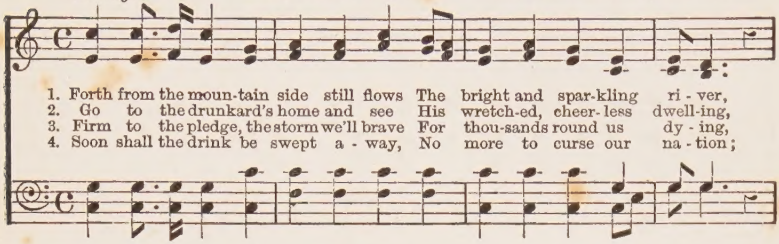
Strong in her na - tive might, The na - tion claims her right,

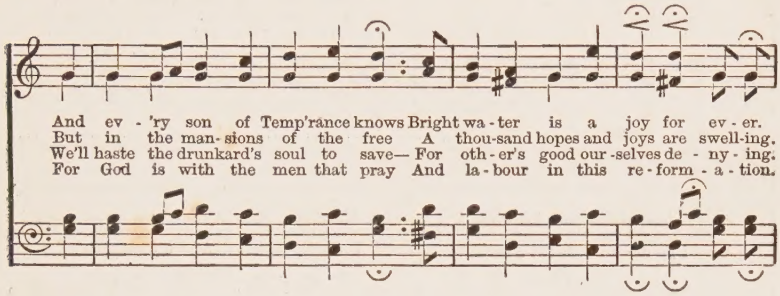
Truth shall prevail! Truth shall prevail! Strike, strike for truth and li - ber -ty—For



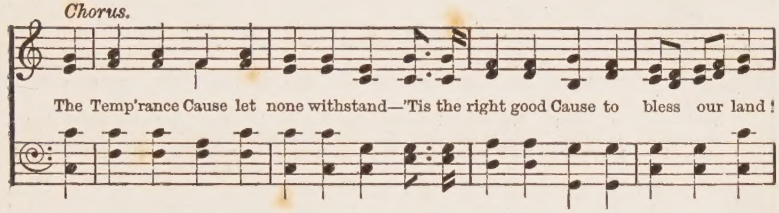
238. FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

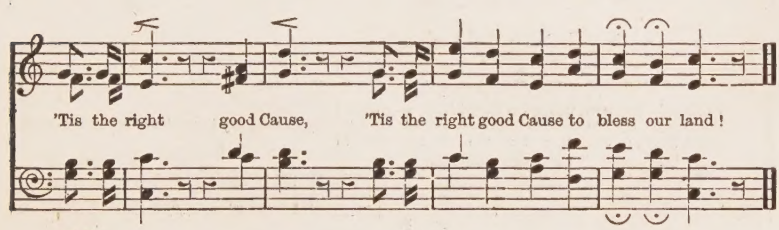
Boldly. PART-SONG AND CHORUS. Music and Words by W. HOYLE.





Chorus.





239. MY DEAR, HAPPY HOME.

Words by W. HOYLE. PART-SONG. Music adapted from ROOT, by W. HOYLE.

Steadily.

1. My dear, hap - py home is the bright - est and best— Though far I may wan - der in lands east or west, My heart leaps with joy when I see, o'er the plain, The light of my own peace - ful dwell - ing a - gain;
2. My home! can I ev - er for - get that fair place, Where first I be - held my dear mo - ther's sweet face? She taught me the pray'r, and she pressed the fond kiss— Oh, dear - est of pla - ces, bright cen - tre of bliss;
3. My home! round thy fire - side what loved ones were there! They still clus - ter round me in vis - ions so fair, Still point - ing me on - ward, I reach to the prize—Blest souls, they are wait - ing for me in the skies;

My home!.....

My heart leaps with joy when I see, o'er the plain, The light of my own peace-ful dwell-ing a-gain; My heart leaps with joy when I see, o'er the plain, The light of my own peace-ful dwell-ing a-gain.
She taught me the pray'r, and she press'd the fond kiss—Oh, dear-est of pla-ces, bright cen-tre of bliss; She taught me the prayer, and she pressed the fond kiss— Oh, dear-est of pla-ces, bright cen-tre of bliss!
Still point-ing me on-ward, I reach to the prize—Blest souls, they are wait-ing for me in the skies; Still point-ing me on-ward, I reach to the prize—Blest souls, they are wait-ing for me in the skies!

f

rall.

My home! my home! sweet, sweet home!

240. WHERE IS MY BOY TO-NIGHT?

Music and Words by REV. R. LOWRY.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wan-d'ring boy to-night, The boy of my ten-d'rest care; The
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his mo-ther's knee; No
3. Oh, could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time, When
4. Go for my wan-d'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

Chorus. Not too fast.

Oh, where is my boy to-night? Oh, where is my boy to-night? My

heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows; Oh, where is my boy to-night?

241. IT PAYS THE BEST.

PART-SONG AND CHORUS. Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Smoothly.

1. It pays the best in health-ful ways, It bless - es chil - dren, hus - band, wife;
2. It pays the best for so - cial bliss; Who mad - ly pass the wine - cup round,
3. It pays the best for hopes on high, No drunk-ards reach that land of light;

While drink a migh - ty ar - my slays, Cold wa - ter length-ens hu - man life;
They wan - der from true hap - pi - ness, The pure de-lights where love is found;
In vain the sav - ing grace is nigh, Drink leads men from the path of right;

In ev - 'ry age or state or clime, On sea or land, look east or west,
Oh, hap - py chil - dren, hus - band, wife—Thrice bless - ed home of peace and rest!
Re - move the drink, pre - pare the road To earth - ly bliss, to heav'n - ly rest;

In ev - 'ry la - bour, place, or time, Cold wa - ter sure - ly pays the best.
Where Temp'rance is the rule of life, Cold wa - ter sure - ly pays the best.
Then men shall find the way to God, Whose lov - ing ser - vice pays the best.

Chorus.

Drink, boys! from crys - tal stream—Sparkling wa - ter stands the test; Drink, boys! from

crys-tal stream, Let the world say what it will, Bright water pays the best!

Let the world wa-ter pays the

242. THE MERRY FRIENDS OF TRUTH.*

Music adapted and Words composed by W. HOYLE.

CHORUS. *Lively.*

We are the mer - ry friends of truth, And mer - ry sing our lay;

With songs of cheer we ga - ther here To speed the hap - py day;

The joy - ful hap - py day, The joy - ful hap - py day;

FINE.

With songs of cheer we ga - ther here To speed the hap - py day:

DUET & TRIO.

1. To make our land look bright and fair, With hap - py homes a - round,
2. O joy - ful time! O hap - py day! Soon may thy beams a - - rise!
3. Who would not try with earn - est will That hap - py time to bring?

And ev - 'ry son and daugh-ter there, In peace and vir - tue found.
When truth and love each heart shall sway, And lead us to the skies.
The great and good our ar - my fill, And with us gai - ly sing?

* *Sing the piece right through three times, and finish with Chorus.*

243. SCATTER SMILES.

Music arranged by W. HOYLE.

1. Scat - ter smiles, bright smiles, as you pass on your way Through this world of toil and care, Like the beams of the morn-ing that gen - tly play, They will leave a sun - light there.
2. Scat - ter smiles, bright smiles, 'tis but lit - tle they cost, But your heart may nev - er know What a joy they may car - ry to wea - ry ones Who are pale with want and woe.
3. Scat - ter smiles, bright smiles, o'er the grave of the past, Where the or - phan's trea - sure lies; In the tear - drop that glis-tens there light will shine, As the rain - bow paints the skies.
4. Scat - ter smiles, bright smiles, o'er the young who have stray'd From the path where once they trod; You may lead to the foun-tain of truth a - gain, You may bring them home to God.

Scat-ter smiles, bright smiles, Scatter smiles, scatter smiles, Scat-ter smiles as you pass on your way;

Scat-ter smiles, bright smiles, Scat-ter smiles, bright smiles. Scatter smiles, scatter smiles, scatter smiles,

244. I KNOW IT WAS JESUS CALLING.

Words by W. HOYLE. Music by A. GAIBEL. Adapted by W. HOYLE.

1. I know it was Je - sus call - ing! He leads me a - long the way;
2. I know it was Je - sus call - ing, When sin would my soul de - ceive!
3. I know it was Je - sus call - ing! How lov - ing and sweet His voice:

Yes, He holds me and keeps me from fall - ing, When tempters would lead me a - stray:
When I strug-gled with e - vil ap - pall - ing, How of - ten my spi - rit would grieve;
When as-sail'd with sin's pleasures enthrall-ing, In Je - sus my soul will re - joice:

DUET.

How great is the love of Je - sus To wan-d'rers by sin op - pressed!
He saw me so faint and wea - ry, So help - less and rea-dy to fall—
I'm safe from the world's temp-ta - tion, While He is my Shield and Guide;

His mer - cy is for ev - er, He gives me joy and rest;
O bless - ed time of mer - cy! I heard my Sa - viour call;
O bless - ed Sa - viour, keep me For ev - er by Thy side!

S. FINE.

His mer - cy is for ev - er, He gives me joy and rest.
O bless - ed time of mer - cy! I heard my Sa - viour call.
O bless - ed Sa - viour, keep me For ev - er by Thy side!

D.S.—keeps my feet from fall - ing, He gives me joy and rest.

CHORUS. D.S.

I know it was Je - sus call - ing, When sin my soul op - pressed! He

245. MY COUNTRY, I LOVE THEE!

Gently, with expression.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

1. My coun - try, I love thee! land beau - teous and fair! What place in the wide world with thee can com - pare? While o - ceans beat round thee, bright home of the free— Still smile in thy beau - ty, fair gem of the sea, Still smile in thy beau - ty, fair gem of the sea.

2. Thy plains and thy moun - tains in ver - dure ap - pear, Thy ri - vers and stream - lets flow soft - ly and clear, The birds sing so sweet - ly thy val - leys a - mong, Where chil - dren and maid - ens u - nite in the song, Where chil-dren and maid - ens u - nite in the song.

3. Though far I may wan - der in lands east or west, On the soil of the stran - ger I nev - er can rest— I long for thy dear - est ones are, Where all my com - pan - ions and dear - est ones are.

4. Peace rest in thy bor - ders, dear land of my birth, Heav'n bless thee and guide thee in good - ness and worth; No foes can a - larm thee while truth in thee lies, Hearts brave to de - fend thee, minds ho - ly and wise, Hearts brave to de - fend thee, minds ho - ly and wise.

f *cres.* *p* *mf* *rall.*

Chorus.

f

Eng - land! dear Eng - land! home of the free— Still smile in thy beau - ty, fair gem of the sea.

cres. *rall.*

246. HOW PLEASANT ARE THE HOURS!

PART-SONG. Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

mf Cheerfully.

1. How plea-sant are the hours a - way from bu - sy throng! How beau-teous is the
2. A thou-sand beauties rise in fields and meadows green, The blue sky co - vers
3. The o - cean rolls a - long in e - choes loud and deep, The streamlets mur - mur

f

earth's green breast! The charm-ing hills and vales a - wake with joy - ous song, While
o - ver all, While sun-beams dance a - long to gild the plea-sant scene, And
on the strand, While gen - tle breez-es play, or tem-pests wild - ly sweep, Or

mf

in the greenwood shade we rest, we rest; Through meadows green we roam, our
mer - ry birds o - bey the call, the call; With love in ev - 'ry breast our
show'rs des-cend to bless the land, the land; While earth's ten thousand tongues swell

hearts are light and gay— What joys we find in trees and flowers;
joy - ful hearts res - pond, For smil - ing fields and beau - teous flowers;
out the song of praise, We own our great Cre - a - tor's powers;

S. f

In mer - ry time we sing, we make the e - choes ring,
In sweet har - mo - nious lays our grate - ful songs we raise
We thank Him day by day for all that cheers our way—

1st time. *D.S.* *2nd time.* *rall.* FINE.

And gai - ly pass the hap - py hours; And gai - ly pass the hap - py hours.
For bliss - ful scenes and hap - py hours; For bliss - ful scenes and hap - py hours.
For life for peace, and hap - py hours; For life, for peace, and hap - py hours.

247. COME, YE WANDERERS!

Words and Arrangement of Music by W. HOYLE. Air by L. S. EDWARDS.

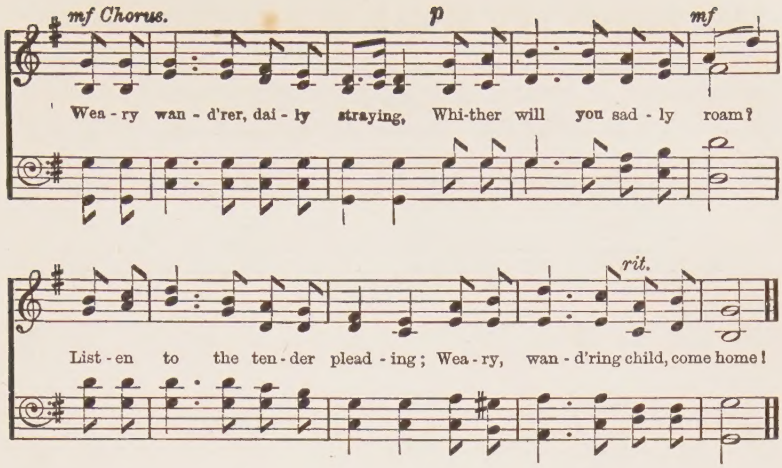
Cheerfully.

1. Come, ye wan - d'rers, faint and wea - ry, Lost on sin's wild, storm - y
2. List - en to the voice of con - science, Flee, oh, flee each tempt-ing
3. Tossed up - on life's storm - y o - cean, Fear - ful dan - ger round you

track, Lis-ten to the Sa - viour plead - ing, While His mer - cy calls you
snare; There is mad - ness in the wine - cup, Sin and death are lurk-ing
lies, What can save you from de - struc - tion, When sin's an - gry tem-pests

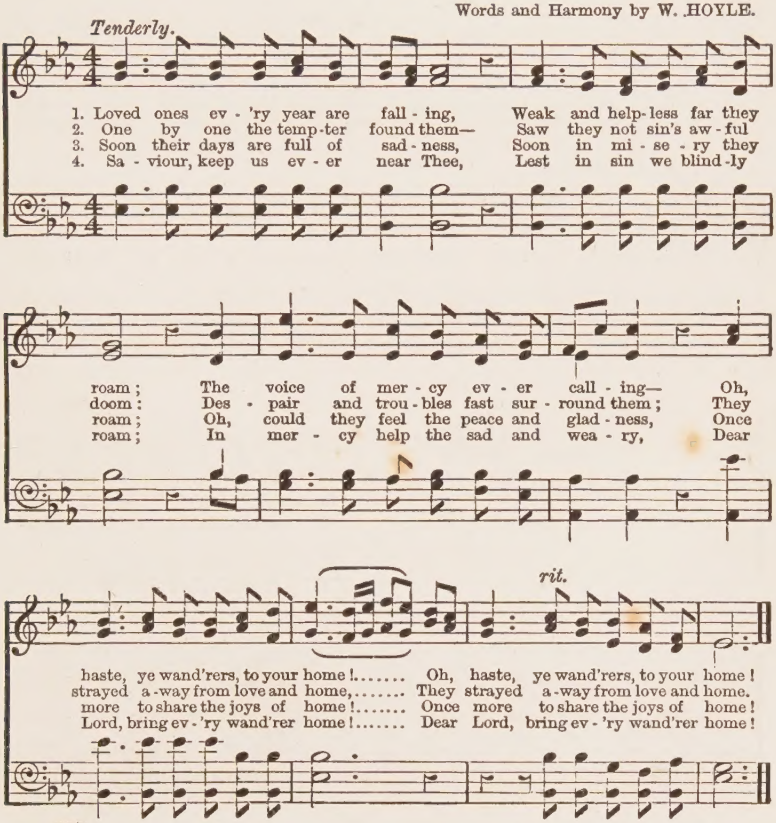
back. Whi- ther are you dai - ly stray - ing? Where, oh, where can you find
there. Pray, oh, pray for strength to con - quer, Brave- ly fight the pow'rs of
rise? Je - sus, walk - ing o'er the bil - lows, Calms the fu - ry of the

rest? Come, your Fa - ther bids you wel - come; He will take you to His breast.
sin; God will be your strong de - liv - 'rer; He will give you grace to win.
wave, Suf - fered ev - 'ry soul to res - cue— Look in faith, and He will save.



248. LOVED ONES ARE FALLING.

Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.



249. WOULD YOU SPEAK THE LOVING WORD?

Words by W. HOYLE. Music by G. F. ROOT.

DUET. *Tenderly.*

1. Oh, would you speak the lov - ing word To ev - 'ry suf - f'ring breast— A
2. Oh, would you send a cheer - ing ray To dry the mourn-er's tears, Or
3. Oh, would you for the Sa - viour stand, And act the no - bler part, Re -

mes - sage from our gra - cious Lord To give the wea - ry rest; Oh,
point the saf - er, bet - ter way To heal the grief of years; Oh,
- - move the e - vil from our land With brave, de - vo - ted heart; Oh,

would you soothe the drunk - ard's pain, Or make his vir - tue strong, Then
would you call the wan - d'rer back, Or lead the weak and young; In
would you bring to love and light A ran - somed, hap - py throng, Then

1st time. D.S. | *2nd time.*

sing your sweet-est, no - blest strain—Come with a joy - ful song, joy-ful song!
faith and love fresh ef - fort make—Come with a joy - ful song, joy-ful song!
help to spread the Cause of right—Come with a joy - ful song, joy-ful song!

CHORUS. *Quicker.*

Come with a joy - ful song! Wake the strains of a joy - ful song! Thro'

life's short day let us cheer the way— Come with a joy - ful song; Thro'

rall.

life's short day let us cheer the way— Come with a joy - ful song!

250. GENTLE, LOVING FRIENDS!

Words by W. HOYLE. Music by PESTAL.

cres. *p* *mf*

1. Speak the gen-tle word; Soon an-gry words com-pan-ions sev-er; Hearts, fond hearts, be
2. Mark the hal-low'd place Where first ye heard the time-ly warn-ing; Bless the fond em-
3. Bliss of lov-ing deeds! What self-ish breast your gain can measure? Joy that each one

stirred To lov-ing deed and kind en-deav-our: Gen-tle, lov-ing words a
-brace From ho-ly hands your life a-dorn-ing: Oh! to think how ma-ny
needs To fill the heart with sweet-est plea-sure: Where the Sa-viour calls us,

cres. *slow.*

ray of glad-ness lends To the heart op-press'd—Seek-ing peace and rest!
pre-cious souls are lost When we turn a-side In our self-ish pride!
let our hours be spent, He will soon re-pay Tri-als on the way!

tempo. *cres.*

Dark and drear were life with-out the love of friends, Friend-ship true, how sweet and blest!
Sweet-er far the peace, the joy when toil is past— In our hearts let hope a-bide.
What we give the need-y to the Lord is lent— Let us la-bour while we may.

Chorus. *cres.*

Gen-tle, lov-ing friends! Ye fill the world with light and beau-ty!

Heaven sweet ra-diance sends To cheer the path of dai-ly du-ty.

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251. WAS IT A DREAM?

Words composed and Music arranged by W. HOYLE.
Air adapted from GAIBEL.

Gently, with expression.

1. Was it a dream, my spi-rit, say, Those blissful scenes of brighter day?
2. Was it a dream, my spi-rit, say— Shall sin be swept from earth a - way;
3. Was it a dream, tell me, my soul—Shall sor-rows' waves no long-er roll;

mf *f* *cres.*

Oh, can it be on earth of ours Shall bloom a - gain fair E - den's bowers—
Shall men be true to no-blest aims, And hon-our all God's law pro - claims;
Shall truth be great and vir-tue strong, Shall right pre-vail o'er cru - el wrong?

p

When sighs and tears shall pass a - way, When men shall learn to watch and pray,
Shall dis-cord cease and er - ror flee, And man with man as bro-thers be;
Oh, can it be on earth of ours Shall bloom a - gain fair E-den's bowers?

f *cres.*

When woman's voice shall rise in song, And round her meet a joy-ous throng?
Shall ev-'ry soul fresh im-pulse find To aid the right and bless man-kind?
O bliss-ful scenes, I long to view— Tell me, my soul, can this be true?

Chorus. *p* *cres.*

Was it a dream,..... my spi - rit, say,..... Those bliss-ful

Was it, oh, was it a dream, my spi - rit, say,

scenes..... of brighter day?..... Oh, can it be.....

f

Those blissful scenes of brighter day? Oh, can it, oh, can it be on earth of

ff *cres.*

ours..... Shall bloom a - gain fair E - den's bowers?

252. PITY THE CHILDREN.

Words by W. HOYLE. Music by D. S. HAKES.

Pi - ty the chil - dren, wretch - ed and poor; Haste ye to
Pi - ty the chil - dren roam - ing the street, Left to the

p

help them from your am - ple store; Yours be the bless - ing,
wide world, no dear friends to meet; Stran - gers to plea - sure,

f

woes so dis - tress - ing Haste ye to ban - ish a - way from their door.
how will they trea - sure Your lov - ing kind-ness with looks fond and sweet.

Pity the children wayward and wild,
Tell them of Jesus who died for each child,
Each one a stranger, guard them from danger;
Lead them, oh, lead them in ways undefiled.

Pity the children, their burdens take;
Think of them kindly for their Saviour's sake;
Laid up in story, great is the glory,
Gems for the Saviour the children will make.

253. THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR!

Words by W. HOYLE. SOLO AND CHORUS. Music by J. W. BISCHOFF.

Moderato.

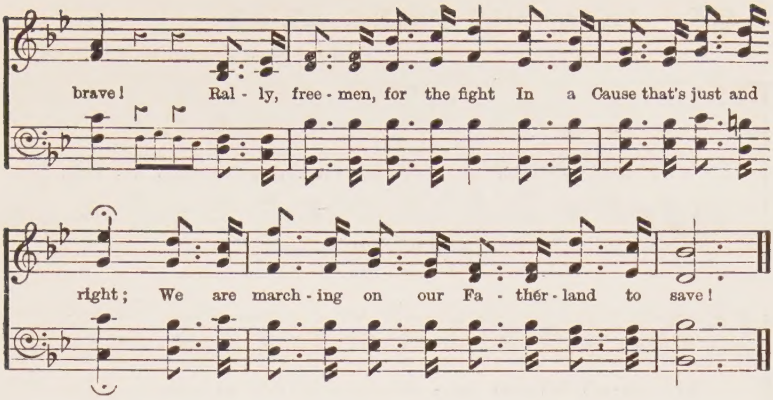
1. 'Tis the ques-tion of the hour—Shall we crush the tempt-er's power? Shall we
2. Years of an-guish, pain, and strife, Wear-ing out the na-tion's life, Blight-ing
3. We shall wipe a-way the stain, If we try with might and main; Scorn the

stay the fear-ful traf-fic thro' our land? We must face the dead-ly foe, Spreading
all that's no-ble, beau-ti-ful, and fair; All our great-ness, all our fame, Sink be-
fee-ble, pal-try measures of the day! We've a just and righteous Cause, Let us

ru-in, shame, and woe; Let us rouse, then, one and all, a migh-ty band!
neath the sin and shame; Drink is worse than famine, pes-ti-lence and war!
pass sound Tem'prance laws—Nev-er rest un-til the drink is swept a-way!

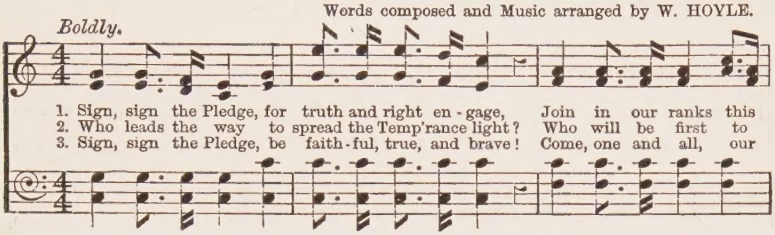
Chorus. Con spirito.

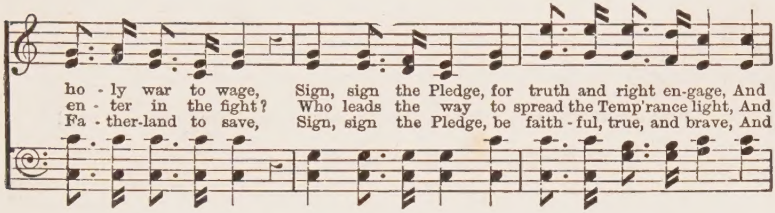
On, in truth and love u-nit-ed! On, with the no-ble and the

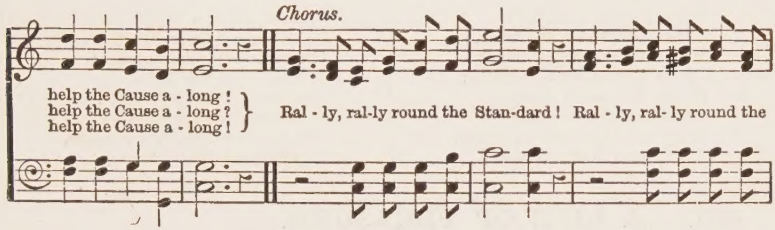


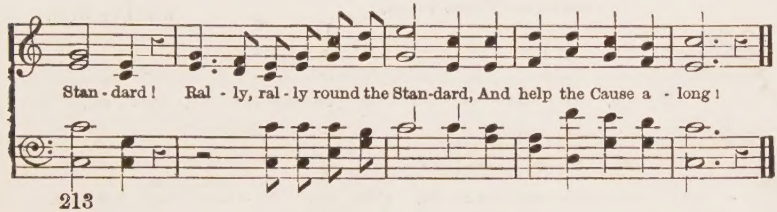
254. HELP THE CAUSE ALONG!

Words composed and Music arranged by W. HOYLE.



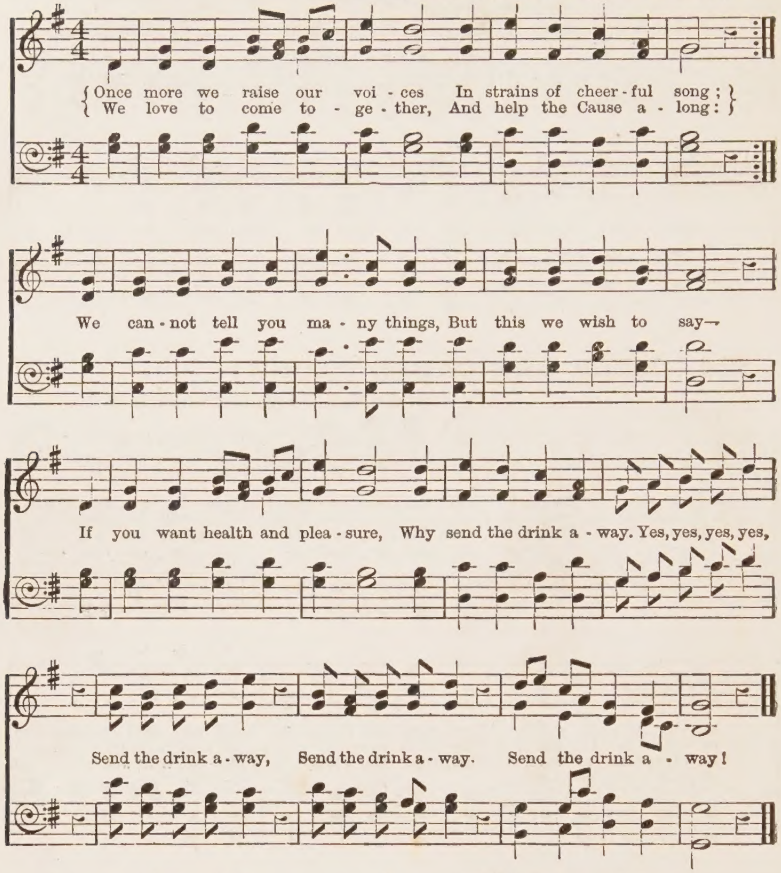






255. SEND THE DRINK AWAY!

Words composed and Music arranged by W. HOYLE.



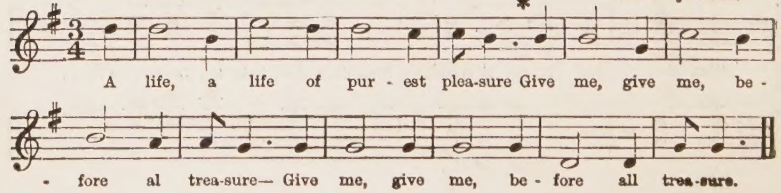
In every place or station
Men live without the drink,
With bodies strong for labour,
With willing minds to think:
In this the doctors all agree,
The laws of science say—
If you want health and pleasure,
Why send the drink away

We ask you now to join us,
Our principles are tried,
And many eyes are watching
To see how you decide.
Be brave, no longer hesitate,
Remember what we say—
If you want health and pleasure,
Why send the drink away!

256. A LIFE OF PLEASURE.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

Words by W. H.



257. SAFE FROM DRINK'S FOLLY.

Gently. Words composed and Music arranged by W. HOYLE.

Safe from drink's fol - ly and mad - ness, Liv - ing the life of the free;
Safe from the drink-er's dis - eas - es, Free from his trou - ble and pain;

Hearts full of plea-sure and glad - ness— Who are so hap - py as we?
Temp'rance, our sim - ple rule, pleas - es— Plea- sure and health we shall gain.

Chorus. Quicker.

Sing! sing! mer - ri - ly sing! Fill - ing our glass from the cool - ing spring!

Sing! sing! mer - ri - ly sing! Fill - ing our glass from the spring!

Who will remove the temptation,
Cast out the danger and sin;
Onward, to rescue the nation,
Onward, the victory to win!

Let us be firm and united,
Sign our good Pledge and be free;
Ever with Temp'rance delighted—
Who are so happy as we?

258. IF ALL WOULD SIGN.

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

Words by W. H.

If all would sign the Temp'rance Pledge, And help the Cause a - long;

Bright days of peace and hap - pi - ness Would come to old and young.

259. THE TRANQUIL LIFE.

Gently. PART-SONG. Words composed and Music arranged by W. HOYLE.

Pray for the tran - quil life, Calm in the dai - ly strife, A heart that's free from guile, A heart that's free from guile, A heart that's free from guile; Strength ev-'ry ill to bear, Joy for thy dai - ly care—

Strength ev-'ry ill to bear, for thy dai-ly care—The pure and cheer-ful smile, The pure..... and cheer-ful smile.

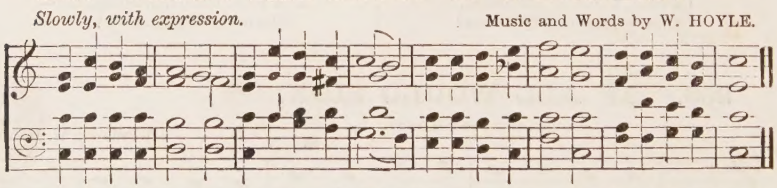
cheer-ful smile,

Ask not for wealth or fame,
Covet the honoured name—
A heart that's free from guile;
Faith in the darkest night,
Beam from the Fount of light—
The pure and cheerful smile.

Flee from the tempter's power,
Keep through each trying hour
A heart that's free from guile;
Walk in the truth's clear ray,
Sweet peace be thine alway—
The pure and cheerful smile.

260. RAISE THE SHOUT OF GLADNESS!

Slowly, with expression. Music and Words by W. HOYLE.



Raise the shout of gladness!
Let it fly abroad;
Truth shall be victorious—
Glory to the Lord!

Homes of rest and beauty!
Scenes of joy and love!
Temperance and religion
Every heart shall move

Years of faithful labour
Blessings will obtain;
Tears and prayers unceasing
Never rise in vain.

See, through all the nation
Earnest men arise—
Leading on our army—
Holy, brave, and wise!

Onward, friends of Tem'prance,
Face the giant foe!
All the powers of darkness
God will overthrow.

By His faithful guiding,
Trusting in His might,
Truth shall be victorious,
We shall gain the right!

261. WHO WILL JOIN?

Air adapted from "Zampa."
Words and Harmony by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

Who will join our hap - py mea- sure, Who will spread true peace and plea-sure,

Pur-er joy and larg - er trea-sure, Who will join our band? Who will join our band?

Who will help to bless our nation,
Spread the Temperance reformation?
Come, from every rank and station,
Save and bless our land?

Who, with spirit brave and daring,
For the weak and helpless caring,
Every toil and trial bearing,
First for truth will stand?

Who, on God alone relying,
All the powers of sin defying,
Dares to rescue drunkards dying,
Tries to save our land.

God of grace and consolation,
Look in mercy on our nation,
Speed, oh, speed the reformation,
Save and bless our land!

262. OUR DAILY DRINK

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Cheerfully.

What makes us laugh and sing, What makes our hearts so gay, What lends a joy to

Chorus.

ev - 'ry-thing From day to day? Our dai - ly drink is wa - ter, Bright

wa - ter, pure wa - ter; Our drink is sparkling wa-ter From the crys - tal spring.

What makes our feet so sure,
What makes our limbs so strong,
What makes our bodies long endure,
And keeps us young?

What makes our eyes so bright,
What makes our heads so clear,
What makes us stand up for the right
And persevere?

What makes us start life's road
With better chance to win,
What helps to keep us near to God,
And far from sin?

Now you can understand
What makes our hearts so light;
Then come and join our happy band,
To help the right.

263. MANY A SON.

Words by W. HOYLE.

Music by D. B. TOWNER.
Chorus adapted.

Andante.

1. Ma - ny a son who is wan-d'ring to - night, Out in the world where the dark shadows blight,
2. Ma - ny a mo - ther is filled with dis - may, Think-ing of him who should now be her stay;
3. Pray for the sons who are wan-d'ring to - night— God guide their steps in the true and the right!

Andante.

Sighs for the peace and the com - fort of home— Wea - ry and worn they sad - ly roam.
Care - less they go through the wide world to roam, Leav - ing fond hearts to pine at home.
Com - fort each mo - ther who waits, sad and lone, Sigh - ing to meet her wan - d'ring son.

Chorus.

Wan-d'ring to-night, wan-d'ring to-night, Oh, but to know they are wan-d'ring a-right!

rit.

Wan-d'ring to-night, wan-d'ring to-night, Oh, but to know they are wan-d'ring a-right!

264. DRINK COOLING WATER.

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

Words by W. H.

*

Drink the cool-ing wa- ter, wa- ter bright, In crystal stream and foun-tain, spark-ling with de-light.

265. PRAY FOR FATHERLAND!

Words by W. HOYLE. Music by FRANZ ABT.

1. Fa - ther-land! Fa - ther-land! Pray for Fa - ther - land!
2. Fa - ther-land! Fa - ther-land! Rise at God's com - mand!
3. Fa - ther-land! Fa - ther-land! Rest on God's com - mand!

God in mer - cy long has bless'd her, Made her sons the true and brave,
See thy glo - ry fast de - part - ing, See the ru - in drink doth send;
Who shall sing thy com - ing glo - ry, Who shall all thy great - ness tell,

Sent her lov - ing peace and plen - ty, Raised her mon - arch of the wave.
Mourn the sin with - in thy bor - ders—Rise, and God will be thy Friend!
When strong drink shall flee for ev - er, When thy chil - dren safe - ly dwell?

cres. *f*

Fa - ther-land! Fa - ther-land! True and faith - ful stand!
In thee lies, true and wise, Hearts that brave - ly stand;
Firm - ly stand! firm - ly stand! True in heart and hand!

cres.

Day by day, we will pray For our Fa - ther - land.
Rise in might, aid the right, Our dear Fa - ther - land.
Peace at - tend, Heav'n de - fend Our dear Fa - ther - land.

266. WOULD YOU STAND?

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

Words by W. H.

*

Oh, would you stand for truth and right? Then join the Tem-p'rance Cause!

267. FOR DAILY MERCIES.

Cheerfully. Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

O Lord, for dai - ly mer - cies We praise Thy ho - ly name, For

ev - 'ry joy and bless-ing, Thro' all the years the same; Thy love is ev - er

pres - ent, Thine arm is ev - er strong, To cheer Thy faith-ful ser - vants, To

guide the weak and young; To cheer Thy faith-ful ser-vants, To guide the weak and young.

O blessed Friend and Leader
We cannot go astray,
If we will ever trust Thee,
And Thy commands obey!
Give us the humble spirit;
Our hearts to truth incline,
By loving, faithful service,
To show that we are Thine.

Lord, look upon our nation,
Bless every heart and home,
The fathers and the children;
May better days soon come:
For all that makes us prosper,
For all that heals distress,
For holy truth and freedom,
Thy name, O Lord, we bless,

268. WE ARE BUT LITTLE CHILDREN.

Words by W. HOYLE. Arranged by W. H. (German).

We are but little children.
And little we can do,
But this we know, as forth we go,
We may be kind and true.

Our days are swiftly passing—
Each little golden hour—
They seem to say, "Be wise you may,
With gentle, loving power."

We cannot plough the meadows,
We cannot sow the seed,
But there's a place for smiling face,
Kind word, and loving deed.

In faithful, daily service
Earth's noble lives are laid;
By earnest start and willing heart
The world is brighter made.

269. FOR DAILY GRACE.

Words by W. HOYLE. German.

Al - migh - ty Lord, to Thee We look for dai - ly grace;

Thy faith - ful ser - vants we would be, And run the Chris - tian race.

With foes and dangers near,
How shall our spirits rise?
Oh, give us grace to persevere,
And make us good and wise.

Increase, O Lord, our zeal,
Thy Spirit now impart;
Make us to know Thee more, and feel
Thy love within each heart.

Thy perfect will to do,
Unite us heart and hand,
That we may love the good and true,
And nobly take our stand.

With larger faith in Thee,
With deeper dread of sin,
Thy faithful servants we would be—
The crown of life to win.

270. IF WE ONLY TRIED.

Gently. Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

What is the cause of grief and woe Spread-ing on ev - 'ry side?

Duet (TREBLE & ALTO). (TREBLE & TENOR.)

Strong drink ev-'ry day is a migh-ty foe, Strong drink ev-'ry day is a

Chorus. cres.

migh - ty foe. We might all be hap - py if we on - ly tried.

What makes the poor man poorer still—
Stealing his manly pride? [will—
Strong drink takes his health and his honest
We might all be happy if we only tried.

What takes away the rich man's gain,
Sweeping it like a tide? [brain—
Strong drink brings him low with a feeble
We might all be happy if we only tried.

Is there no use in liquors strong?
Why should they be denied?
No good can they bring to the old or young—
We might all be happy if we only tried.

How shall we save our Fatherland—
England, our boast and pride?
Let all find a place in the Temperance band—
We might all be happy if we only tried.

271. ASSEMBLED HERE WITH ONE ACCORD.

Cheerfully. Words by W. HOYLE.

As - sem-bled here with one ac - cord, Our songs of joy we raise;
Our ar - my of the good and great Still march - es on its way;

Led on-ward by our gra - cious Lord— To Him be all the praise.
Our Cause, tri-umph - ant through the State, No power on earth can stay.

Now thank we all our God and King,
Who led us all the way;
His arm will mightier vic'tries bring,
And turn our night to day.

He sees the tears on pallid face,
He hears the orphan's cry—
And He will give us strength and grace
To conquer by and by.

Though long delayed, the cause of Right
His wisdom shall proclaim:
Ten thousand homes of love and light
Shall magnify His name.

Then let us praise Him as we go,
And cheer each other on,
With firm resolve to face the foe
Until the victory's won.

272. LORD OF EARTH!

Words by W. HOYLE. Music by J. HAYDN.

{ Lord of earth and all cre - a - tion, Rul- ing through all time and space, }
{ Songs of praise and a - do - ra - tion Rise to Thee in ev - 'ry place! }

For each con-stant joy and bless - ing, For the love which fills our days,

Lord of life, Thy name con - fess - ing, We would ren - der grate-ful praise.

Every cause for truth contending;
Every work to bless mankind;
Every act on Thee depending,
Thy support and help will find.
In the Temperance Cause abiding,
Facing all the powers of sin,
By Thy might and faithful guiding
Greater victories we shall win.

When all human strength is failing,
When our hearts Thy comfort need,
Mighty Lord, Thine arm prevailing,
Thou canst make our Cause succeed!
Come, our nation to deliver,
Heal the grief, remove distress;
Save us now, oh, keep us ever—
Hear us, Lord, our nation bless!

273. THE PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

Words by W. HOYLE. Music by L. MASON.

Boldly.

Thanks to the Lord for the pro-gress of Tem-p'rance; Back rolled the
Strong was the foe! we in weak-ness des-pair-ing; Sad was the

bar-riers of sin at His word: Who shall de-clare all His
suf-f'ring, the sor-row, and shame; Swift came the help of the

good-ness and mer-cy! Glo-ry and hon-our be-long to the Lord.
Lord our De-fend-er— Migh-ty De-liv-'rer! all praise to His name.

See, through the land what a glad reformation—
Homes bright and peaceful, from trouble they rest;
Now may the tidings of joy be delivered,
Leading the faithful to realms of the blest.

Shout, shout for joy! let the hills ring with gladness!
Truth, still advancing, shall enter each [mind;
Swift o'er the world dawns the bright day of freedom—
Praise to Jehovah, good-will to mankind!

274. NOW THE DAY IS DONE.

Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

Slowly.

Now the day is done; All its hours have run;
He is kind and good; Sends us dai-ly food;

Let our song of praise as-cend To God our Friend.
Life, and health, and all good things His mer-cy brings.

God is ever near,
Knows each hope and fear;
He will keep us in His might
Through day and night.

Father, ere we part,
Enter every heart;
Bless, and make us wholly Thine,
With grace divine.

As we older grow,
More Thy will to know,
May our lives with love abound
In virtue found.

Guard us in the strife;
Keep us all through life,
Till in heaven we meet, each one,
Before Thy throne.

275. EVENING'S PEACEFUL CLOSE.

Tenderly. QUARTET OR PART-SONG. Music and Words by W. HOYLE.

1. Good - night! good - night! 'Tis ev - 'ning's peace - ful close— How
2. Good - night! good - night! To God the strain up - raise, Whose
3. Good - night! good - night! We sing the part - ing strain; Shall

cres. *p* *dim.*

blest the hour of sweet re - pose, of sweet re - pose! Night
mer - cy flows thro' all our days, thro' all our days; Our
we all meet in peace a - gain, in peace a - gain? Brief

cres. *p*

steals o'er hill and plain—Bright scenes of pur - est plea - sure; These joys our hearts will
want, our care He knows; Now let us seek His bless - ing, Each sin, and grief con-
life to us is giv'n, Thro' con - flict, toil, and dan - ger; On earth each one a

trea - sure Till we meet a - gain. } Good - night! Sweet
fess - ing Ere we find re - pose.
stran - ger— May we meet in heav'n. good - night!

cres. *m*

rest be yours till morn - ing light; Sweet rest be yours till morn - ing

p Slow. *dim.*

light, Till morn - ing light; good - night! good - night!

Good - night!.....

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